

89 WAYS TO CHANGE A LIFE

OUR ATTEMPT TO REINVENT THE IDEA OF MENTORING

Esquire

MAN AT HIS BEST

OCTOBER 2014

“

IT'S NOT
ALL WET
TOWELS
AND NAKED
WOMEN”

...And
Other Damn
Good
Advice on
**HOW
TO BUILD
A MAN**

Featuring
Questlove, David Petraeus,
Samuel L. Jackson,
Seth MacFarlane, Marco
Rubio, **LL Cool J**, Jeff Immelt,
Joel Osteen, **Nas**, Nas's father,
Matthew Broderick, **R. Kelly**,
one eight-year-old,
two 12-year-olds,
Bruce Lee,
and Dierks
Bentley's
dog.

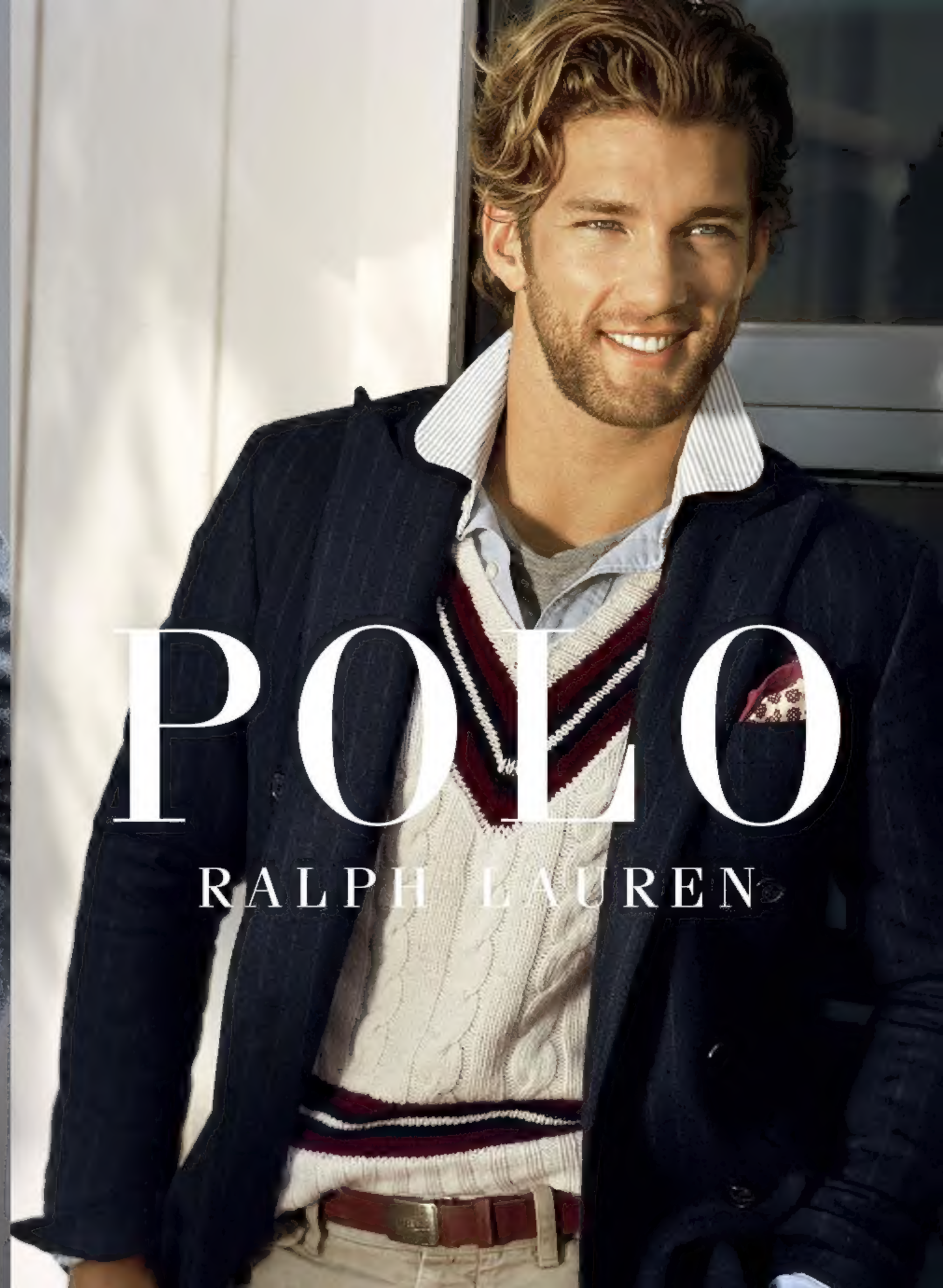
PLUS:
A RADICAL NEW
LOOK AT MASS
SHOOTERS. WHY
THEY DO IT
AND HOW
TO STOP THEM.
PG. 82





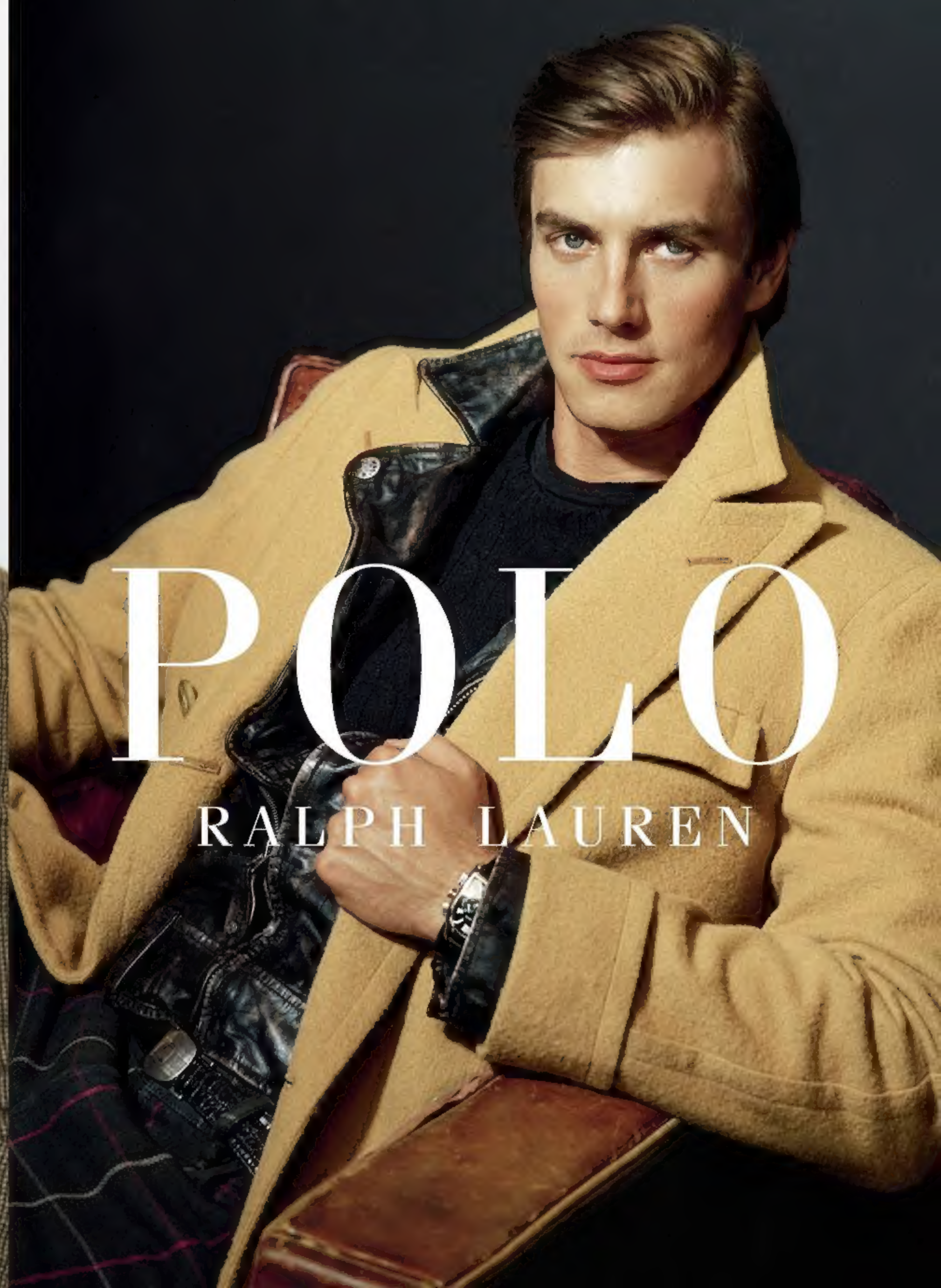
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THIS WAY IN

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OCTOBER 2014 • VOL. 162 • NO. 3



ADDITIONALLY...

WHAT I'VE LEARNED: BOY SCOUT SPECIAL

For this issue, we asked Robert Gates, former U.S. secretary of defense and current president of the Boy Scouts of America, how he intends to save scouting (page 144). Here's a look back at the wisdom given by some former Boy Scouts featured in the pages of Esquire.

BUZZ ALDRIN (JANUARY 2003)

► Bravery comes along as a gradual accumulation of discipline.

SENATOR RICHARD LUGAR (NOVEMBER 2010)

► The Boy Scout experience was helpful in several ways. I was determined to try to become an Eagle Scout at a camp in northeast Indianapolis. On the first night, rain came over our ditches and flooded our bedding. It looked to be an impossible situation, because we were going to have to get fire by friction as part of the requirements. It's a long story, but we managed. No situation has ever seemed insurmountable after that.

CHARLIE DANIELS (JANUARY 2009)

► Time is too important, too precious to spend in dissension.



Mentors 2014

A SPECIAL ISSUE
ON RAISING THE
NEXT GENERATION
OF GOOD MEN

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98

THE MENTORING DATABASE

Boys need men in their lives, and many don't have them. A geographical guide to 89 organizations that can change a life.
BY ANDREW CHAIKIVSKY

PAGE
112

WHO MADE YOU THE MAN YOU ARE TODAY?

A 21-page portfolio with pointed answers from some of the funniest, smartest, most influential men in America.

PAGE
110

HOW TO BUILD A MAN

Who do we want boys to be when they grow up? A communal answer from generations present and past.

PAGE
135

BOYS, MENTOR THIS MAN

What half a dozen boys teach a man about being a man.
BY TOM CHIARELLA

PAGE
144

THE DEATH AND LIFE OF THE BOY SCOUTS

Can Robert Gates save an institution that he thinks we need more than ever?
BY MIKE SAGER

PAGE
150

ESQUIRE STYLE: HOW A MAN DRESSES NOW

Mixing it up this fall with ghost ties and broken suits. And, at last, overcoats with cojones.

{ continued on page 20 }

CONTINUED



AN ICON JUST GOT LARGER

THE NEW NAVITIMER 46 mm

CONTINUED

SEPTEMBER 24, 2013: There are days when it becomes completely clear that the kidz should be kept away from actual issues for the same reason that we don't give toddlers RPGs.

NOVEMBER 7, 2013: Really, kidz, is it a job requirement that everyone has to be a sucker, or is it just one of the perks? Is getting played by career ratfinkers part of the job description?

MARCH 5, 2014: Jesus, these really are the fking mole people.

MARCH 21, 2014: There is a reason why we call it *Tiger Beat on the Potomac*. Sometimes, of course, it functions as kind of a tip sheet for political railbirds. That's not entirely useless. But mainly, it functions as a gooey fanzine dedicated to people from whom you otherwise wouldn't buy a banana.

OLD RULES OF STYLE

To make room for the New Rules of Style on page 67,

we are retiring the following Esquire rules of style:

- Leave the straw boaters to the boaters.
- Dandy is a state of mind.
- The opera cape isn't just for the opera anymore
- Tuck in that sweater!



AUDIE CORNISH
THE ESQUIRE
OMBUDSWOMAN

We asked the host of NPR's *All Things Considered* to weigh in on the issue.

STYLE (PAGE 150)

Many men will breathe a sigh of relief at the broken (read: mismatched) suit—other wise known in Washington journalism as “a suit.”

“EVERYTHING WE THINK WE KNOW ABOUT MASS SHOOTERS IS WRONG” (PAGE 82)

The word *man* appears on nearly every page of this issue, yet this story about mass shooters uses gender-neutral language. This monstrous crime is hardly ever committed by women. Investigating the question of who has the potential to be a mass shooter also means asking why certain men gravitate toward this violence and what, if any, links it has to gender. How does it dovetail with how society treats men or, better yet, how men are raised to respond to failure? Other than that it's a strong piece of journalism on the kind of issue I wish traditional women's

magazines would engage with more regularly.

“ARE THERE STILL BOY SCOUTS?” (PAGE 144)

This offers insight into the organization's new leader—Robert Gates—as a man. Gates's memoir *Duty* got a glossy glossing over from the media, which was enthralled with the former defense secretary's testy assessments of the White House. But they make a lot more sense when you read a great quote like this about his father: “Every now and then at church, he'd lean over to me and point out some elder or wealthy businessman and he'd say, ‘That guy's a liar and a cheat.’”

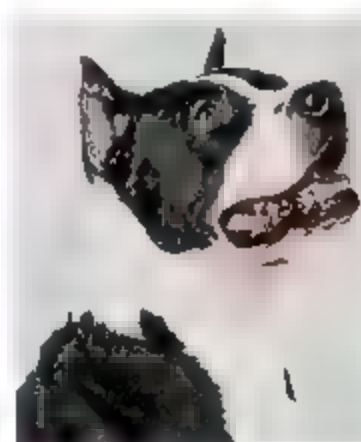
“WHOMADE YOU THE MAN YOU ARE TODAY?” (PAGE 112)

Having some regular people mixed in might make the mentorship campaign more relatable. The most telling quote here is from Penn Jillette, who, even though he believes his parents were perfect, considers his first mentor to be “the first adult who treated [him] as an adult.” I love that he uses the word *adult* and not *man*. Mentors are people who say, “Hey, we're not on the same level, but I take you seriously.” Gender solidarity aside, anyone can do this for anyone else. I hope this campaign really takes off.

“HOW TO BUILD A MAN” (PAGE 110)

“Chivalry and feminism are reconcilable.” Yes. You should have started with this one and pumped up the font size.

THE SOUND & THE FURY



THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL BREED

In August, we examined the state of the American dog: the pit bull. It's the country's most ubiquitous and misunderstood breed, which is why as many as 3,000 of them are killed every day.

On behalf of United Kennel Club, thank you for such an honest look at pit bulls in your recent article. We deal with the consequences of breed bigotry, misguided legislation, and sensationalized media every day. Instead of perpetuating “pit bull” myths, Tom Junod went right to the heart of the matter with facts. Each dog is an individual and should be evaluated as such instead of stereotyped and painted with a broad brush.

SARA CHISNELI
LEGAL COUNSEL
UNITED KENNEL CLUB
Kalamazoo, Mich.

CONTINUED

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AN ALTERNATIVE GUIDE TO THIS ISSUE

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CANALI

CONTINUED

I was almost moved to tears by the horrible statistics in Tom Junod's piece on the pit bull. No surprise, then, when Mary Aloe is described to Luke Dittrich as "aggressive, abrasive, a pit bull" (page 104). Their reputation is undeserved but pervasive.

LIANNE ROBERTSON
Dawson Creek,
British Columbia

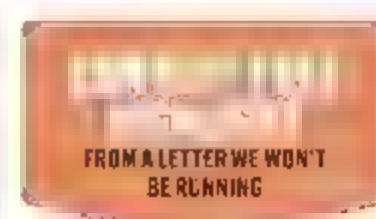
RESPONSES TO "LANCE
ARMSTRONG IN PURGATORY"
(AUGUST)



63%
Think he is a
hero.

36%
Think he's a
cheat.

1%
Think he's an
astronaut.



"I'm sending you a cantankerous piece on circumcision. As I'm typing, towels are stuffed around the door to keep pepper spray out."

As a dad who squeezes his child's shoulder when confronting a pit bull, I nevertheless acknowledge that these dogs are treated unfairly. Like a handgun, it's not the dog that kills but the people who raise it. But sadly for these beautiful animals, until that changes I'll still be afraid of a pit-bull mix.

KEVIN F. COX
Westfield, N.J.



We recommend watching this car show in a car. Perhaps on a nine-inch med screen, from the back seat of the 2015 Cadillac Escalade.

THIS MONTH ON THE ESQUIRE NETWORK
THE FIVE RULES FOR
FINDING THE PERFECT CAR

THIS FALL, the Esquire Network debuts *Car Matchmaker* (Tuesdays at 9:00 P.M.), in which comedian, writer, and car guru Spike Feresten helps people find their perfect ride. Here are a few of his tips we could all use.

1. CHOOSE AN INTERESTING COLOR.
I'm so tired of people playing it safe, thinking they've thought of some amazing idea. You know what? I'm gonna get it in metallic gray! That's not an idea. Here's an idea: tangerine, signal orange. Go to the manufacturer's Web site and build the car you like in every color. Clothes make the man and so does the car. Color also functions as a safety measure. People are going to see you beyond the iPhone screen.

For more of Spike's expertise, follow him at @spikeferesten.

2. TRY IT ON.
You know how everything at J. Crew looks great, but doesn't necessarily look great on you? Cars are the same. See if you can rent or borrow the car and try it on for a few days. What does your wife say? What are your neighbors saying? What do your friends say?

3. THREE DAYS. YOU NEED THREE DAYS TO KNOW WHETHER THIS CAR IS RIGHT.
On the first day you get a car, you're going to feel a little bit of remorse, anxiety and confusion. Day two: You're still a fish out of water in this car, but it starts to feel a little more like your car. By day three, you should wake up, get in that car, turn it on, and think, *Well, this is it.*

4. FIND A GOOD CAR CONSULTANT.
These are guys who have existing relationships with dealerships. They can get you the car you want with the options you want. They can handle your trade-in, and they will do all the negotiating for you for a small fee. This prevents the pain of the dealership experience and you'll end up spending less money in the long run.

5. JUST BUY THE DAMN CAR.
If you are passionate about a car and you want it, don't let anyone get in your way. You absolutely have to buy it: the world be damned. You will be dead in 40 years, and no one's going to remember anything you ever did, anyway. None of us! So go have a nice time.

EVEN MORE
CONTROVERSIAL
THAN PIT BULLS

In the August issue, we also checked in with Lance Armstrong to see how a man carries himself after a great fall.

After reading your article on Lance, I was left feeling a great deal of sympathy. As a survivor of stage IV lymphoma and a friend of a major Livestrong supporter who recently died, I have nothing but admiration and love for Lance and what he did. Bicycling is a sport. Cancer is life or death. Where do you want to make the biggest difference? Lance chose correctly. I wish him nothing but the best and hope he finds peace and meaning during the rest of what I hope is a long life.

ANDREW GLASGOW
Asheville, N.C.

Giving Lance Armstrong space in your magazine is like giving a serial killer live babies to kill. Let him die in infamy.

LEE PENNER
Victoria, Canada

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
may be e-mailed to editor@esquire.com. Include your full name and address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



THE THINNEST
TOURBILLON
MOVEMENT
IN THE WORLD

BVLGARI
OCTO
finissimo
TOURBILLON

«Details make perfection, and perfection is not a detail»
Leonardo da Vinci



ADVICE FROM A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Sarah Gadon, costar of *Dracula Untold* (out this month), wants you to know whether you can pull off a barbed-wire tattoo. You know the answer but it's more convincing coming from her. Find the tip on Esquire's iPad app, at esquire.com/gadon, or by scanning here with the Esquire2 app

Three Ad Agencies, One Impossible Task

WE ASKED FOR SOME HELP REVOLUTIONIZING HOW MEN VIEW MENTORING

72ANDSUNNY LOS ANGELES FOUNDED 2004

PHILOSOPHY: Let's be optimistic. Like it's 72 and sunny all day, every day.
KNOWN FOR: Starbucks, Google, Kate Upton eating a Carl's Jr. burger in a convertible, the first Samsung ads that made you want a Samsung instead of an iPhone, Jonah Hill in a Cal of Duty game [Fig. 1].

► We thought 72andSunny might be able to help us change how people think of mentoring because it takes an optimistic approach to its public service campaigns—like the one it did for United Colors of Benetton, which encouraged unemployed youth to become entrepreneurs through an “Unemployee of the Year” contest. Or its Truth antismoking ad, which empowers millennials to be the generation that finally puts an end to smoking. “There’s a tendency on social-issue campaigns to guilt people, but you can’t move people into action with guilt,” says chief strategy officer Matt Jarvis. “That’s a recipe for being ignored. It’s far more effective to draw people to the light than chase them from the shadows.”

Jarvis and his team responded to our request with the campaign that doesn’t shame men into mentoring: “F*ck Off, I’m Helping.” It’s a reminder that mentoring is an excuse to stop working and have a little fun f*cking around

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MAKEABLE NEW YORK FOUNDED 2007

PHILOSOPHY: Let’s build some shit.
KNOWN FOR: American Express, MoMA, the Weather Channel app [Fig. 2] that you check every morning.

► When MoMA wanted to create an “Internet of Things” installation, which would allow visitors to share their own ideas on the museum walls and through social media, it came to Makeable to build this social and digital platform. When the Weather Channel wanted to provide a more engaging mobile experience, Makeable helped the station build its current user-friendly and attractive app.

For Esquire, Makeable built a way to engage a new generation of mentors. “We make things, not noise, so in this case we conceived a movement and community platform to help today’s men build tomorrow’s men,” says cofounder Michael Kantrow. His partner, cofounder Tom

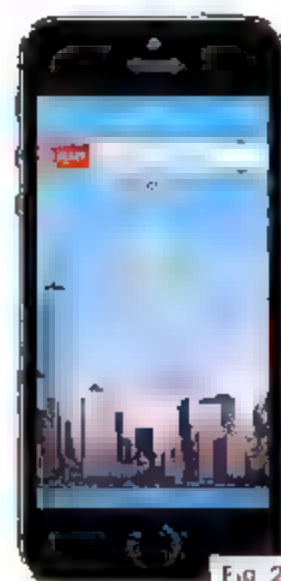


Fig. 2

Ajello, says inspiration came from his own experience. “I played football for eight years, but when it came to coaching, I didn’t know that I had the confidence until I got involved and found the tools and community, online and in person. Same with the Boy Scouts—I didn’t realize I could help my boys make Pinewood Derby racers until I found the tools to encourage myself to encourage them.”

So Ajello and Kantrow set out to encourage men to get over their own mental humps. For the resulting

CONTINUED ►

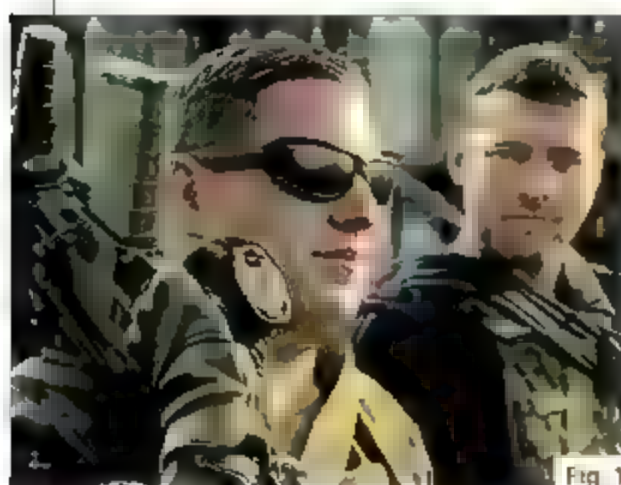


Fig. 1

TOO MUCH WISDOM FOR ONE COVER

This issue is crammed with advice. We wanted to share a few of our favorites with everyone grazing the newsstand. Read on to see which one of these came from Kenny Rogers, from Nas’s pops, and from a 16-year-old named Logan.



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THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN



CONTINUED

initiative, "We Build Men," Makeable is creating a site (webuildmen.org) that will provide men with the know-how, tools, and community to make them better mentors.

BARTON F. GRAF 9000
NEW YORK
FOUNDED 2010

PHILOSOPHY: Let's fix what people know for: Kayak; Little Caesars, that commercial in which the kid walks in on his parents having sex and then recovers with a little help from Regu, those commercials that almost make you want to play Clash of Clans and Hay Day. Almost.

► Barton F. Graf 9000 has been known to upset some people. Like that time it depicted the founder of Kayak getting a wedgie (Fig. 3). Or when it produced a viral video that suggested we name hurricanes after policy makers who deny climate change: "Rick Perry leaves trail of death." "If you value your life, please seek shelter from Michele Bachmann."

"It usually helps when we ruffle some feathers," says founder and chief creative



Fig. 3

officer Gerry Graf. "We've been yelled at by CEOs for some of our work, and we usually piss off important people's relatives, but when sales go up, they yell less."

It was the agency's desire to fight the system that inspired the Mentor Act—a proposed bill that would make mentoring a legal excusal from jury duty in an effort to help keep young boys out of the court system. Graf and his team worked with lawyers and local and federal government officials to write the legislation. We encourage readers to tear out the bill (page 98) and mail it to your state representative.

DEDICATIONS AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thanks to **Miller and Jana Mobley**, who photographed and interviewed all the men for our feature "Who Made You the Man You Are Today?" To all those men who opened up about their heroes, our tireless interns, **R.J. Vogt** and **Eleanor Laurence**, for transcribing all the interviews. They possibly know more about making a man than anyone else in the history of man-making. To the parents of the children who mentored Tom Chiarella and to the children who put up with him. To the creative teams that accepted our challenge, and in particular **Gardenia Willoughby** from Makeable, **Jennifer Richardi** from Barton F. Graf 9000, and **Virginia Adams, Laura Black**, and **Kayla Lostica** from 72andSunny. To **Reba Mouse**, the digital publisher that helped us build the mentoring subsite. To **Andrew Chalkivsky**, who took on the monstrous task of vetting hundreds of different mentoring organizations to arrive at the 89 listed in our mentor database (page 98). To all the mentors who have helped make someone a better man. And to the 100,000 men who will become mentors within the next five years with a little help from your friends here at Esquire. (Turn the page for more on that.)

Esquire

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A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

A Few Good Men

THERE HAS BEEN, IN RECENT MONTHS, A LOT OF TALK about a crisis in American masculinity. It's become something of a knee-jerk reaction to everything from allegations of rape on college campuses to killing sprees, as if such anomalies were evidence that manhood is metastasizing into little more than a collection of bad impulses. Since we are a magazine mostly about the concerns of men, I think it's important that we put forward a vision of what it means to be a good man at this time in this country. And we think it's time for more men to help the next generation of boys grow up successfully. To mentor them. That's what this issue is designed to do: inspire Esquire men to make a difference. But *mentor* is such a bad word. Use it and you can see people tuning out, nodding

along as their minds wander. *Mentor*, Ugh. What does it even mean? In reality, it means a lot. As we've written many times, American boys and young men are too often caught in a cycle of failure these days, one that has been powered by overmedication, the criminalization of boyhood, and inadequate attention from the education infrastructure. And at a time when more boys are growing up without involved fathers, the idea of strong male role models has been compromised by darkened perceptions of coaches and priests and, yes, even the Boy Scouts. Yet mentoring—one-on-one life coaching—is among the few strategies that have proven to have a positive impact on the lives of boys. In this issue, we asked 50 extraordinary men to tell us about their mentors—the people who set them on their path toward success. You can read their thoughts beginning on page 112, and you can watch expanded interviews with them at mentoring.esquire.com, where you can even add your own answer to the question Who Made You the Man You Are Today?

We've also created an online database of Esquire-recommended mentoring organizations in the largest cities in the country. It will continue to grow in the coming months. And in this issue, we're launching three different ad campaigns created by three cutting-edge agencies (see page 26) to give fresh life to that boring word *mentor*. Some of our brother magazines (and the Esquire Network!) will run these campaigns, too, in the hope of reaching what we admit is an ambitious goal: Beginning with this issue, we hope to help create 100,000 new mentors over the next five years. To become one of them, start with our database at mentoring.esquire.com, which is organized by both location and area of interest—so that if you're, say, into hiking and biking in Colorado, you can indulge your adventurous inclinations while you help a boy become a good man. And if you need help contacting one of the organizations or you have questions about how to get involved, you can call us here at 212-649-4284. We'll help you help. Richard Dormant, who spearheaded this issue, and I will let you know whom we will be mentoring this fall. Now we just need 99,998 more.

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MaHBB

Man at His Best
OCTOBER 2014

ESQ&A

BY SCOTT RAAB

Hank Azaria

Lunch at Josie's restaurant on the Upper West Side of Manhattan

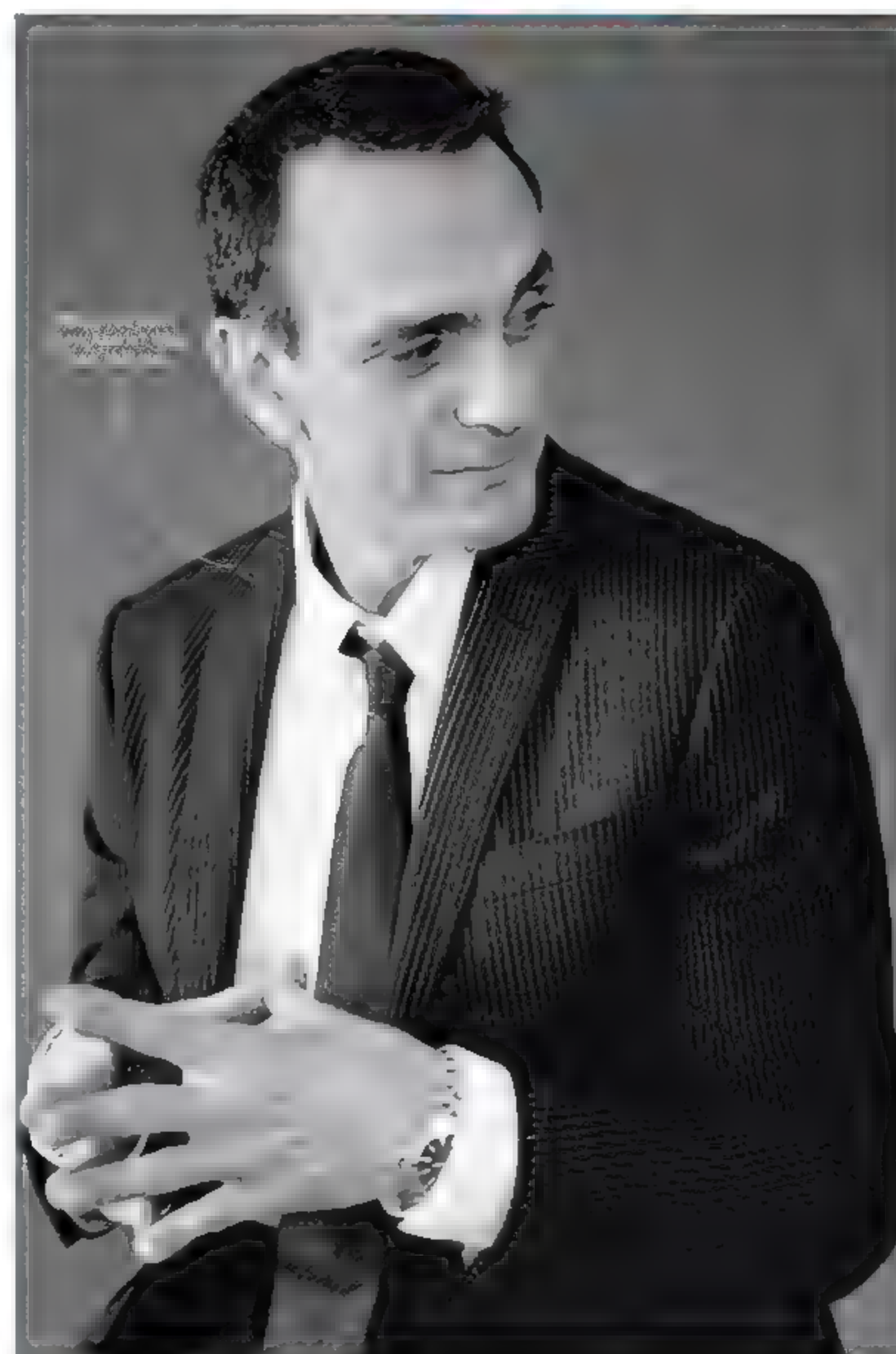
SCOTT RAAB: I was watching your docu-series, *Fatherhood* [available on aol.com]. You really opened yourself up.

HANK AZARIA: I'm 50 now. We had Hal when I was 45. By the time I was about 43, 44, I was ambivalent about having a child. And my girlfriend—we're married now—she wasn't one of those women who knew she wanted to do it either. She was very confused as well. And I was really tortured by this. [The waitress comes. For Azaria, the butter-nut-squash soup and veggie stir-fry. "No rice. No protein. Just veggies."]

So, I have a regular poker game with my friends for a long time. They're all dads—and I'm driving them crazy with sincere questions. Did you know you wanted to be a parent? Do you love your kids more than your wife? Does the sex really end? And they were like, "Have a kid or don't. We couldn't give a fuck. Let's play poker." My buddy who deals the game didn't even look up from the cards. He just went, "It'd be a good documentary." And I was like, Oh, yeah. So we started shooting it in the middle of that, my dog of 16 years, Annie, started to die. And in the tradition of good documentary filmmaking, we were like, Well, this is what's happening, so let's shoot it.

The dog was blind and deaf and senile by the end. So we finally decide to put

CONTINUED



INSIDE: The death of "Jewish" comedy, the Politico way, a film about the death of journalist Gary Webb, ramen, and a fine first novel

CONTINUED

her down, and the day we're doing that, Katie throws up and I'm like, *You're taking this hard.* And she goes, *No, it's not that.* She goes and takes the test and comes back on. I'm on the phone with my best friend from college and I go, "Dude, she's pregnant." And he goes, "Hang up the phone and go and hug her," which, I swear to you, if he didn't say it, I think I'd still be sitting there on Beverly Drive on the phone. I've been lower in my life, I've been more depressed, but I've never had so much feeling—sadness, terror, and joy—all at once.

SR: And the baby came ten weeks early. Hard to imagine that much terror and joy.

HA: There was one moment where there were about nine doctors conferring. "I'm like, *What's up, guys?* They're talking in hushed tones you don't want doctors to talk in. This older Russian doctor goes [in a Russian accent] "So, here is the thing. Normally a baby, they take that deep breath when they're born and the heart starts to beat a certain way. Because he is so little, he can't take a deep breath. So what we do, we give him a drug, and it should start the heart the way it's supposed to be." And I said, "When will you know?" And he said, "24 hours."

SR: Jeez. I wish you weren't doing the voice.

HA: That's what it sounded like.

SR: I can see why Peter Sellers is one of your heroes.

HA: He's a singular genius. What I admired about him was those hilarious characters were so filled in emotionally. I consider myself an as-



Above: Azaria with actor Joshua Malina in the docu-series *Fatherhood*. Right: As Agador in *The Birdcage*.



pirant to that kind of thing.

SR: It probably wasn't easy for him.

HA: Probably not. Although he was almost like a savant. He had that imposter syndrome, and he felt like if he wasn't a character, he didn't exist.

SR: He brings a lot of depth to a character that maybe isn't necessarily in there otherwise.

HA: You know who else does that? Tom Hanks. He was so funny in his early career. And it's easy to say, Oh, he's a funny guy. And he is. But what was really funny about those things were how well-acted they were. How honestly informed they all were. Even in *Splash*.

SR: I think your work on *Ray Donovan* is very strong. The quality of television right now is amazing.

HA: In this golden age of television, these shows are so good. I'm a fan of crime fiction, and it feels like I'm reading a really fun book as you get into these stories. Movies don't feel like that—

even great ones.

SR: You've ridden a few TV series straight to hell.

HA: Bring it to me and I'll shut it down.

SR: It's kinda miraculous.

HA: No, what's miraculous is *The Simpsons*. Because that's just been the sort of backdrop base line of steady work that no actor except for, I think, the sex of us who do that job, can claim. It's insane. Think about it: If you're starting out and someone says, "What's your dream?" "I wanna be on an animated show that lasts for 25 years and is herded as one of the greatest shows ever."

SR: A landmark of Western civilization.

HA: Yes, and, you know, "becomes an icon and a so makes everybody a lot of money while it goes on."

SR: And that you yourself would become 100 voices on that show? It's not just

Moe. It's not just Apu.

HA: I have 20 or 30 running voices that you'll hear in a given week. And then, over the 25 years, probably another 50 or 80. I'm a mimic—that's really what I am at heart and what I grew up doing. Before I ever thought that could be translated into an acting thing or a marketable skill, I would just mimic what I heard and found I was very good at it, so I entertained myself and my friends. And it took me a long time to realize, *Ya know, you can take that mimicry thing and combine that with the acting thing.* I was like, *Ohh, that might be fun.* It's fun for me to do *Ray Donovan* because it's the absence of all that, which I don't get to do that much.

SR: Do you get recognized a lot?

HA: No. I get a lot of that character-actor thing. Where do I know you from? I have to list my résumé a lot.

SR: You should carry a card.

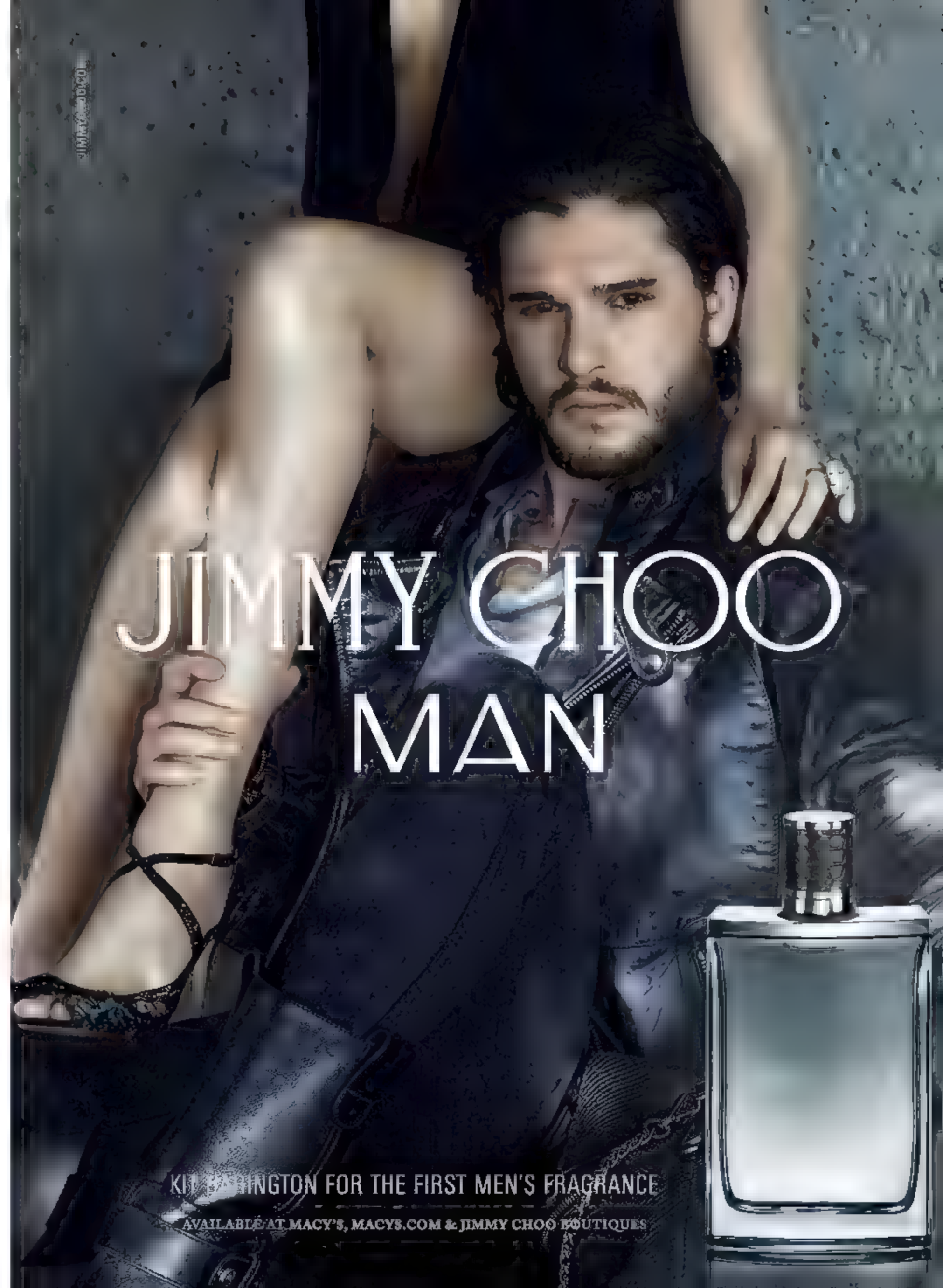
HA: Used to. I got the idea from Steve Martin. He had cards made up that said something like "This is to certify that I met Steve Martin in person and he was a very nice guy." And he'd hand people these cards. While people were reading them, he would toddle away. And for a while, I had cards made up that said, "My name's Hank Azaria. While you may know me from such films as *bah bah bah* or such TV shows as *bah bah bah*, I'm actually quite shy and your disquiet on's appreciated."

SR: Do they ask you to do voices?

HA: Occasionally. There's only about seven or eight exchanges you're gonna have. Someone who has no meter is my least favorite. "Oh, you're a monkey in the zoo—I've seen you on television." My shrink who sounds like Mickey Rourke from the early days, calls it "a double fuck you," because somebody wants a piece of you, but they're not really entitled to you. That's the first fuck you. The second fuck you is it's not even really you they want a piece of. It's whatever image they have of you.

SR: Was there a point when you realized, *Hey, I chose the right line of work?*

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THE ESQUIRE DOSSIER

HANK AZARIA

Date of birth: April 25, 1964

Which makes him: 50

Hometown: Queens, New York

Family: Ladino-speaking Sephardic Jews from Greece

Children: One, Hal Azaria, five

Seasons on *The Simpsons*: 26

Characters voiced on the show: At least 70

Including: Moe Szyslak, Cetus Spuckler, Apu Nahasapeemnettilon, Duff Man, Chief Wiggum, and his personal favorite, Professor Frink

Breakout role (non-cartoon): Robin Williams's flamboyant Guatemalan houseboy, Agador Spatacus, in *The Birdcage*. **Which opened the door to:** A career niche playing, as he told *Elite* in 2012, "naïve foreigners." **Glaring exceptions:** We'll receive dramatic turns in *Shattered Glass* and *Ray Donovan*.

Thoughts on fatherhood before *Fatherhood*: "I feel about kids the way I feel about most people, which is most of them are annoying. Children are no exception—they're just annoying short people." **Thoughts on fatherhood after *Fatherhood*:** "You'll be so grateful that your kid is healthy, you'll put up with anything."



CONTINUED

HA: Very much in the last five years. Most y it's monetary. I'm so blessed by *The Simpsons* that I can kinda just take my foot off the gas and go. All right, well, I've got enough. What is it they say, genug. in Y dish?

SR: Yeah, genug—enough.

HA: Enough. My son's going to go to college, we have two houses. It's all gonna be all right.

SR: Your level of physical fitness seems extraordinary.

HA: I actually was a chubby kid. And by the time I was a teenager, that kind of upset me. Actually had some anorexia issues as a teenager—body image and weight issues—and got much too skinny by the time I was like 14, 15. It's something I'll always struggle with. I have an obsessive, addictive mind. I don't take for granted being physically fit and healthy. The same way I needed to construct my acting ability, I needed to construct a healthy body. And I'm unwilling to let it go in my old age. Going for a run and working out is like meditation for me. At the end of aerobic exercise, you can't be bummed. It's not possible.

SR: The entire range of your skills and interests is impressive.



Hank Azaria as Los Angeles FBI chief Ed Cochran on Showtime's *Ray Donovan*

HA: Mimicry then comes acting, and then way down here is poker.

SR: Could you make a living at poker if you had to?

HA: The short answer is no. I'm like 15K over the last year and a half, playing once a week.

SR: You must be great.

HA: I'm above average. The average guy who probably doesn't pay that much? I'm probably gonna take his money. But anybody who plays poker fairly avidly can say that. But I do love the game. I love learning about it and studying, breaking it down and figuring out what betting patterns mean and how to read people. And I found having an under-

standing of bluffing to be really helpful in negotiations.

SR: You're letting other people reveal themselves.

HA: And earning that people don't know what cards you're holding. You think people can read your mind and know that you have shit cards in your hole—they can't. In fact, they tend to overcredit you. They tend to think you have something stronger than what you have.

SR: That's a skill that is transferable beyond the poker table.

HA: In a negotiation, when people come on really hard at first? That's actually weak. Anybody who bets too hard

too early they're certainly anxious to end the hand. And there have been times in negotiations when I've even said, *They're betting much too hard on this pot. I think we actually kind of have them in a good position.* Whereas earlier in my career I might've been like, *Oh, they seem angry. I better just take the deal they're offering.* So poker's been great for that. It's nice to have a hobby. And it's something I can do—a bunch of guys, male-bonding game. The Mets game is usually on. I swear to God, it feels like I've spent half my life taking bad beats at a card table while the Mets are losing.

SR: Still a Knicks fan, too?

HA: Oh, yeah. There's hope again there.

SR: Phil Jackson is the hope.

HA: I've been paying attention. He's already doing very well. He's already changed the culture of that team.

SR: Part of me is always skeptical, but part of me believes in magic. If it's *Ray Donovan* or the Knicks—there's always the possibility of something magical. It just happens when people are focused on what they're doing. And it's not always something that can be articulated in words. Often, it can't be.

HA: No. But I'll try, because I love analyzing.

SR: Ultimately, it unfolds on a level that's much more emotional or spiritual than verbal.

HA: It lives between the words. There's a lot of joy in finding the "right way" to do something. And the joy of accepting what is and how to react to that in the way that's most productive, whether it's for a scene or for a hand of cards you're playing or against a certain basketball defense or whatever it is.

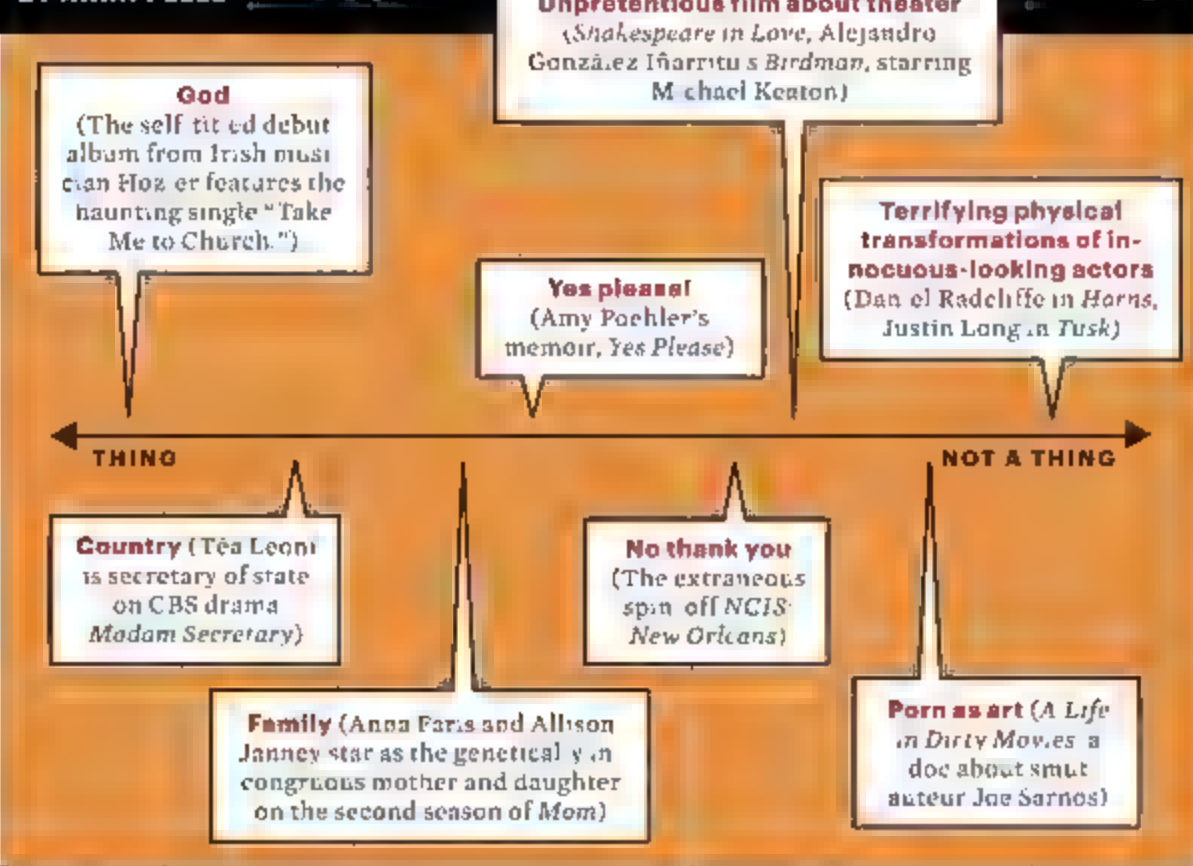
SR: And to earn a living at anything like that? A true miracle.

HA: Young actors ask, *How do you make it? What do you do? What can you do?* You don't have to really worry about that. I promise you, the business will let you know what it wants from you. And if you're good, it will grab you right up. And if you're not, it will leave you the fuck alone. And if you stay at it, you'll get more than one opportunity. And if you don't get any, that's your answer. So don't worry. Just keep at it and it'll find you. ■



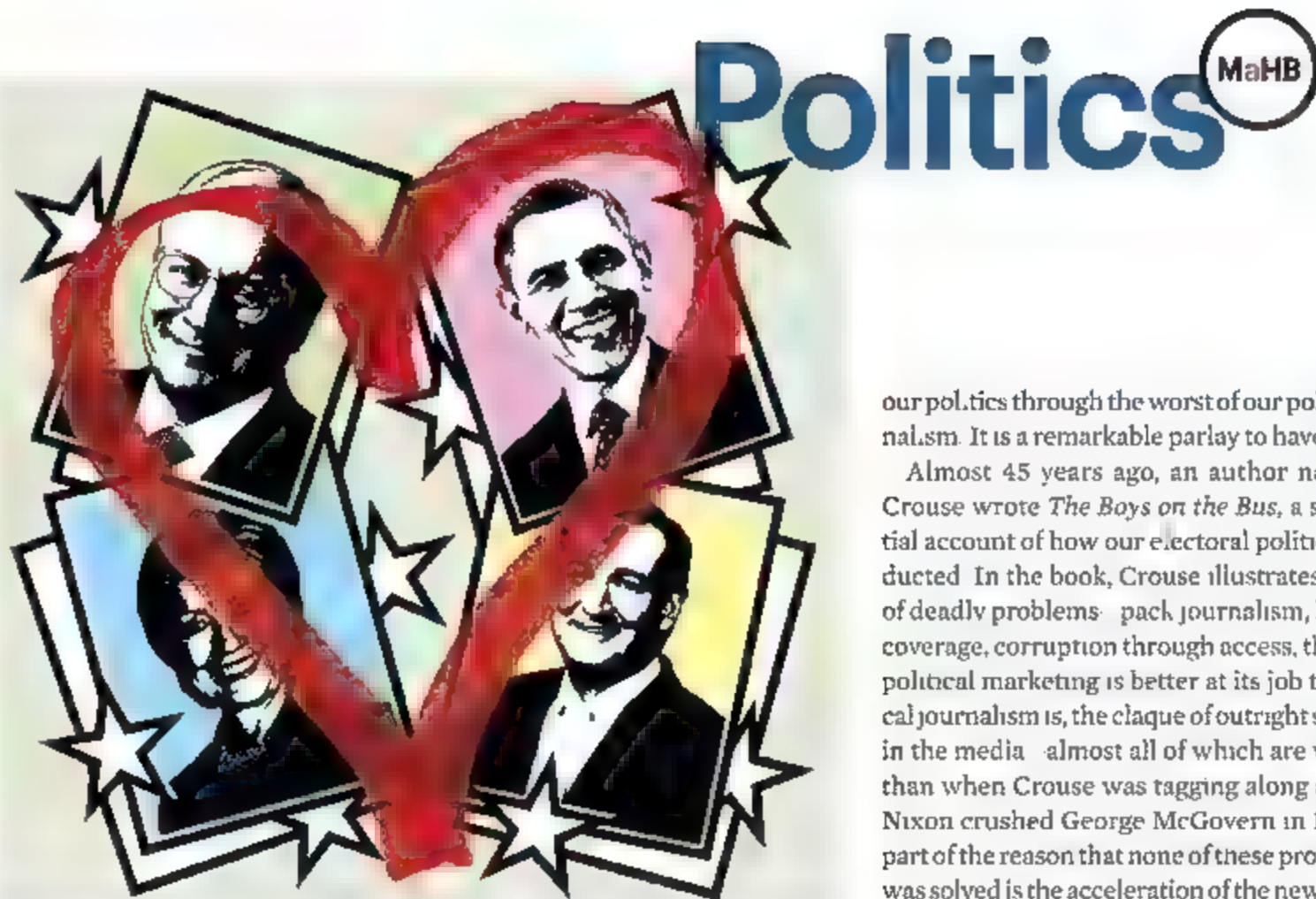
Thing or Not a Thing?

BY ANNA PEELE



NEW YORK LONDON TOKYO PORTLAND

JACK SPADE



TIGER BEAT ON THE POTOMAC

Politico, foremost practitioner of Washington's current courtier press, finally crosses over from mere trivia into outright obscenity

BY CHARLES P. PIERCE

Tell you what, let's see if we can't make the old Camelot metaphor turn handsprings and tie itself into a bowline, shall we?

Once upon a time and not that long ago, and don't let it be forgot, there once was a glossy magazine named *George*. It was founded and edited by the late John Kennedy Jr., who was, by all accounts, a more than decent bloke. Its conceit was that there was no essential difference between politics and show business or between political celebrity and all other forms of celebrity. (I think we all can agree that JFK Jr. was something more than an authority on that last part.) Its first issue featured model Cindy Crawford dressed as George Washington, who once had only Parson Weems as his personal celebrity biographer. Sadly, in March of 2001, its last issue had Kennedy himself on the cover, the editor having died in a plane crash on July 16, 1999. Despite some contemporaneous ur-snarkery from *Spy*, it's hard now to conclude that the basic premise behind *George* was wrong. (By 2005, Tom Brokaw, the man who invented World War II, was moderating a ten-year retrospective on the magazine at Harvard, although that might have been just a Kennedy thing.) The entire world of political journalism has come around to *George*'s fundamental philosophy. The best evidence is the success of *George*'s bastard child, the one that soughed into Washington in 2007 like Modred riding toward Camlan. That would be Politico, aka *Tiger Beat on the Potomac*, which manages on a regular basis to cover the worst of

Politics

MaHB

our politics through the worst of our political journalism. It is a remarkable parlay to have achieved.

Almost 45 years ago, an author named Tim Crouse wrote *The Boys on the Bus*, a still essential account of how our electoral politics are conducted. In the book, Crouse illustrates a number of deadly problems: pack journalism, horse-race coverage, corruption through access, the fact that political marketing is better at its job than political journalism is, the clique of outright starfuckers in the media—almost all of which are worse now than when Crouse was tagging along as Richard Nixon crushed George McGovern in 1972. A big part of the reason that none of these problems ever was solved is the acceleration of the news business. Crouse covered writers. He covered television personalities. Today, the campaign is covered by people who produce content across many platforms. The late-night bull sessions in the hotel bars in Manchester have been replaced by gatherings of content producers bent like illuminating monks over their personal devices, tweeting something that will be irrelevant 15 seconds after it is posted. Almost nobody covers actual policy in any kind of depth, to be fair to the journalists, candidates running in this media environment are gun-shy about proposing any. So what we get are personality-driven “narratives” constructed to make sense of a dizzy-

ing (and dizzy) process. That the “narrative” may have nothing to do with who might be the best person to run the country or that it might have nothing to do with, you know, the truth, as Al Gore found out to his horror between 1999 and 2000, is no longer effectively relevant. The content must be produced for the many platforms. Personality is a simpler way to do this and still appear to be wired into the scene. This is not entirely Maureen Dowd's fault, but she did win a Pulitzer for being good at it, and she unleashed a generation of reporters who think the same way.

Given all this, Politico was inevitable. It is a content-producing machine. It is a brand that runs in and of itself. It has a Web site and a magazine. It produces its own videos. It conducts policy forums for which it sucks down corporate sponsorships. (More about those in a moment.) As a news operation, it's half gossip rag and half tip sheet. As the former, it's not as good as the *National Enquirer*, and as the latter, it's way up the track, just behind the *Daily Racing Form*. From the start, its founders expressed admiration for Matt Drudge, who is a truthless hack, and they made clear their objective was to “win the morning,” whatever that means. Worst of all, Politico is produced in Washington, D.C., the nastiest one-industry town in America, a social and cultural context in which all of political journalism's worst instincts, as embodied by the very existence of Politico, are encouraged to run wild. a kind of fundamental **CONTINUED**

CRAFTED FOR THE
RÉMARKABLE



RÉMY MARTIN

POP CULTURE MENTORSHIP

rot of the type that Crouse discovered was baked into the product from the start. And, as is the unfortunate case with la Dowd, it has spawned imitators all over the landscape, like an invasive species of mussel clogging the Great Lakes.

Let us give you only one example from this year, one that should have demolished the publication's reputation forever. In July, Politico hosted one of its "Playbook lunches," this one sponsored by that noted mortgage-fraud concern, Bank of America. (Mike Allen, one of Politico's founding geniuses, already has gotten his ass in a crack for what appeared to many people to be payola, so he probably should be more careful about what he is about. People are getting tired of haggling about the price.) The guests of honor were Dick Cheney, his wife, Lynne, and their daughter Liz, some of the bloodiest examples of Washington's endless parade of the Undead, the Manson Family of American geopolitics. With this event and the cutesy-poo way Politico's own reporter covered it, its triviality finally crossed over into ob-scenity, its puerility into indecency. In terms of the honest craft of journalism, Stephen Glass never sank this low, and the whole thing made Jayson Blair look like Ernie Pyle. Gaze in awe at the way Politico's own reporter begins his account of the atrocity in question.

"Sing it with us. 'Here's the story of a man named Cheney.' 'Dick, Lynne, and Liz Cheney had a message they wanted to send with their appearance at Politico's Playbook lunch on Monday. We're a family, we're happy together, we joke together, and we're beating the drum for an aggressive foreign policy together.

"It's almost as if the Cheneys were the Brady Bunch—if the Brady Bunch had started a hawkish think tank and were warning the country about the failures of President Barack Obama's leadership around the world."

It's as though the ancient Chronicle of Britain were written by Kitty Kelley. It's like somebody made the legend of King Arthur into, I don't know, a musical or something. ■



How Gary Webb Died

A FEW WORDS ON THE MAN PORTRAYED IN *KILL THE MESSENGER*

BY MARK WARREN

All Gary Webb ever wanted to do was journalism, and be the kind of journalist we tell ourselves is essential for a free and democratic system to remain free and democratic. When he was a journalist, he was a man of great purpose. You could see it in the way he walked and in his wizened smile, but mostly you could hear it in his voice. You don't want to tangle with a man of great purpose when he is on to an important story, because this is what gives his life meaning. He certainly doesn't commit himself to journalism for the money, but rather for some quaint notion of informing the public and doing good. But then, when Webb's greatest story—a 12,000-word landmark series for the *San Jose Mercury News* called "Dark Alliance," about the CIA's complicity in the early years of the crack-cocaine trade—was destroyed by other journalists at powerful newspapers who were acting as handmaidens of the CIA and his own editors genuflected before official power, he was ruined. No longer able to do that which gave his life purpose, his marriage on the rocks, his house lost, he conceded to his despair at this bitter abandonment by journalism itself and shot himself in the head.

And, of course, Webb's reporting about the CIA was correct, and the stories he wrote were true. Gary Webb was right.

The new film *Kill the Messenger* (out this month) tells the shameful epic of what happened to Webb. Played masterfully by a swaggering Jeremy Renner, he comes to life as something we seldom saw before Webb and may

never see again: the journalist as hero. Renner has Webb laughing in disbelief after his reporting turns controversial and his editorial meetings are dominated not by editors but by corporate executives who see it as their business not to take a principled position and defend the prerogatives of journalism against the most powerful entities in the world, but rather to cut their losses and distance themselves from Webb, utterly discrediting him. It is Oliver Platt as Jerry Cepos, Webb's cowardly editor, who delivers the coup de grâce. *Kill the Messenger* is not a great movie, but it is a necessary one. And, having known and worked with Webb, I consider it easy to overlook its flaws of storytelling out of sheer gratitude for its existence. Ten years ago, when alone he gave up, it seemed that the work of the cowards might be the last word on this terribly slandered investigative reporter. That a Hollywood movie with a stellar cast now serves as a monument to Webb and all that he lived for, standing to confound and dishonor the liars who destroyed him, counts as a small miracle.

There is one small but crucial flaw that I must make note of, however. At the film's end (at least in the early version I saw), a series of supertitles appears on the screen to resolve the story, and the last of these reads that after he was fired by his newspaper, "Gary Webb never returned to journalism." That is not true. Gary Webb did return to journalism. He wrote for this magazine (esquire.com/gary-webb), and we were proud to call him a colleague. ■



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Das Auto.



In *Whiplash*, if you're not sweating, crying, or bleeding, you're not great.

The Case for Terrorizing Gifted Teenagers

BATTLE HYMN OF THE TIGER MOTHER D'N'T TAKE TOUGH LOVE FAR ENOUGH

BY JOE KEONANE

We love creative genius. Thinking about it, bemoaning its decline on Twitter. But do we spend enough time growing the child out of it? That's the question at the core of the new film, *Whiplash* (out October 15) by 25-year-old director Damien Chazelle.

The gist: Andrew Neyman (Miles Teller) is a first-year student at the top conservatory in New York. He's a promising jazz drummer, but no one seems to notice. Legendary music teacher Terence Fletcher (J.K. Simmons) takes the kid under his wing, and sure enough, over time, whole worlds of potential are revealed.

Ah, the magic of great teaching!

Thing is, Fletcher isn't a great teacher in the way, say, Robin Williams was in *Dead Poets Society*. He's more of a sadistic monster, a bulging forehead vein of a man who believes there are no two more harmful words than *good* and *job*. He screams at his students, pits them against one another, and pushes them until they cry

and bleed. During Andrew's first rehearsal, Fletcher gets him to confide that his mother abandoned him as a child, then clubs him over the head with the disclosure in front of the other musicians until he cries. This motivational abuse is deployed in the hope that just one student will someday pass through Fletcher's crucible and ascend to genuine greatness.

Sure, it might sound like something Ayn Rand wrote with Gordon Ramsay and the *Wall Street Journal* editorial board, but thankfully *Whiplash* resists any easy conclusions. It just looks at greatness, the seductive power of it, the collateral damage done in its pursuit, and asks, again and again, *Is it worth it?* You watch the drumming and you look at the human wreckage trailing in its wake, and it doesn't look good, frankly. But then you watch more of that drumming, the stray beads of sweat on the ride and the blood on the snare, riot straining against rhythm, the whole of it capturing something elemental and profound, and you think, in spite of yourself, *It is*.

Yes/No: A cynical older man nearing rock bottom strikes up an unlikely friendship with a lonely kid. Should child-protective services be notified?



☒ Yes ☐ No
Carl Fredrickson and Russell, *Up*



☒ Yes ☐ No
Will and Marcus, *About a Boy*



☒ Yes ☐ No
Humbert and Lolita, *Lolita*



☒ Yes ☐ No
St. Vincent and Oliver, *St. Vincent*



The Super Recap: *Homeland* Seasons 1 to 3

Carrie Mathison is a bipolar CIA agent who enjoys pantsuits, white wine, and sex with strangers. She spends a great deal of time crying and insisting that she is not crazy. Carrie is tasked with surveilling Marine Sergeant Nicholas Brody, a pursed-lipped ginger who was held as a POW by Al Qaeda for eight years. Carrie tries to convince her colleagues that Brody was turned into a spy, but no one believes her because she's always pulling shenanigans like going off her lithium and having sex with Brody. He almost blows up a few members of the executive branch but decides to become a congressman instead. Brody's tenure in government involves little lawmaking, which frees him up to murder the vice president with a cell phone and a pacemaker, impregnate Carrie, and get framed for killing a couple hundred members of the CIA. With Carrie's help, Brody escapes to Venezuela and becomes a heroin addict. Eventually, he winds up in Iran, where he murders the head of the Revolutionary Guard with an ashtray and a pillow. Brody has his flaws, but the man really knows how to improvise a murder weapon. Carrie watches Brody's public hanging and decides not to abort the baby. Great show. Season four of *Homeland* premieres October 4 at 9:00 p.m. on Showtime.



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Jewish Comedy Is Dead This Is Where I Leave You killed it

The film *This Is Where I Leave You* (in theaters now) takes place at a shivah, the seven-day period during which the Semitic Altman family ostensibly gathers to fight with one another and mourn its patriarch. Except the protagonists are actually there to mourn Jewish comedy: the clever, acerbic kvetching of the eternal outsiders. The Chosen Humor was brought to mainstream America by the Marx Brothers and arguably reached its peak in the 1990s with Larry David and Jerry Seinfeld, whose seminal sitcom typically forwent overt references to Judaism (the Soup Nazi and Bryan Cranston's dentist convert as de) in favor of a general feel of stereotypical Jewishness—angry people sitting around talking about themselves.

Except, wait—that's not the Jews. That's everyone, which is exactly who watched *Seinfeld*. (More than 76 million people saw the series finale.) Realizing Hebrews no longer had a monopoly on teeth gnashing, *30 Rock*, *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*, and new Fox sitcom *Mulaney* were thus free to explore the problems of goyim in what used to be the language of the Jews. Hell, even Woody Allen's onscreen avatars are Wasps now.

Shawn Levy's *This Is Where I Leave You* feels like a throwback to an era when only Jews admitted they had dysfunctional families. The biggest joke of the film is the one that isn't in on. On one of the five main characters is played by a Jewish actor (That would be Corey Stoll. The others are portrayed by Tina Fey, Adam Driver, Jason Bateman, and shiksa goddess Jane Fonda.) The film ignores the reality that every night we sit with our broken families and after complaining about our callous fathers and bemoaning the size of our sisters' asses, we watch *The Daily Show*'s Jon Stewart make jokes about the still-crappy job market and our unrepresentative representatives, and we accept that we are all Jewish now. ANNA PEELE

"She is the emblem of something—just that no one's sure what—Esquire December 2012



The Lena Dunham Quiz

WHICH LIFE LESSONS WERE PLUCKED FROM THE ACTRESS AND DIRECTOR'S NEW MEMOIR, *NOT THAT KIND OF GIRL*, AND WHICH DID WE MAKE UP AFTER READING IT IN ONE SITTING?

- 1 **As a little girl**, I had been obnoxiously self-aware, irritatingly smug, prone to reading the dictionary "for fun" and making pronouncements like "Papa, nobody my age enjoys real literature."
- 2 **When I was six**, I forced one of my kindergarten classmates to eat my Underoos. He had blond hair and painted his nails black. He couldn't do it, but his face during the attempt—valiant but resigned to my superior power—is the face I looked for in my boyfriends for the next 20 years.
- 3 **I kissed three girls** in college. All at once.
- 4 **I'd be a lesbian** if Eloise had been a real person.
- 5 **My mother invented the selfie**. Her private experiment made way for my public one.
- 6 **I got naked on TV**. A lot.
- 7 **I told her**, "You can't be vegan and have a piñata."
- 8 **Early on**, I made a promise to myself never to use menstruation as a comic crutch or narrative device in my work.
- 9 **Half the men I've fucked** have been bed wetters. I always think I've cured them. You know, until.
- 10 **You know that thing**, when you're having sex, but instead of feeling it you can see yourself from above, like you're watching a movie?
- 11 **When I was nine**, I wrote a vow of celibacy on a piece of paper and ate it.
- 12 **Beautiful self-delusion**: Isn't that what being young is all about? You think you're immortal until one day when you're around 60, it hits you. You see an Ingmar Bergman-y specter of death and you do some soul-searching and possibly adopt a kid in need.
- 13 **I want to be enlightened**, but it also sounds boring.
- 14 **"If you don't try** so hard, it'll be better," my father said.
- 15 **I'm going to live** at least 50 years past you.

We're pretty sure that the second, fourth, seventh, and ninth quotes are not the singular and infectious musings of Lena Dunham but our imitation thereof.



Man We Must Reckon With Ben Feldman

Sanguine 34-year-old actor Ben Feldman is best known for playing the funniest character on *Mad Men* besides Roger Sterling. Feldman was nominated for an Emmy for his role as the skittish copywriter Michael Ginsberg, who was written off the show in its seventh season when he cut off his own pipe and presented it to his boss after suffering a technology-induced psychotic break. Feldman has also played amusing pricks on *Saturday Night Live* and *The Mindy Project* and currently stars on NBC's *Comedians in Cars Getting Coffee* (Thursdays at 9-10 p.m. opposite the mother from *How I Met Your Mother*).

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NOT HUDDLED, BUT STILL YEARNING

A GREAT NOVEL ABOUT HOPE, HEARTBREAK, FAMILY, AND FAULT LINE AMERICA

BY JOE KEOHANE

The American Dream is a good one, as dreams go. It offers the prospect of comfort, of order in a chaotic universe, of fair play and even happiness. It doesn't promise these things. It raises them as possibilities, dangling them somewhere out there in the middle distance, just close enough to make them seem obtainable. And sometimes they are. But, man, the ground between here and there can be a real bastard for some people.

Eileen Tumulty, the protagonist of Matthew Thomas's exceptional first novel, *We Are Not Ourselves* (Simon & Schuster, \$28), is one of those people. She was born working-class in Queens, New York, in 1941, the daughter of "Big Mike" Tumulty, a hardscrabble Irish immigrant who hauls beer barrels for a living and sidelines as a sage at Doherty's Bar. Big Mike

is beloved by the men of the neighborhood, but he's a drinker, a gambler—a failure by most standards. "I once believed you could wind up being mayor of New York," his wife tells him. "But you're satisfied being mayor of Doherty's. Not even owner of Doherty's. Mayor of Doherty's."

After a hard childhood in a cramped apartment in a noisy building in a teeming city, Eileen wants out. She wants a nice suburb with space between the houses and a tidy existence with a decent man who's tough like her father without being so distant. She meets and marries Ed Leary, a kind, ambitious scientist with a hard past and a promising future. Voila. American Dream.

Except that it's not that simple. And what follows is written with the tensile strength of a thriller. Again and again, Ed

turns down better offers

to stay at his position

teaching disadvantaged

kids at a community col-

lege. Eileen takes a job

at a hospital, but it isn't

enough to get them out of

their Queens apartment,

despite her increasing-

ly ruthless efforts to dis-

lodge them. Even after they have a son

and the neighborhood starts to slide, Ed

resists leaving. Both of them have rea-

sons that are mostly good, partly selfish,

and totally incompatible. One wants the

world to spin faster; one needs it to slow

down. One believes in the inevitable tri-

umph of upward mobility over unhap-

piness, one sees that notion as a sham

devised to move product. Meanwhile,

their son, the third generation, strug-

gles to find his way.

Many writers have taken aim at the

uneasy intersection of self and stuff in

America, at the way a nation's promise

can feel like a judgment when you don't

live up to it, the way it can distract you

from the life you're actually living. Few,

if any, have done it this well. *We Are Not*

Ourselves doesn't pile on, doesn't hec-

tor; rather, with profound compassion

and understanding and at times majesty

it painstakingly lays out the three seem-

ingly unexceptional lives as they're lived,

in the end summoning the only truly uni-

versal verity governing life in America.

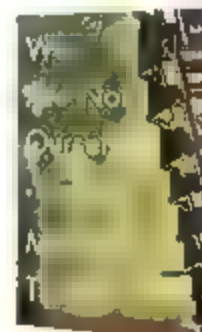
You can be anything you want, but in the

end you'll always be yourself. **A**

If you read this prologue and are not at least tempted to read on, we just don't know what to tell you.

His father was watching the line in the water. The boy caught a frog and stuck a hook in its stomach to see what it would look like going through. Sick guts clung to the hook, and a queasy guilt grabbed him. He tried to sound innocent when he asked if you could fish with frogs. His father glanced over, stared at his nostrils, and slunk the teeming coffee can at him. Worms spilled out and wriggled away. He told him he'd done an evil thing and that his youth was no excuse for his cruelty. He made him remove the hook and hold the twitching creature until it died. Then he passed him the bait knife and had him dig a little grave. He spoke with a terrifying lack of familiarity, as if they were simply two people on earth now and an invisible tether between them had been severed.

When he was done burying the frog, the boy took his time patting down the dirt to avoid looking up. His father told him to think awhile about what he'd done and walked off. The boy crouched listening to the receding footsteps as tears came on and the loamy smell of rotting leaves invaded his nose. He stood and looked at the river. Dusk stole quickly through the valley. After a while, he understood he'd been there longer than his father had intended, but he couldn't bring himself to head to the car, because he feared that when he got there he'd see that his father no longer recognized him as his own. He couldn't imagine anything worse than that, so he tossed rocks into the river and waited for his father to come get him. When one of his throws gave none of the splashing sound he'd gotten used to hearing, and a loud croak rose up suddenly behind him, he ran, spooked, to find his father leaning against the hood with a foot up on the fender, looking as if he would've waited all night for him, now adjusting his cap and opening the door to drive them home. He wasn't lost to him, yet.



Funny Joke* from a Beautiful Woman

AS TOLD BY
SARAH GADON

TORONTO MAYOR Rob Ford's reality show was canceled after just one episode. That's the difference between Americans and Canadians. If you're spinning out in America, your reality show will be renewed for another season. But Canadians just don't want to watch Canadian content.

ABOUT THE JOKESTER: Given the chance, Sarah Gadon would like to scare you. For one, the 27-year-old actress stars in *Dracula Untold* (out October 17), the upcoming action-movie take on the Gothic novel. (She plays Mirena, the wife of the warrior who becomes the titular vampire.) But she also enjoys a more direct tactic. "It's so mean," she says, delighted. "You know how if somebody's coming up stairs and the stairs kind of bend and you scare them? I like to do that." She also has appeared in horror-film director (and likely vampire) David Cronenberg's three latest films. Most recently, she played a hostile hallucination in his *Maps to the Stars*, a deeply unsettling indictment of Hollywood. Gadon admits that a lot of this is far from her more reserved life as a ballet dancer and a Torontonian. "There's just something about me that people want to corrupt." She seems less a victim than an accomplice. **NATE HOPPER**



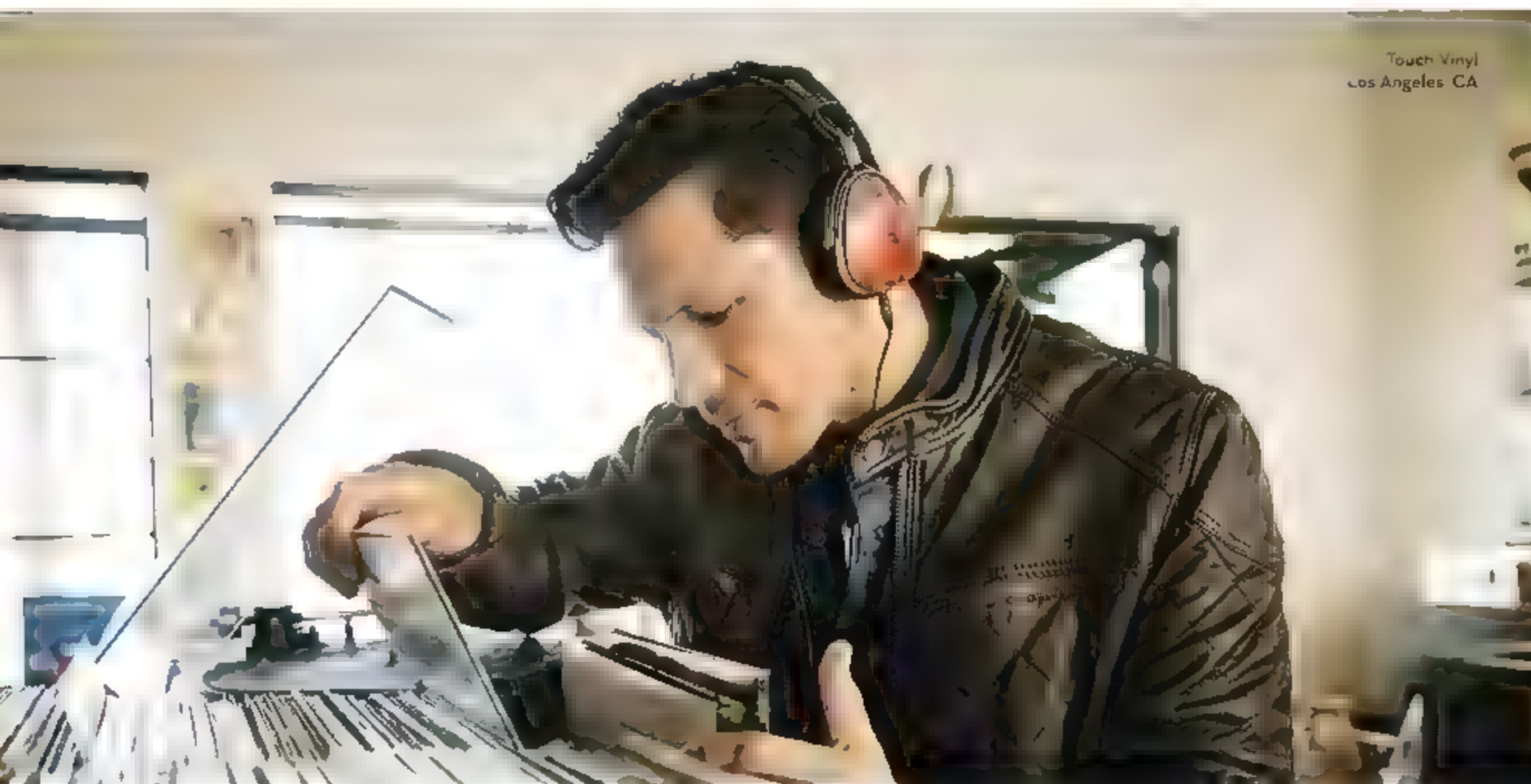
* Well, a Canadian joke.

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Style Off Set with Nick Wechsler

Nick's #InMyElement moments featured here showcase a few favorites from Timberland's Fall 2014 Collection



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REAL LIFE IS LESS COMPLICATED FOR NICK WECHSLER THAN IT IS FOR THE CHARACTER HE PLAYS ON ABC'S HIT SERIES REVENGE. THAT'S THE WAY HE LIKES IT. Nick is most in his element when he's exploring — getting to know himself through music and the world around him on his bike. This spirit drives his personal style. He prefers easy, well-made basics that are equal parts rugged and stylish. It's about clothes that look as good as they feel to give Nick the freedom to go wherever his day takes him. Nick says, "I almost never change throughout the day. What I wear needs to work both for the road and for a night out." Nick gives his tried-and-true uniform — jeans or chinos with a classic tee — extra mileage by adding a leather jacket or a pair of boots. "My refined looks are still pretty relaxed, which, of course, is the point."

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MaHB

Drinking

BY DAVID WONDRIK

CACHAÇA PLUS AGE

Once it's barrel aged, the Brazilian national spirit is not just for the caipirinha. Or summer. Or the Brazilians.

An early English chemist once noted that aging a spirit in a barrel turns it into "a dilute tincture of oak." Or, in the case of some Brazilian cachaças, of ipê, balsamo, louro-canela, amendoim, amburana.

Cachaça, the Brazilian national spirit, is made in vast quantities, all of it distilled from fresh sugarcane juice (as opposed to molasses, from which the vast majority of rums are made) and almost all of it destined for domestic consumption. The cachaça that does get exported is mostly what Brazilians classify as "industrial," a thin, raw, mostly unaged spirit that's okay in a caipirinha but not for sipping. In Brazil, however, there are hundreds of small, truly artisanal producers whose products rarely see the inside of a shipping container. Many of these cachaças are aged in woods that take their flavors in surprising directions.

While the industrial varieties are made in facilities that look like oil refineries, the artisanal ones are fazenda, or farm, products. Take Fazenda da Quinta, an artisanal producer deep in the backcountry of Rio de Janeiro state: a few hundred acres of cane grown without pesticides, cut by hand, run through a water-wheel powered mill, and pot distilled. **Avuá Prata** (\$35), rested

in steel, is soft and creamy, with grassy tequila-like notes and a light but persistent funk or "hogo" that makes you want more. It makes a stellar caipirinha.

Then there's the Amburana, aged in wood of the same name. The best way to understand what's going on with the Amburana is tasting it side by side a similar product that's been aged in oak. The [1] **Novo Fogo Barrel-Aged** (\$35) is another fine artisanal cachaça that's available here, aged a minimum of two years in old bourbon barrels. It's dominated by the toasty wood notes we expect from aged spirits, with little of the cane-spirit funk remaining. The [2] **Maison Leblon Reserva Especial** (\$30), aged up to two years in French oak barrels, is spicy and crisp and reminiscent of a rum agricole from Martinique. Both are fine sippers, lighter than whiskey but still rich.

The [3] **Avuá Amburana** (\$50) is another thing entirely: It's mellow and smooth from aeration in the wooden tank, but the compounds the spirit pulls out of the wood are anything but familiar. The strong woodiness oak brings is gone, replaced by juicy black-cherry and spicy caraway notes. The sugarcane funk is still there, but softened and diffused. This is a pure sipping spirit and one unlike anything made anywhere else in the world.

Another cachaça aged in native wood is the industrial [4] **Ypioca Ouro** (\$25), which is aged in balsam-wood barrels. The result is less stellar than the Amburana, largely because the base spirit is thinner and not as complex, but it has some appealing hints of almond and marzipan. Other exotic wood cachaças turn up on liquor-store shelves from time to time: if you come across a bottle of Seleta (amburana) or Boazinha (balsamo), snap it up—but distribution is inconsistent. That's a shame, because beyond oak is a fascinating place to be. **E**

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MAY 13
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Irish whiskey Gin
cautiously



MAY 14 TO
OCTOBER 22
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the quinine)
rum and/or
tequila and no
or here) keep
em coming



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ABOUT THE BROTH:
It's everything. Add whatever you want to ramen, but if the broth isn't right, you're stuck. Luckily, this one is easy to get right.

Erik Bruner-Yang's Everyman's Ramen

- > 1 cup diced Red Delicious apple (skin on)
- > 1 cup diced garlic (about 3 heads)
- > 1 cup diced ginger
- > 1 medium yellow onion, diced
- > ½ rack baby-back pork ribs (about 1 lb)
- > 12 cups water
- > 1 cup soy sauce
- > ramen noodles (available at most supermarkets)

> **Place diced apple, garlic, ginger, onion, pork ribs, water, and soy sauce** in a large heavy-bottomed stock pot (at least 6 quarts) and bring to a boil over high heat. Reduce heat to medium-low and simmer until reduced by half, about 2½ hours. You will end up with 6 cups of broth.

> **Remove pork ribs** and separate into portions. Remove solids from broth with a strainer and discard. Transfer broth to a clean pot and keep warm.

> **Cook noodles** according to directions on package.

> **Place cooked** noodles in bowls, cover with broth, top with pork ribs, then go freestyle: cilantro, scallions, a poached or fried egg, roasted squash or sweet potato, sautéed shiitake mushrooms, pickles, bonito flakes, kombu, nori, chili paste whatever you like. Serves 4.

FREESTYLE RAMEN

A classic remixed by Chef Erik Bruner-Yang, of D.C.'s Toki Underground
AS TOLD TO FRANCINE MAROUKIAN

A good recipe can open the door into a new world, and that's exactly what happened when I learned to make ramen. I was apprenticing at a ramen shop in Taipei, and although I honored my family's heritage and respected the traditional structure of ramen, my concern wasn't perfection or even authenticity. I wanted to develop a recipe that reflected my own life—an everyman's ramen.

One day the pieces just came together. I took out all the complicated stuff and streamlined the most important elements into a one-pot method that gives you the ramen base you need.

The key to ramen is the broth. There's no adding something at the last minute to enrich its taste.

The flavor and balance must be slow-cooked in, which I do by mixing aromatics with apples (peaches work, too) for a touch of natural sweetness and to cut the pork fat. And reduction is critical: too little and the broth will be weak, too much and you'll lose a serving or two.

Once you have that, you can freestyle toppings like traditional kombu and seasonal roasted squash or fried eggs, pickles, and chili paste. But no matter how I tinker with my ramen recipe, I always feel an emotional connection to the broth. Like when I sip a good cup of coffee or tea, it makes me reflective. The noodles might be the heartbeat, but the broth is ramen's universal truth.

The Way of the Ramen

1. The bowl should be narrow at the

bottom and wide at the top so the noodle base, which is shaped sort of like a mushroom cloud, can better support the toppings.

2. The broth isn't just for flavor; it also transfers heat to the noodles and whatever else you add. Serve it piping hot.

3. Ramen is personal. Some folks like to mix it all together. Others eat each element separately. Do whatever makes you happy.

Just make sure to have spoons and chopsticks on hand so that you can eat every last drop, bit, and piece in the bowl.

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ARE BEER GOGGLES REAL?

Mine are, but I don't use them anymore because that was definitely *not* Matthew Modine.

When you say "real," do you mean has it been scientifically proven in a clinic, clinically, that drinking makes people look more attractive to the drinker? It has, in a bar on a remote island, where physiologist Lewis G. Halsey found that drinkers were less able to perceive asymmetry in shapes. He duplicated his findings in a lab, and they have been re-proven every night, worldwide, ever since.

There is sensation, or what "comes through your eyes," says neuroscientist Amanda Ellison, and perception, "the sense we make of" that information. Drinking causes the eye muscles to waver a bit, blurring your vision, and then it impairs the brain's frontal lobe, where de-

cisions are made. Meanwhile, the subcortical lower brain, where sexual desire lives, or at least gets mail, remains relatively intact, which is why you can wake up with someone quite different from whom you were expecting. Be cordial, gather your things, and leave. She had a pair of Skinnygirl prosecco aviators that made you look a lot better, too.

All the lesbians I know say girl-on-girl porn isn't accurate. So what do they really do in bed?

I'm not convinced that the problem isn't simply one of semantics. "Lesbian" and "Girl on Girl" used to be one group, but Girl on Girl left, it's said, "to party," and LGBTGoG became LGBT. Since then, the two have maintained separate identities, and

their porn is kept in different parts of the store.

Unlike you, I know few lesbians, and I don't often go to food trucks, but a recent study found that lesbian sex lasts longer than non-lesbian sex and boasts more oral sex, which is reciprocated any number of times for up to two hours. It is, however, difficult to properly depict true lesbian-style oral sex without one of those special cameras they use for endoscopies. This failing, along with the excessive length and meandering story lines, is probably behind realistic lesbian porn's poor showings. (The standard movie structure is three acts, one climax, and one resolution. Read your McKee.)

Fisting is big with lesbians. A British health study from 2003 painstakingly categorized the frequency of its lesbians' various sex acts to determine, I assume, how much fist burn ointment to order. Of the 1,218 women surveyed, 17 percent said they practiced fisting occasionally and 16 percent said they did it often. That's like 30 percent. According to porn actress and director Courtney Trouble, however, "You will not see that in mainstream girl-girl porn whatsoever." Yes, as much as it would like to, porn does not depict fisting because it's considered obscene or seems rude or something. But "it's happening in the bedrooms of lesbians all over the world all the time," says Trouble. Yes, it is, and then they build bookcases, I think. I don't know. Why don't you ask the lesbians when they're done barbecuing.

Got a sex question of your own? E-mail it to us at sex@esquire.com.



Post-coitus
October 5 is the most popular birthday in the United States.



At the movies
In the adaptation of *Gone Girl* out October 3, Emily Ratajkowski plays the character described in the novel as "an enigmatic, cold, and a little bit of a bitch."



On TV
CW series *Jane the Virgin* premieres October 13. It follows a chaste young woman who is inadvertently artificially inseminated.



On the radio
The radio show *Lenny Kravitz* is September 23. It's a bum *Struts* titled *Sex*.

...And Other Topics

Which is best for the environment: glass, cardboard, or plastic? Plastic is great for scooping up fracking chemicals.

Can I get herpes from sharing dessert? Probably. Be sure to get the herpes status of fellow diners when seated. A good waiter will ask.

What is the appropriate number of sexual partners to say I've had? To whom? *Us Weekly*? The police? Pick a two-

digit number and add or subtract five depending on your proximity to the equator.



Nestlé

Hot Pockets

PERCEPTION: STAID OLD EUROPEAN NESTLÉ. **REALITY:** SWASHBUCKLING, NIMBLE, WITH A FEROCIOUS APPETITE FOR GROWTH

My two favorite stores in the world are Bergdorf Goodman and Quince. If Quince sold Brioni ties, I'd pretty much never shop anywhere else. The one near my house offers two different kinds of neckties and the wondrous "chewy"—for its fountain sodas. But then last week, I had a heated debate with Quince's social-media editor. The northern New Jersey-based convenience store had for a brief time stocked Butterfinger Peanut Butter Cups and then just as quickly disappeared them. *There is no substitute.*

That's the kind of loyalty that's helped make Butterfinger's maker, Nestlé S.A., based in Vevey, Switzerland, the world's largest food company, with annual sales exceeding \$100 billion and a market capitalization of \$240 billion.

Investors, especially in the U.S., have an image of the company as a lumbering giant, profitable but unable to hide its age. Yet Nestlé's stock is outperforming the oil behemoths and old-line consumer companies like Walmart and Procter & Gamble. Its business and stock price look dowdy, however, compared with tech leaders Apple and Google, financial services providers Wells Fargo and JPMorgan Chase, and pharmaceutical kings Roche and Pfizer. Over the last five years, Nestlé has lagged behind the S&P 500 Index. Its stock barely moved during the first seven months of 2014.

Appearances are deceiving. At the same time Nestlé grouches about the sleepiness of its European home markets, it is swashbuckling through the world's biggest emerging markets with a combination of iconic brands and local management. Even in mature markets, like the United States and Europe, the company is not receiving credit for its strengths. Overall, for the first half of 2014, Nestlé reported organic growth of 4.7 percent, exceeding analysts' expectations and the performance of its big European rivals, Danone and Unilever.

Its annual report for 2013 offered some tantalizing possibilities for future growth. Sales in China increased more than 27 percent. In Russia, Brazil, and the Philippines (all multibillion-dollar markets), sales rose 10 to 20 percent. The company has an unbeatable combination of assets for succeeding in emerging markets: universally known brand names, local partners, local operating management, and diversification. Those brands cover a lot more than chocolate: Gerber, Carnation, Nescafé, Perrier, Poland Spring, Hot Pockets, Tombstone, Lean Cuisine, and Häagen-Dazs. In the rapidly expanding pet-food category, it has Alpo, Beneful, Dog Chow, Cat Chow, and Purina.

Although mindful of the risks in emerging markets, Nestlé is undaunted. At a June investor conference in Boston, CEO Paul Bulcke provided general answers to questions about particular markets. "Nigeria is already a very big market for us. It's a difficult market, though. It's always the same. What is difficult is worthwhile." About Pakistan: "We have [become] deeply entrenched in the society. We have local managers. We have international managers who want to go there, and they enjoy the growth."

Even bombs can't stop Nestlé. It is still operating in Syria, despite having its factory blown up in 2013. "There's no way of building a new factory," Bulcke explained, so it adapted production from other factories in the region. "And still we have a young man there leading our people."

According to Bulcke, no part of the world is too forbidding: "And then you go Afghanistan. A huge country, too. We are looking to that, too."

With such nimble thinking and aggressive ambition, why is Nestlé stock barely treading water? Nestlé does not go out of its way to win the favor of American investors. The U.S. is, by far, the biggest market for its products, but it remains headquartered in Switzerland, trading on the SIX Swiss Exchange. Its ADRs trade on NASDAQ (as NSRGY); therefore, it follows American securities laws but reports results in Swiss francs. The CEO of Nestlé USA reports to the head of Nestlé Zone Americas, who in turn reports to Nestlé S.A., in Vevey. Its top management and board of directors are overwhelmingly European. (When Bulcke welcomed the mostly European stock analysts who traveled to Boston for Nestlé's 2014 investor conference, he opened by saying, "First of all, I want to thank you all for coming so numerous, here to Boston, actually a very nice city.")

Nestlé also has talked down the price of its stock because of its bearishness on the U.S. economy. In his Boston presentation, Paul Grimwood, CEO of Nestlé USA, characterized the challenging U.S. economic environment: "depressed economy, with high unemployment and underemployment," "low consumer confidence," and "declining household income, squeezing consumer budgets."

For investors, Nestlé's pessimism is a good thing. Continued improvements in the U.S. economy should bolster Nestlé stock, weakness in the recovery is already priced in. Nestlé also has the brands and the market position to leverage future growth. A stunning 97 percent of U.S. households consume its products. It has one third of the \$26 billion pet-care market, of the \$16 billion frozen-food market, of the \$7 billion nutrition market, and a slightly larger share of the \$9 billion bottled water market. It has a quarter of the \$9 billion ice cream market and half the \$3.5 billion coffee-and-creamers market.

Nestlé S.A. offers investors the adventures of a Sebastian Junger book with the safety of reading a Sebastian Junger book. With more than \$100 billion in worldwide sales and a dividend yield above 3 percent, investors can sit back and collect checks while the scariest markets in the world yield to the power of its brands. ■

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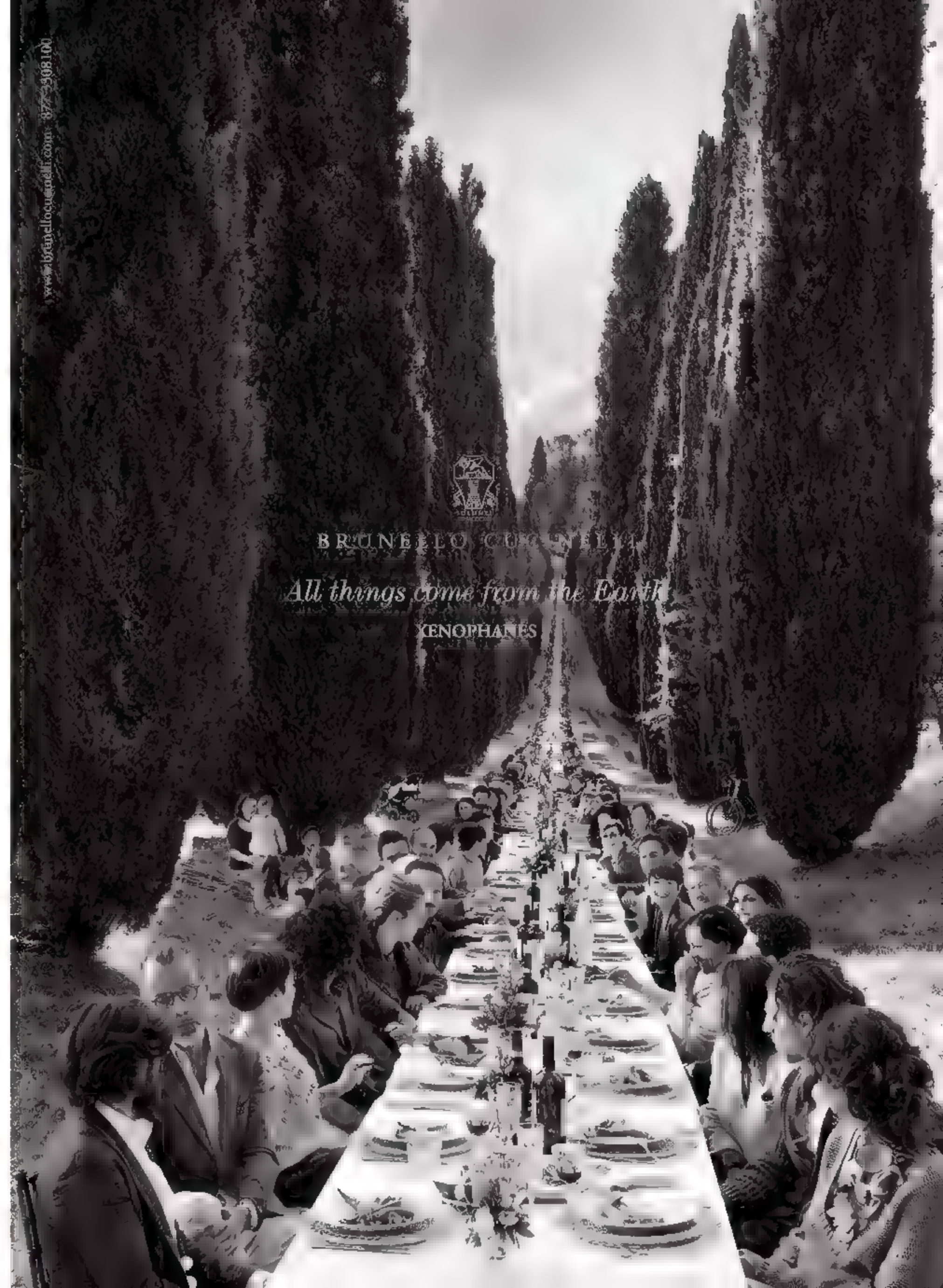
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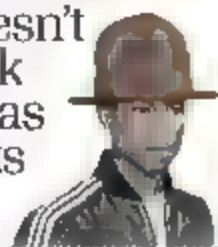
FIFTY-EIGHT
OBSERVATIONS,
EXHORTATIONS,
AND HARD-WON
INSIGHTS
INTO HOW TO
DRESS NOW

1 Make it
custom.

'Cause in this day and age, anything and everything in your closet can be customized. Options range from computerized made-to-measure (i.e., those nifty Web sites that ask you to measure your own shoulders) to full-blown bespoke (i.e., rendered with you in mind from the first stitch). The happiest of mediums comes from Prada: its made-to-measure program for suits, shirts, et al is overseen by its team of tailors and craftsmen, who customize the fits and finishes to your liking. In the world according to Prada, the possibilities are practically endless.

No. 2: It is only when a man doesn't have much to say (parole hearings, pool parties, the priesthood) that his choice of clothing doesn't mean much. With options come obligations, and the more options you've got, the more your choices matter.

3 That hat doesn't look as good as he thinks it does.

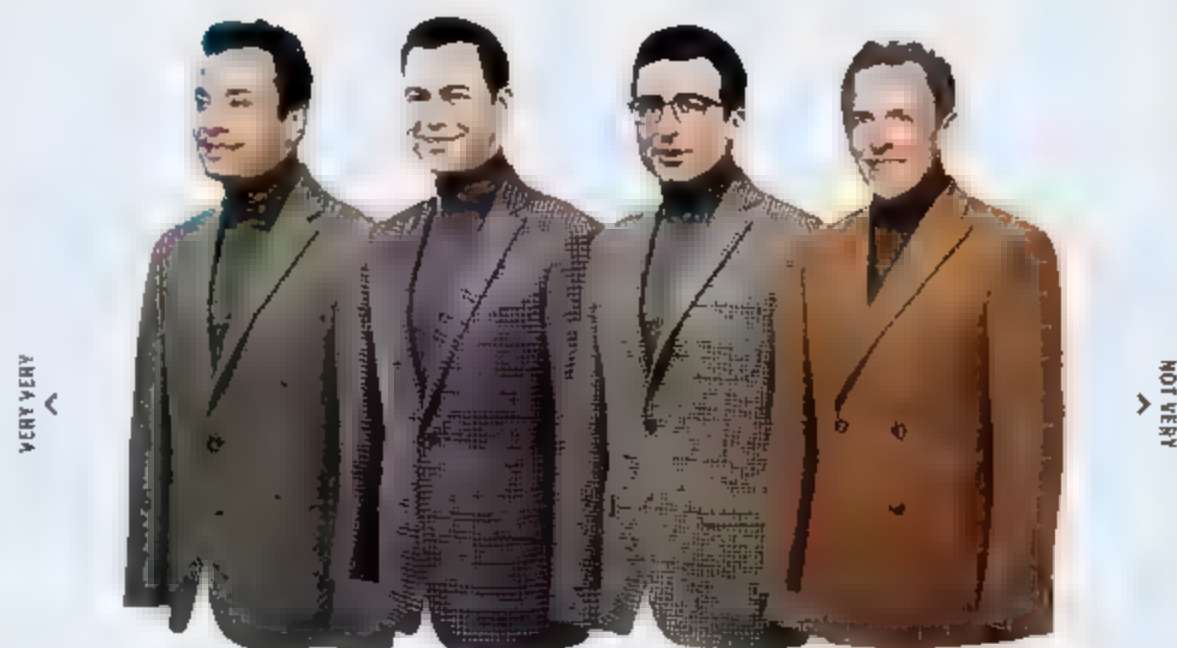


No. 4: *Appropriate* is overrated. *Rakish* is underrated. *On-trend* is a compound adjective that one must never utter aloud but is perfectly acceptable to keep in mind.

No. 5: In ascending order of degree of rakishness: double-breasted jacket, driving moccasins, silk bath robe, captain's hat.

No. 6: Except in the event that you are actually captaining a ship, in which case: *appropriate*.

No. 8 NOT ALL BLAZERS ARE EQUALLY VERSATILE.



Two-button One-button Three-button Double-breasted

From left: Jackets by Massimo Alba (\$1,350); J. Hilburn (\$650); Billy Reid (\$695); Tommy Hilfiger (\$369). Cashmere-and-silk turtleneck sweater (\$1,270) by Brunello Cucinelli.

No. 9: The best-dressed group of men on television right now: late-night hosts (see above). The worst dressed: the walking dead on *The Walking Dead*.

No. 10: The upper-left-hand quadrant of your torso is your sartorial sandbox. Lapel pins, pocket squares, et al. are all toys for the tinkering.

No. 11: The coworker who occasionally changes into a tuxedo before leaving for the evening is not someone you want to have as an enemy.

No. 12: A stiff wind, an arctic clime, ice falling from the sky such are the conditions that necessitate the looping/knotting/folding of a long fringed scarf around one's neck.

No. 13: Was an overactive office air conditioner or an inflated sense of self among the conditions that necessitate the looping/knotting/folding of a long fringed scarf around one's neck? It was not



Ask Nick Sullivan

OUR FASHION DIRECTOR WILL NOW TAKE YOUR QUESTIONS

Rules? Aren't well-dressed men all about breaking rules to stand out?

ALEX HAYES
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Do they break the rules to stand out. I wonder? I think they do it to feel different to actually be different. Truth is, I doubt they care what you or I think. Perhaps that's what makes them stylish and their disregard for rules so acceptable. That and the fact that they're usually famous, rich, or talented in some infuriating way. Fkrs.

No. 14: Cell phone: not to be seen nor heard nor brandished midmeeting to check for incoming texts.



7 Chambray shirts are the Bruce Springsteen of men's wear: authentically working class yet looking a bit more polished and respectable lately.

Cotton shirt (\$128) by Tommy Hilfiger; cotton tie (\$125) by Billy Reid.



NEW YORK BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS
LAS VEGAS COSTA MESA CHICAGO PALM BEACH

BRON.COM

Brioni
TO BE ONE OF A KIND

No. 15: Yes, you still have to wear a cummerbund

No. 16: Small men don't wear big coats.

No. 17: Big men shouldn't wear small coats.

No. 18: You look 43 percent less virile in that selfie.

No. 19: No selfies.

No. 20: Hipsters are the locusts of personal style. They appropriate looks and sensibilities, eradicate all credibility, and then move on, leaving everything behind them a little worse for their having worn them. See: elbow patches, chunky eyewear, monk straps, fedoras. The list is long and tragic.

23
Re: this article of clothing: It is a sweater first, a cardigan second, a cardie never.

Cotton cardigan sweater (\$158) by Bonobos.



sternum. Leave the bearing of cleavage to the ladies of *The View*.

No. 24: Potential upside to clothes that actually fit: instant five-pound weight loss.

No. 25: Potential downside to clothes that actually fit: Everything else starts to feel blousy.

No. 26: "Affordable cashmere" is an oxymoron bound to disappoint. Better to

invest in lower-cost, thinner, no-less-pleasing-to-the-touch merino wool for your fall and winter sweaters.

No. 27: Rolling lint off one's jacket or trousers, like flossing, breaking wind, and sniffing one's fingers, is best enjoyed in private.

No. 28: The monogrammed velvet slipper is the Samuel L. Jackson of men's style. In the right role, pure menace. Anywhere else: hammy.

Ask Nick

Wearing of white in the winter: once and for all, yay or nay?

CASEY TOVZER
SEATTLE, WASH.

I don't see why not. Who cares if you want to wear white Lev's in November? I sure as hell don't.

Will "wearable tech" (Glass, etc.) ever be considered stylish?

ANTHONY GOODWILL
DALLAS, TEX

Doubt it. Things that look futuristic today [Fig. 1] tend to age poorly [Fig. 2], and truly innovative personal technology usually is created by people with very little taste that no sense of style. Conversely, great clothing designs, more often than not, dreamed up by people who have trouble operating TV remotes. The two expertises seem genetically mutually exclusive.



No. 29: A pair of jeans, like a baseball glove, gets only better with age. Stiff jeans, like stiff gloves, are useless.

No. 30: The five-pocket pants are the most flattering and functional of all a man's trousers.

No. 31: "All a Man's Trousers" would make for a superb book title.

22

The tote bag is the new messenger bag. The messenger bag is the new backpack. The backpack is the new fanny pack.

Leather tote bag (\$2,345) by Tod's.



Canvas-and-leather tote bag (\$210) by Filson.

Hello Tomorrow



Dance to the rhythm of the waves

See you in Dubai

Stroll along the city's old-world souks, next to high-end boutiques, or see up-close the skyline filled with workers and feel the heat of the sun as you dance the Arabian night away.

Fly Emirates to Dubai, the ultimate destination.

32

Beware the man who cares not about the following:



Billowy shirt
Instead, try: Slim-fit shirts. (Pay close attention to the sides and the upper arms.)

Unshaped jacket
Instead, try: A jacket that hugs the torso and bottoms out no lower than the base of your balls.

Phantom shoulders
Instead, try: Going down a size.

Overlong pants
Instead, try: Getting them hemmed so that the bottoms of your trousers kiss the tops of your shoes.

Baggy thighs and seat
Instead, try: Straight-fit trousers. (Not skinny, not even slim; straight.)

No. 33 Because we all know better now, that's why.

No. 34: The whole rolling up one's jeans for no reason trend. *enough.*

No. 35: A well-tended beard is not any more kempt or unkempt than a clean-shaven face. It is a matter of comfort and ease.

No. 36: Beards add ten years to your face. This is great when you're 16 and trying to buy beer. It is a different story when you're 42.

No. 37: The zany-sock thing is getting a little tedious.

No. 38: Winter may be coming, but look ye not to *Game of Thrones* for inspiration.

39

But if ye must: Jon Snow.



40

And if ye must look like Jon Snow, start with Tod's new ready-to-wear line.

Shearling coat (\$7,475), leather monk-straps (\$765), and leather tote bag (\$2,085) by Tod's.



Ask Nick

My shirt collar: better stiff or soft?

STEVE BENSON
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Provided we're really talking about collars here, Steve, are we? I'd say both. A soft collar is more dressed-down, so it suits the current high-low mood and can be worn with anything except a very polished suit. But a crisp sharp collar is great with a dressy suit and tie and a so sharpens up a casual blazer and jeans no end. As with everything about dressing for the occasion, it depends where you're going.

No. 41: No pattern on your person. Pair contrasting textures (smooth against rough, flat against raised) to avoid monotony.

No. 42: More than one pattern on your person: better to have them rhyme than to repeat.

No. 43: The floral-print shirt is, metaphorically speaking, the weightiest item of clothing a man can wear. The bolder the flower, the stronger the man.



Cotton shirt (\$245) by Hamilton Shirts.

No. 44: Men who wear ties to the office even though they

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don't have to be three times as likely to run the office someday as those who don't.



48 Rather than shine or width, the new breed of power tie has texture and depth.

Wool tie (\$95) by Boss.

No. 49: There is a difference between looking like you care and looking like you are trying. You want the former.

No. 50: Wearing sneakers with a suit will never make you look cool, young, or hip—it will simply make you look like you're trying to be cool, young, or hip, which is only a problem if you're not.

No. 51: If you have to ask, the answer is rarely yes.

No. 52: The only way to answer "Are you really going to wear that?" is "Yes."

No. 53: Unless it's your boss asking, in which case the answer is "I was just about to change."

No. 54: The development of a personal uniform over time and the sense of confidence and comfort that comes with it do not signify an absence of style but rather an abundance of it.



Wolfe, T. Ford, T.



Cash, J. Dorsey, J.

No. 55: Except if it involves a hoodie and shower shoes.



Zuckerberg, M.

No. 56: Things to keep in your office closet in case of emergency (the above or any other): navy blazer with a soft shoulder and little to no lining, white shirt (ironed), tie, umbrella.

No. 57: Stop thinking about what you should wear and start thinking about who you want to be. Your clothes will fall in line.

No. 58: Because you're in charge of your clothes, not the other way around.

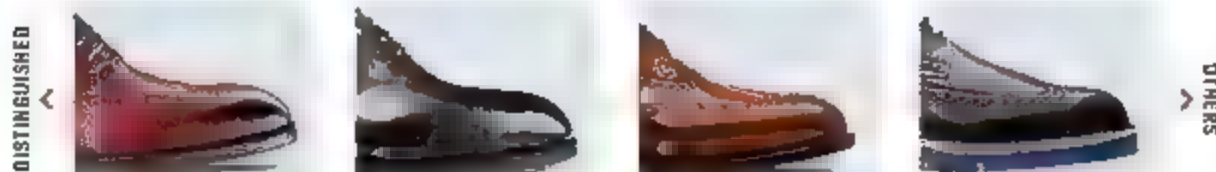
45

Tomas Maier: Remember his name and seek out his designs. For he knows how you want to dress.

Two-button cotton jacket (\$675), cotton shirt (\$295), cotton trousers (\$310), and suede moccasins (\$545) by Tomas Maier.

No. 46: THERE IS NOTHING MORE IMPRESSIVE AND TIMELESS THAN A BLACK CAP-TOE LACE-UP OXFORD.

No. 47: THAT SAID, FOOTWEAR TODAY PROVIDES ENDLESS OPPORTUNITIES TO DISTINGUISH ONESELF, SOME MORE DISTINGUISHED THAN OTHERS:



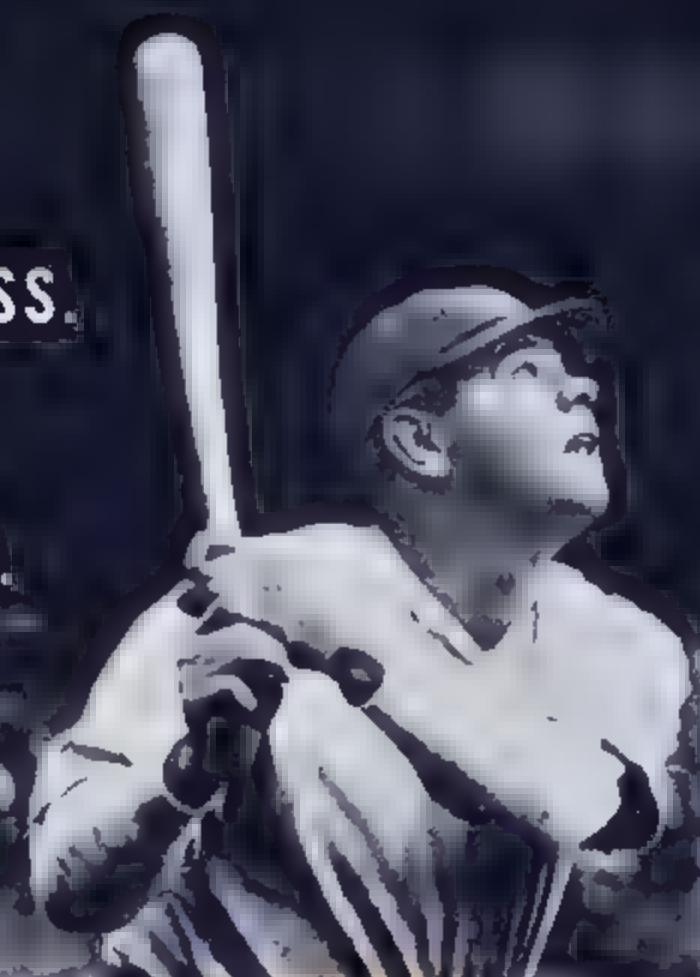
Pebbled texture
By Santoni (\$695).

Varied patination
By DiBianco (\$950).

Hella brogueing
By Church's (\$725).

Colored sole
By Coia Haas (\$198).

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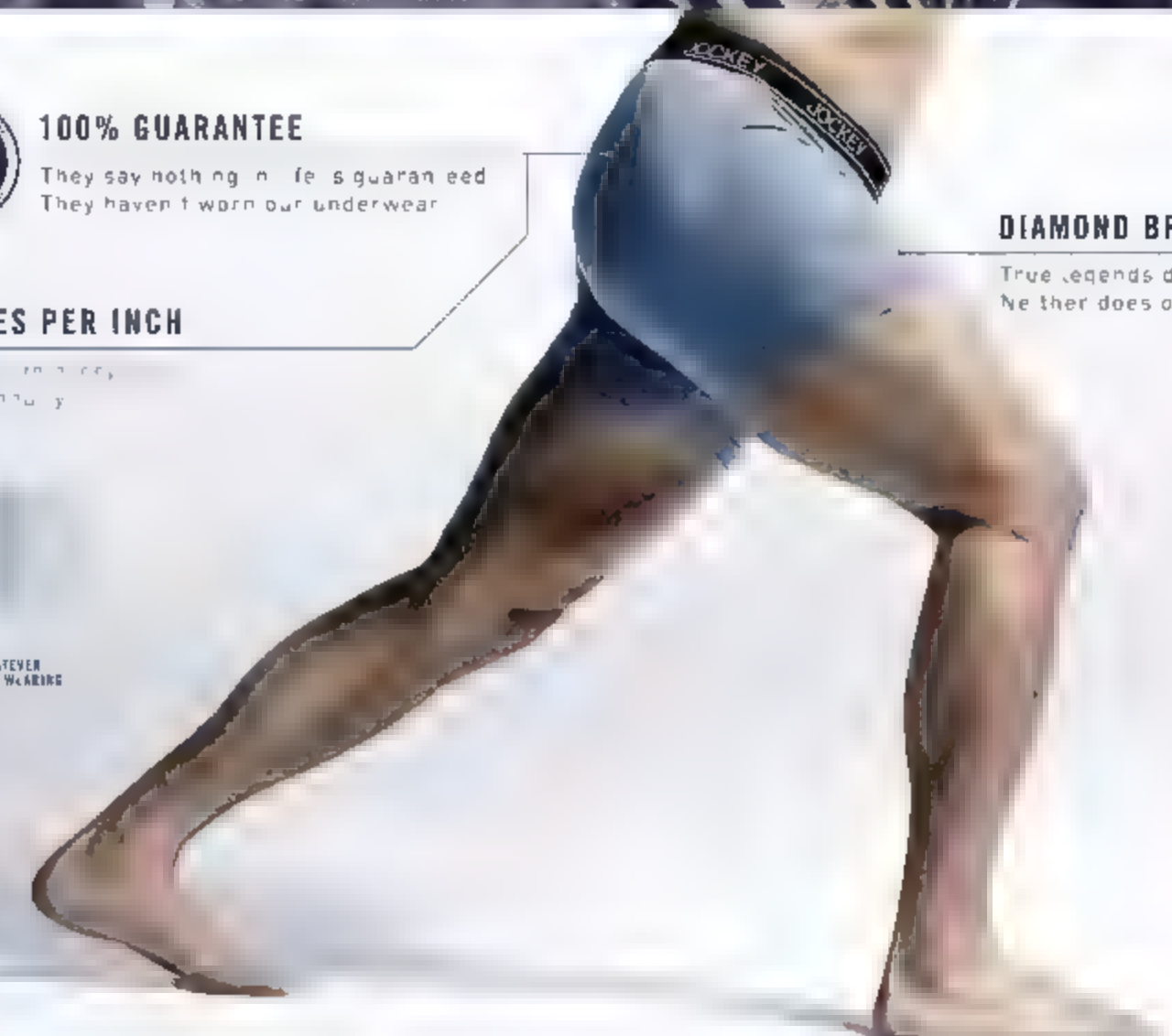
ELITE FINISH



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Maintenance

Time to Start Using Oils

DON'T LIKE THAT GREASY FEELING? THEN DITCH THE DAMN CREAMS.

BY RODNEY CUTLER

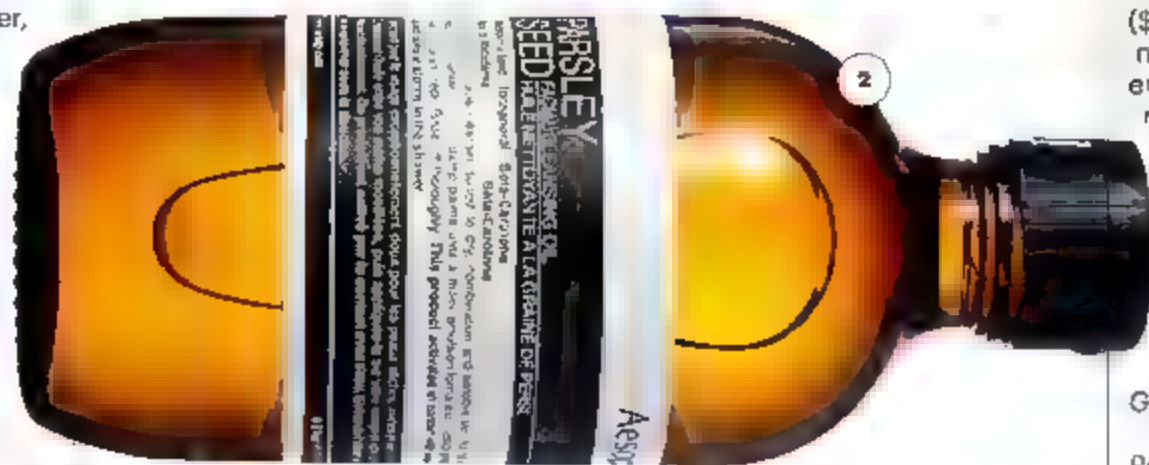
Most men would just as soon bathe in a vat of Valvoline as use body and hair oils, and that's probably because they assume it has the same effect. However, some oils actually produce less shine and greasiness than lotions and ointments do.

Starting out

For your first foray into the world of oil, try [1] Jack Black Epic Moisture MP 10 (\$32, jackblack.com), a multi-purpose oil that you can use for shaving, hairstyling, and moisturizing. Whereas a cream can leave a film on your skin that makes you gleam like George Hamilton at the beach, this light oil absorbs quickly and makes your skin look healthier.

Cleaning

One of the reasons we need to moisturize in the first place is that we strip our skin and hair of oils when we use soap. [2] Aesop Parsley Seed facial cleansing oil (\$57, aesop.com) removes grime but retains natural oils.



Hair

Oils can give your hair about as much sheen as a pomade or gel does without weighing it down. [3] Oille Natural Growth Intelligence hair serum (\$28, oilenatural.com) absorbs into your scalp and follicles, which can lose essential oils from daily abuse. You shouldn't stop there: [4] Four Vices beard oil (\$30; beardbrand.com) provides the same benefits and also blends the notes of your favorite scents—hemp, hops, coffee, and tobacco.

Shaving

The beardless also benefit from oils. A pre-shave oil like [5] the Art of Shaving's (\$25, theartofshaving.com) lifts and coaxes your follicles and makes your skin more supple, allowing for a smoother, less-irritating shave.

With thanks to stylist Kristan Serafino and dermatologists Brooke C. Sikora and Gervaise Gerstner

Rodney Cutler is an Ironman triathlete and the owner of Cutler Salons in New York City.

Restoration

Use [6] Kiehl's Midnight Recovery Concentrate (\$46, kiehl.com) when you're feeling particularly dried out—say, after overindulging in the four vices. Apply before bed Sunday night to avoid concerned looks from your boss on Monday morning.

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A LITTLE TOAST



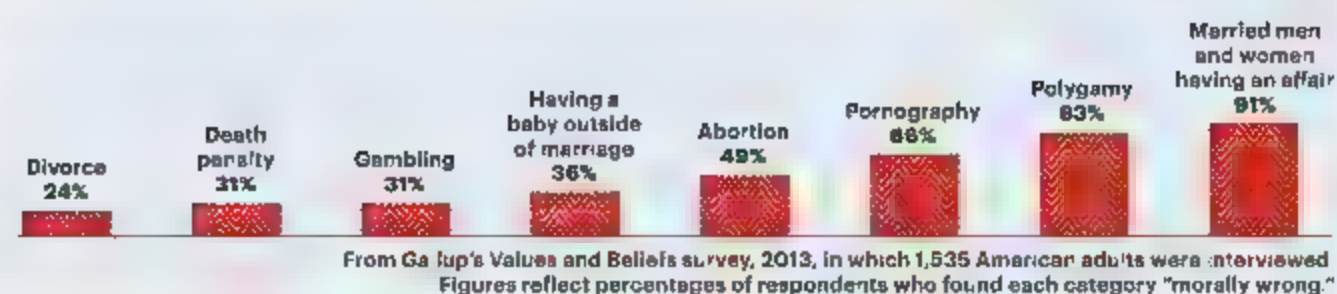
Marriage Gets Weird

ITS REALITY IS COMPLETELY AT ODDS WITH ITS PORTRAYAL IN THE CULTURE

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE AMERICAN MARRIAGE is emerging, both in real life and in pop culture—a portrait of marriage as psychological thriller. The film version of *Gone Girl*, out this month, is only the most recent and most anticipated example, with its finely woven vision of the relationship between the Dunnes presented as a skein of gripping secrets and lies. There are several new or newish shows that take this dark-marriage thrill as their principal theme—shows like *Satisfaction* and *Masters of Sex*. Marriage on television is getting weirder in general, however. *The Good Wife* is becoming the best it ever has been, largely because of the fascinating arranged relationship between Peter and Alicia Florrick, with its sly corruption, ferocious loyalty, and interlocking webs of sexual betrayal. The coolest, most contemporary couples onscreen

are similarly complex mixtures of push and pull, lust and disgust, good and evil, trust and betrayal. The Underwoods from *House of Cards* are murderers, frauds, and vicious manipulators of the political system for personal gain; they're also a mod e. couple and sexy as hell. The darkening of American marriage is well under way. Marriage traditionally has been the primary source material of light comedy. The

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prevention and consummation of weddings became the dominant comic theme at the time of the New Comedy in Ancient Greece, and basically the genre hasn't altered much since then. Almost all Shakespearean comedies end in weddings. All Jane Austen novels end in weddings. Sitcoms remain overwhelmingly about the mechanics of families. Married sex is the point of comedy because married sex is the definitive happy ending, in a cosmic sense as well as a domestic one. Through the mysterious and powerful life forces that generate children the human species goes on.

Even so, the comic vision of married life is terminally old-fashioned today. The turn has been sudden. Getting married used to be an act that was both a basic social requirement and nature taking its course. Coming from our moment in time, it seems hilarious that people used to get married in order to have sex—and not that long ago. “Having a place of our own and a bed of our own where we could carry on as we liked seemed marvelous to us,” Alice Munro wrote in her classic story “Cortés Island.” “We had made this bargain, but it never occurred to us that older people—our parents, our aunts and uncles—could have made the same bargain, for lust.” Nobody marries for lust anymore. That would be stupid. People marry for tactical purposes.

Increasingly, marriage is a privilege for those with money and education and experience. The marrieds just keep getting older and older. In 2013, only 26 percent of those between the ages of eighteen and thirty-two were married, that number was 36 percent in 1997, 48 percent in 1980, and 65 percent in 1960. Since 1970, marriages among the least educated have plummeted. Assortative mating, as the economists call it, is one of

the major engines of America's exploding income inequality. The rich increasingly marry rich people, whom they meet at college, the place where everybody gets sexually sorted. Being marriageable is not a sign that you're ordinary anymore; it's a sign of elite membership, of being a winner. They should change the wedding vow from “To have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and cherish till death do us part” to “For richer and hopefully much richer, in healthy mutual exchange, to kick the shit out of the world together till it is mutually inconvenient.”

In the face of the elite status of contemporary American marriage, extramarital affairs have become more taboo than ever. It's curious. In every other domain, sexual morality is in dramatic decline. Nobody with a brain cares to judge anybody else's private sexual habits anymore—except when it comes to infidelity. In a recent Gallup poll, 91 percent of Americans considered extramarital affairs wrong; in other polls, from forty years ago, that number was around 70 percent. And on this matter, Americans, as a whole, are particularly prudish. The Europeans don't care—the French president is rumored to be marrying his mistress. The confessional mode, after Oprah and Dr. Phil, has become synonymous with having a relationship in the United States. Marriage is supposed to be the repository of secrets, not the source of them.

The married state, if less sacred than it once was, has altered, becoming a much more powerful form of allegiance. The words *husband* and *wife* have an antique flavor in the mouth, like *fletcher* or *typesetter*—it's the rare case in which the politically correct term is also the correct one: *partner*. Cheating on your partner is a more powerful betrayal than fooling around behind your husband's or your wife's back.

Not that infidelity has vanished. It's just that the power of secrets within and without marriage has amplified. The return of the Clinton marriage to public life, presuming that Hillary runs, will magnify it again, no doubt. That weird fairy tale has always been America's favorite show. The cheerful elitism of the Obamas represents the marriage Americans aspire to. The Clintons represent the marriage Americans have—full of mysteries even as it is totally overexposed, hot and messy, with periods of terrible cruelty and periods of joy, shot through with betrayal even as its unity remains unbreakable. They truly are the dream that cannot be distinguished from the nightmare.

We're all power couples now—a change that is at least refreshing, albeit not particularly comforting. The darkening of marriage is also an enlivening. Living through a marriage that's a psychological thriller is much more interesting than living through some bland comedy—more intense, more demanding, and more fun. All you have to do is survive it. ■



R.I.P. *Two and a Half Men*—in Hell

A FAREWELL MESSAGE

Fuck *Two and a Half Men*. Fuck everything about it. Fuck the men who are all stupid and hot and want to stay that way. Fuck the women who are whores or crones or cheerfully accepting wives or what's that? Or whatever other hollow stereotype passes through the minds of its writers. Fuck the way they say *boobs* as if that word alone were reason enough to laugh. Fuck that fucking laugh track most of all things on this earth. Fuck that *Two and a Half Men* single-handedly keeps the worst of seventies television alive: the stupid catchphrases. The sensitive learning moments. The fucking robot's dick. Fuck the way it reminds us that no matter how many great cable shows emerge, no matter how many sophisticated comedies run on HBO and Showtime—in the end television just wants to be dumb. Fuck that the existence of *Two and a Half Men* proves that people, in the end, are dumb. Fuck that it works. Fuck that nothing can kill it, not even the total breakdown of its lead character, not even Ashton Kutcher. Fuck that more than ten million people watch it every time it is on. Fuck that it has run for eleven seasons. S.M. The twelfth and final season premieres Thursday, October 30, at 9:00 P.M. on CBS.

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EVERYTHING WE THINK WE KNOW ABOUT MASS SHOOTERS IS WRONG



ROBERT RODGER, CALIFORNIA, 2014; 12 DEAD, 8 WOUNDED



AARON ALEXIS, WASHINGTON NAVY YARD, 2013; 12 DEAD, 8 WOUNDED



ADAM LANZA, SANDY HOOK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, 2012; 27 DEAD, 2 WOUNDED



CHARLES ANDREW WILLIAMS, SANTANA HIGH SCHOOL, 2001; 2 DEAD, 13 WOUNDED



JAMES EARL RAY, MISSISSIPPI, 1968; 2 DEAD, 4 WOUNDED



ANDREW GOLDEN, WESTSIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL, 1998; 5 DEAD, 10 WOUNDED



ERIC HARRIS, COLUMBINE HIGH SCHOOL, 1999; 13 DEAD, 21 WOUNDED



JAMES EARL RAY, MISSISSIPPI, 1968; 2 DEAD, 4 WOUNDED

Are we helpless to stop mass shootings? Is anyone even trying to stop them? The good news is that the answers are No and Yes. The bad news: The person loading up hasn't gotten the news.

BY TOM JUNOD

NOBODY KNOWS who he is and nobody knows who he was. When he was a young man—a boy, really—his anonymity fueled his desperation, and for a short time his desperation made him known. He didn't become famous the way other desperate and aggrieved young men have, but he made himself well-known enough to think that when he came home after eight and a half years in prison, there might be cameras waiting for him on his front lawn and people interested in asking him questions. There weren't. There was just his family and the rest of his life.

So Trunk—a nickname he acquired when he went away—has returned to where he started out. He couldn't be more unknown. He couldn't be more anonymous. On the days he goes to college, he takes a bus. He walks a half hour to the bus stop, no matter the weather. He walks in the heat, he walks in the cold, he walks in the rain, he walks in the snow. The bus ride takes another forty-five minutes, and when he gets to the school, it's also an anonymous affair—a small college attached to a state system and situated a long way from any major highway. He doesn't care, he works hard at his studies and his academic record is immaculate. He has

ambitions. He has friends. He does not mind being anonymous or feeling alone, because he feels accepted and has accepted himself. "The last year and a half, everything is as it's supposed to be," he says. "I have zero feelings of societal frustration."

Trunk does, however, think often of the person who is out there right now feeling the way he used to feel. The person with a grievance. The person with a plan. The person with a gun—hell, an arsenal. The person we feel powerless against, because we don't know who he is. All we know is what he—or she—is going to do.

Can he or she be stopped before they become what we in America call "mass shooters"? We are so convinced they can't be that we don't even know if anyone is trying to stop them. Can they be understood? We are so convinced the evil they represent is inexplicable that we don't try to explicate it. Mass shootings have become by now American rituals—blood sacrifices, propitiations to our angry American gods, made all the more terrible by our apparent acceptance of them. They have become a feature of American life, and we know very well what follows each one: the shock, the horror, the demonization of the guilty, the prayers for the innocent, the calls for action, the finger-pointing, the paralysis, and finally the forgetting. We know that they change everything only so that everything may remain unchanged.

But we are wrong about that. Mass shootings are not unstoppable, and there are people trying to stop them. They are not even inexplicable, because every time Trunk hears of one he understands why it happened and who did it. We have come to believe that mass shooters can't be stopped because we never know who they are until they make themselves known. But Trunk was almost one of them once. He was a heartbeat away. And what he understands is that shooters want to be known, not through the infamy of a massacre, but before they have to go through with it. They want to be known as much as he, years later, wants to remain unknown, walking to the bus stop in the rain.

THE OUTSIDE of the building is nondescript by design. It is brown and it is brick, with darkened windows and reflective glass in the doors. It could be anywhere, and it could be used for anything—office rental, warehouse space, light industry, government bureaucracy, apocalyptic bunkering. The inside is no different. The only indication that the building is used for anything other than midlevel marketing are the two flags given prominence of place. The flags fly the colors of the United States of America and of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

In an anonymous conference room inside the anonymous building, a man sits at the head of the conference table. His name is Andre Simons. He is trim, compact, and alert, with a scalp shaved to a high shine, arched eyebrows, and preternaturally wide-open eyes. He has seen a lot, heard even more, and suggests, by his demeanor, that he knows just about everything—everything, that is, but the one haunting and humbling thing he really needs to know.

Simons is the answer to the question who is trying to stop "the next one"—the next active shooter, the next act of targeted violence, the next mass killing. Within the FBI's Critical Incident Response Group, there exists the National Center for the Analysis of Violent Crime, within the NCAVC, there are the Behavioral Analysis units, made famous by movies and television for profiling serial killers. Behavioral Analysis Unit 1 concerns itself with counterterrorism, Behavioral Analysis units 3 and 4 with crimes against children and crimes against adults. Simons is in charge of Behavioral Analysis Unit 2, which assesses threats. This sounds like an impossibly broad category of endeavor, but in fact it's quite specific. "Threat assessment" is just now becoming such a formal discipline that Simons describes himself and the members of his team as "threat assessment professionals." It is becoming such an accepted practice that its practitioners refer to it as TA for short and have their own professional organization and scholarly journal. And, although very few people know what it is, threat assessment has been America's best and perhaps only response to the accelerating epidemic of active shooters and mass shootings, with Andre Simons foremost among the federal officials trying to implement it on a national level.

Three or four times a week, Simons meets with his colleagues from BAU2 in the same conference room where he now sits, and together they try to decide if a person who has been brought to their attention—a person of concern—is on what they call "the pathway to violence" or is planning an attack.

"If a person who is out there right now planning a violent act comes to the attention of people around him or her—and I'll deliberately say him or her because even though the odds are that it will be a male, there have been female attackers as well—and we think they're contemplating an act of violence or planning an active shooting, then we're going to implement various strategies to mitigate that risk. So we in the FBI are constantly working with local, state, and campus police, as well as other federal agencies, to try to figure out who that person is and how we can prevent that from happening. If that person is out there—and we believe, certainly, that there is someone out there right now who, if they're not actively planning, then they're at least contemplating that type of act—then how can we leverage all of the resources available to us, whether in mental health or in law enforcement, to identify, assess, and manage that person?"

This is the language of threat assessment, and it is no more colorful than the surroundings in which it's typically spoken. It is not simply full of hedged bets and mitigated risks; it is, in itself, a hedged bet and a mitigated risk. Yet, like Andre Simons, threat assessment carries a force that transcends its immediate circumstances. A hedged bet is a bet all the same, and the bet that threat assessment makes is the same bet we've been making as a country for the last half century—a bet against the existence of evil.

Active shooters, mass shooters, rampage killers, whatever you want to call them. They have supplanted serial killers and possibly even terrorists as our culture's symbol of ultimate evil, seen as unfathomable and hence unstoppable. Part of the shock of any mass shooting is the powerlessness and helplessness we feel in its wake—our inability to answer with anything more than stuffed animals and future politics.

And so when you talk to people who do threat assessment, it is hard not to be struck by how confident they are, given the steady drumbeat of public slaughters. Even more remarkable, when you start researching the question of what the United States is doing to stop mass shootings, is the degree to which the arena has been turned over to them. Threat assessment is not just the best we've got, it's all we've got. The question that remains is why, if threat assessment is so effective, so many still end up dead.

TRUNK COULD BE ANYONE from anywhere. He could be a boy or he could be a man. When you look at him, you see somebody's son; when you look at him again, you see a photograph on the front page of a newspaper. He could be both. He has been both. He has blond hair and wears glasses with wire frames and a thin chain around his neck, his skin is extraordinarily pale, except for some pink in his cheeks and some darkness in the dents under his eyes. The only thing in any way remarkable about him is the extent to which he's been preserved.

He is thirty, he could easily pass for twenty, and not just physically. He has never driven a car. His hands are not merely uncalledoused—they look larval, as if they have never been exposed to light. They are white as paint. His fingers are long and thin, and so are his fingernails, which are the color of pearls.

Eleven years ago, he was arrested with a military-grade rifle slung on his back, a .22-caliber pistol in his belt, a machete, and two thousand rounds of ammunition. He was dressed in black and so were his two accomplices, who were similarly armed. To avoid charges of conspiracy and weapons possession, he pleaded guilty to carjacking and was sentenced to ten years of what he calls "hard time." In prison, he had a nickname: Trunk Full of Guns.

"It wasn't a bad nickname to have," he says, "because people thought I might be crazy and gave me a wide berth." Prison is what preserved him, it is also, in his opinion, what saved him, despite its rigors and hardships. "I was forced to learn social skills in jail. I'd never had the experience of talking to other people. In jail, I had no choice. If you don't know how to talk to people, you get crushed."

He also became reflective, especially when the prison television showed whoever the latest shooter was, fresh from the latest massacre. Sure, he was Trunk Full of Guns. But was he one of them? Was he a psychopath? He didn't think so. He had come as close as a human being could possibly get to abandoning his humanity. But he hadn't. He wasn't, well, evil. And he didn't think that even the most prolific shooters necessarily were, either. He knew them—he knew what they had gone through because of what he had gone through. *The pathway to violence*. That wasn't just a term of threat assessment. He didn't know what threat assessment was. But he had been on the pathway and remembered its milestones. And so when he got an e-mail asking if he had any ideas about stopping mass shootings, he volunteered to talk. He didn't just have ideas; he wound up doing a kind of threat assessment on his former self, if only so that people might be able to assess the threat—and yes, the humanity—of people like him.

How did it start? He wanted to say that it started with pain. He wanted to say that it



MES HOLMES
DRA, COLORADO,
THEATER 2012 12
D, 70 WOUNDED



JARED LEE LOUGHNER,
TUCSON SHOPPING CENTER,
2011, 6 DEAD, 13 WOUNDED

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GEORGE HENNARD
COLUMBIA SHOOTING 1991:
23 DEAD, 20 WOUNDED

In the wake of the Isla Vista killings, former head of Homeland Security Janet Napolitano said: "This is almost the kind of event that's impossible to prevent and almost impossible to predict." She got it almost completely wrong.

started with suffering. He wanted to say that it started when he was a little kid and his mother wouldn't let him play with other little kids. He wanted to say that it started when he was just ten years old and she died. He wanted to say that it started when he had to repeat seventh grade. But nobody wants to hear that. And anyway, it was all wrong. It didn't start with anything anyone else did. It started with something he did. It started with a thought.

"I'd be lying in bed wondering what I was doing wrong. Why didn't anybody like me? Why was everybody against me? I could have thought, *Well, I'm a loser*. But I didn't want to think that. So I started thinking they were losers. I started thinking that they didn't like me because they were afraid of me—because I had power and they didn't. Because I was special. And that's when it all really got started."

"When I began thinking I was special."

SINCE SEPTEMBER 11, 2001, according to the START terrorism database, there have been twenty lethal terrorist attacks in the United States, resulting in the deaths of forty-six people. There have been, at most, a handful of assassinations. According to the FBI, from 2001 to 2011, there have been nearly 250 mass shootings, defined as the death of four or more people. According to *USA Today*, whose data on mass shootings is considered at least as reliable as the FBI's, there have been 191 mass shootings since 2006, with 34 described as "public" shootings—seemingly random events, stranger to stranger. Nearly a thousand people have died, many more have been wounded. What America feared after the 9/11 attacks—that it would be perpetually attacked by outsiders calling themselves Americans—finally has transpired, only with an awful twist. It is perpetually attacked by Americans who call themselves outsiders.

There have always been mass shootings, especially in schools and workplaces, where someone with a gun can settle scores real and imagined. Since Columbine, however, mass shootings have evolved, becoming less intimate, less local, and in some ways less understandable. Columbine combined the school shooting with a purposeful act of theater. Columbine was meant to be *spectacular*, and it has beckoned mass shooters ever since as an example, a template, and a challenge. They study it, and they try to top it in terms of either body count or showmanship. From suicidal ideation grows the delusion of grandeur; from the desire to kill yourself grows the desire to kill as many people as possible, with immortality on the line. It doesn't matter if they are complete strangers, the goal is to expire in a chaos of your own creation, with you the only one in control, your everlasting infamy ensured by the videos, manifestos, and "legacy tokens"—the coded public farewells you leave behind.

It sounds like terrorism. It is terrorism in that it is meant to terrorize. But that doesn't mean that shooters can be considered

terrorists or investigated as such. For one thing, they don't fit the definition. "The active shooter," says Andre Simons, "tends more often than not to be motivated by a deeply personal grievance tinged with feelings of persecution and humiliation, real and perceived, whereas terrorists are oftentimes going to be motivated by more ideological reasons." For another, they are almost without exception American citizens, which is one of the reasons terrorism stirs and shootings sap national resolve. We have become so familiar with the techniques used against the threat of terrorism—the surveillance, the data mining, the network analysis, the stings making use of confidential informants—that it is tempting to think that they could be applied to the threat of, well, *threat*, in the TA sense of the word. If someone is making threats on the Internet and is obsessively enacting the role of shooter in online games and has a history of mental illness and is buying large numbers of firearms or ammunition, then surely the power of simple correlation should identify him before he acts.

Except that it doesn't. It can't. Plenty of people do all of those things without deciding to shoot anybody. Shootings are so statistically infrequent that no predictive algorithm can claim to see them coming. The Internet is such a vast world of threat that Michelle Keeney, who heads the Secret Service's National Threat Assessment Center, describes the information that pours into her office as "a firehose" and says, frankly, "we don't know what to do with it." Furthermore, medical-confidentiality laws are such that Ray Kelly, the former commissioner of the New York Police Department, calls the mentally ill "the last truly private people in America."

As a result, when Andre Simons is asked what the FBI does at his threat-assessment center, he talks a lot about what it *doesn't* do. Here are some of his answers: "We don't profile. We don't do behavioral checklists. We don't do stings. We are not proactively scraping the Internet for offenders—and by the way, I don't think it would be permissible under the First Amendment for us to do that. We're not the thought police. We're not going to try and go out to read people's intentions in that proactive way. We react."

They don't do *intelligence*, in other words. Instead, the agents assigned to BAU2 depend on what Simons calls "the human bystander." They depend, that is, on somebody giving someone else the creeps. They depend on somebody, through either speech or behavior, raising someone else's concern. And though Simons acknowledges that many human bystanders are fragile resources—"it's usually the people closest to an individual who are best positioned to observe those kinds of concerning behaviors and at the same time the most reluctant to report"—he and his team have no choice but to get their information the old-fashioned way.

They wait for a concerned person to tell them about a person of concern.

WHEN HE GOT OUT of prison, Trunk went back home and found his high school yearbook. He was shocked by what he saw. His classmates had signed it. His friends had written that they'd see him over the summer. Girls had given him their numbers. He hadn't been voted "Biggest Loser" but rather

the "Most Bashful." *Bashful?* "I was like, When did this happen? They were trying to reach out to me, but I couldn't see it." His mind hadn't let him. His last year in high school, his mind kept telling him that he was an outcast, and so he began withdrawing from his friends and writing about his enemies. "Of course, I kept a journal. Don't people like me always keep a journal? It's part of the whole thing. It was me against the world."

To close the circle, all he needed was another outcast to hang around with. He found one in a friend of his younger brother. "I found mutual acceptance in him, but that acceptance came at a cost—we had a mutual problem." But they thought the same way, and that was what mattered. They even began to talk about it: their specialness. They were special and everyone else was ordinary. They played a lot of video games, and even those "were about people who are special rising over everyone else to save the world."

A lot of people tried to blame video games for what happened. "Video games just go with the territory. Like writing in a journal. No journal ever caused a shooting. It's just part of the landscape. It's a symptom. Same with video games."

The guns, however, were another matter.

THREAT ASSESSMENT WAS BORN out of failure. In early 1981, after the assassination of John Lennon, the Secret Service asked a forensic psychologist named Robert Fein to write a paper on mentally ill assassins. He presented it at a conference in March; a few weeks later, John Hinckley shot Ronald Reagan. And so, in 1982, Fein and his boss went to Washington at the Secret Service's behest. "They gave us a room," Fein says, "and put a bunch of cases in front of us. We spent that summer reading the cases and trying to figure out if there was any way to figure out who wanted to kill the president."

Fein became a consultant to the Secret Service's Intelligence Division. In 1989, Bryan Vossekuil, an agent from President Reagan's protective detail, joined him, and they began working together. "In the late eighties," Fein says, "four cases came to the Secret Service that didn't fit the profile for assassins. They were all atypical, and they were all picked up after coming close to mounting an attack on the president. For the Secret Service, this was a very sobering experience, because the Secret Service is fundamentally in the position of trying to prevent violence—that is its role."

The Secret Service asked Fein and Vossekuil to look at the cases; they responded with what Fein calls "an operational study" of every attack on a public official or public figure since Ruth Ann Steinhagen shot baseball player Eddie Waitkus in her hotel room in 1949. They wound up talking to twenty attackers, many of whom cooperated because "their lives were ruined and they wanted to prevent other people's lives from being ruined." And in 1998, they released "Preventing Assassination: Secret Service Excep-



JOHN ZAWAHRI
SANTA MONICA
COLLEGE, 2013.
5 DEAD, 4 WOUNDED

tional Case Study Project," which is the foundational document of threat assessment. "The term that we coined was 'targeted violence,'" Fein says, "and the question we asked was whether there were similarities between one case of targeted violence and another."

There were. Indeed, there were so many similarities that after the Columbine massacre a year

later, the Department of Education asked Fein and Vossekuil to apply their work to school shootings. Assassins and stalkers, disgruntled postal workers and disaffected students. What Fein, Vossekuil, and their collaborators posited in a series of papers was that they all followed a recognizable path to violence. They didn't have to make threats in order to become persons of concern; they simply had to pose threats by their behavior. "Classically, the Secret Service investigative model was to go to Grandma and ask, 'Do you think Johnny has the capability of killing the president?'" What grandma is going to say, "Oh, yeah, absolutely?" So we said, Hey, let's suggest a different question: "Has Johnny been behaving in any way that worries you? Has Johnny been acting in any way that concerns you?" And one gets much richer, more accurate information from that."

But one also gets a different idea about Johnny, no matter what horror Johnny may be contemplating. We tend to think of perpetrators of targeted violence as either psychopaths—cold, isolated, highly motivated, and conscienceless—or troubled individuals who one day "just snap." According to the tenets of threat assessment, they are neither. Indeed, according to the tenets of threat assessment, *nobody* just snaps, everybody follows an explicable course, even those intent on accomplishing the inexplicable. "The people who carry out these attacks typically do them out of a sense of desperation," says Marisa Randazzo, a former Secret Service psychologist who collaborated with Fein and Vossekuil on several papers and is now a partner at Sigma Threat Management Associates. "They typically have been of concern to people who know them for long periods of time. And when we did interviews with school shooters, they expressed a level of ambivalence that surprised me. Part of them felt they had to go through with it; part of them felt they didn't want to at all. Part of them looked for encouragement; part of them looked for someone to stop them. The national mind set is that they're determined to go through with it no matter what. That is absolutely not the case."

IT WASN'T JUST THE GUNS. It was how the guns shaped his thinking—how they fed his thinking. They were always there. There were fourteen of them in a locked closet. They were military-grade weapons. There was an M1 rifle. There was a Swedish Mauser. There were Russian SKS's. And there was ammunition, loads of it. It was all just *right there*, a few feet away, and not just physically. Spiritually. In his memories. One of his earliest memories was of his father sitting on the couch cleaning his guns. He always knew they were readily accessible. But in his mind, they were more than that. His father was a member of the NRA. He believed in the God-given right to bear arms. But what did that mean, *God-given*, to a boy like him? It meant that God wanted him to have a gun. It meant that deep down he was a warrior. It meant that he was born to be something other than what he was. "You take someone with very low self-esteem and put a gun in his hands, he feels like a

movie hero. . ."

He never shot them when he was a kid. He never bothered with them. His father thought he wasn't interested. And he wasn't—until he joined forces with another outcast. Then he opened the closet. And there was power. The kids at school thought they were entitled to treat him a certain way. They thought they were somebody's and he was nobody. But at home, there was a different kind of entitlement: the right to bear arms. It was yet another thing that made him feel he was developing a secret strength—that made him feel special. .

"And, well, we've been through that."

It is the part of his story he wants to make sure people know. "If there were no guns in the picture, it wouldn't have happened the way it did." But wouldn't he have gotten guns illegally if he hadn't been able to get them from his father's gun closet? Wouldn't a person like him have gotten guns in any way he could? "There is no way I would have bought an illegal firearm. I wouldn't have known how. I would have been too scared. When I was in jail, there were two kinds of inmates: There were criminals, and there were people who did crimes. The criminals are the people who'll get a gun no matter what. But I was a person who did a crime. There is no way I would have gone to the inner city and gotten a gun. If I was the kind of person who was able to do that, I never would have done the crime that I did."

WHAT BROUGHT the person to your attention? Does the person harbor a grievance or carry a grudge? Have there been attempts to resolve the grievance? What are the person's successes? Is there anything for the person to hang on to?

Has the person communicated an intent to attack? Has the person written anything, anywhere, about his or her intentions and ideas? Has anyone been alerted? Has anyone been "warned away"—say, from attending school on a certain day?

Has the person shown an interest in other attacks or other attackers? In assassins? In mass murders? In terror or terrorists?

Here is how a shooter who was averted explains his motivations: "I remember lying in bed thinking: So, I'm really going to do this. But I also remember considering it a duty. Somebody's gotta do it. Somebody's gotta shoulder the burden. I guess it's me."

In weapons?

Has the person developed a plan?

Has the person acquired weapons?

Has the person practiced with weapons?

Has the person surveilled an area of attack?

Has the person rehearsed the attack?

Is the person capable of an attack?

Is the person organized? Does the person have access to a weapon?

Is the person trying to gain access to a weapon?

Is the person depressed? Hopeless? Desperate? Suicidal?

Has the person experienced a recent setback or failure?

Does the person see violence as an acceptable way to solve problems?

Is what the person says about himself for herself consistent with his or her actions?

Are other people concerned about the person's potential for violence?

Where is the person on the pathway to violence?

These are some of the questions that the Secret Service has developed for the purpose of assessing threats. They are data-driven in the sense that they are based on many investigations of people who have come to the agency's attention. The agency does thousands of them a year, because, in the words of one of its top officials, "we don't have the luxury of discounting threats." But they're not data-driven in the sense that they yield to the algorithmic inevitabilities of "Big Data" and its champions. They're not particularly sophisticated or even modern. They take uncertainty for granted and in doing so represent an oddly human grappling with the prospect of extreme violence. And they're not even the hard part.

The hard part is what to do if the questions do their job—what to do if they identify a person as a threat. "For someone we are really concerned about, we—and most law-enforcement agencies—are going to try to have them committed or charged, because we're concerned about safety," says Michelle Keeney of the Secret Service's National Threat Assessment Center. But most of the time, the person of concern can't be charged, because he hasn't committed a crime. He can't be committed, because he doesn't meet the stringent criteria for commitment—he doesn't represent an imminent risk to himself or others. He falls, therefore, into what law-enforcement officials tend to call "the gap," the place between knowing that a person represents a threat and knowing what to do about it.

Threat assessment was designed to address the gap. What it can't do is predict, what it seeks to do is prevent, to the extent that Reid Meloy, one of its leading figures, has compared it to cardiology. No one can say when a heart attack is going to happen, we can say when you're at risk for one. That is where what Keeney calls "the management piece" comes into play. Out of necessity, threat assessment is, for the most part, interventional rather than prosecutorial, indeed, it is therapeutic. Marisa Randazzo of Sigma says not only that she has prevented mass shootings but also that "we heard from someone who had been planning a mass shooting and he said, 'You gave me my life back.'"

And she is not the only one. If you listen to people within the threat-assessment field, there have been a lot of mass shootings planned and then prevented over the last ten years. At the end of last year, Attorney General Eric Holder credited Andre Simons



SEUNG HUI CHO,
VIRGINIA TECH
2007: 32 DEAD,
17 WOUNDED

Scout

NOTHING ELSE.



and BAU2 with preventing no less than 148 mass shootings and violent attacks, a figure that Simons has had to defend and clarify ever since.

"We have requests for service that come in to us. We get three or four a week. We get around 150 requests for service a year, a number that appears to be rising slightly. We are always in a support capacity; we are always looking to augment or amplify what local law enforcement is doing. Our success will always be hard to quantify, since success is defined as the lack of an event. But none of the cases we have supported have gone on to do a mass shooting or a mass event."

So Simons has never prevented a mass shooting in the way that might reassure us most—he has never predicted that a mass shooter would attack and then *shown up* with his own guns blazing. Instead, he says, he has had a hand in interventions involving men and women on pathways that might have ended in mass shootings, and he has done this at least five hundred times since the creation of his unit in 2010. He has never failed in that regard, but he also has had to show up six times at scenes of primal horror—at scenes where mass shootings have already taken place.

THEY MADE THE PLAN ON JANUARY 6. He will always remember the date, because nothing was the same once the plan was made. It took over his life. It changed everything. It changed him, and that, of course, was the idea—the plan underlying the plan. "Everything revolves around the day you plan on doing it. Every day after school, that's all we talked about. That's what ties shooters together. They have a plan. They have a mission. For six months, we trained. We worked out. We spent all our time trying to get stronger, mentally and physically. Because we were weak. I was too weak to lift the forty pounds of stuff I planned to carry."

"We started drawing away from people. I even started drawing away from my brother. And we made no plans for the future. I didn't apply to college—that should have been a red flag. But I could have lit up the plan with runway lights and no one would have seen. A couple of friends thought something was up. 'Where are you going to college?' 'I'm not.' 'What are you planning to do?' 'You'll see.'"

"I was an asshole in the days approaching—egotistical, looking down at people. I was better. I had a plan. I started pushing people away, being arrogant. I was hard to deal with and got into a lot of arguments with my stepmom and brother. There was a lot of pressure. I remember having a hair trigger temper—the slightest things would agitate me. And in the days leading up, I even stopped playing video games. Somebody ought to have seen that."

"What did I want? I wanted release. It's not a desire for death. It's a desire for escape—transport and escape. You've run out of options, and so you think of changing your life in the craziest way possible—something where you won't be able to go back. It's almost a cure for who you are. You know, maybe if this happened, I'd feel calm. I'd feel the way they do. I'd feel peace."

"What I remember from the night before was lying in bed thinking: *So, I'm really going to do this. My life really does suck. But I also remember considering it a duty. Somebody's gotta do it. Somebody's gotta shoulder the burden. I guess it's me.*"

HERE IS A STORY OF THREAT ASSESSMENT. You decide whether it gives you confidence or qualms. A young man had been a person of concern ever since he tried to commit suicide in high school. It was fortunate, then, that the Salem-Keizer school district, in Oregon's Willamette Valley, is considered perhaps the foremost example of what an emphasis on threat assessment can accomplish in a local setting. Each school has its own threat-assessment team, each school-based threat-assessment team reports the threats it identifies to a "Level 2" threat-assessment team comprised of officials from law enforcement, the schools, and the courts, along with Salem-Keizer school psychologist John Van Dreal. Van Dreal is the man who brought the gospel of threat assessment to Willamette Valley and also one of the men who spreads the gospel of threat assessment at the national level. "The upside," he says, "is not just that you stop a school shooting. The upside is that you get involved in someone's life." Though Salem-Keizer is not particularly large, Van Dreal has gotten involved in the lives of many. "We have forty thousand students in the district. We have another forty thousand in the rural districts we work with. We have around 100 to 150 cases a year, scenarios involving one or more students whom our Level 2 threat-assessment team examines. Our model is very intervention-oriented. We have a very intervention-oriented juvenile court, and they work extremely well with our team. We look at intervention first."

Most of the interventions are easy. "Nine and a half out of ten of them," Van Dreal says. The one involving the student who attempted suicide was difficult. "We spent three years plugging resources into this kid's life. I will tell you he had all the risk factors, and he made it through high school. He made it. But when he left high school, we weren't convinced he was through this stage in his life. So we transferred his case to the adult threat-assessment team, and we followed him through that team. Eventually he left town, and we didn't know where he went."

"I tell this story carefully—one should never brag. But in all humility, I'll say we kept him and others safe while he was on our watch. He wasn't active in any kind of criminal activity—so when he moves on, how do you go about alerting the community without infringing on anybody's civil rights?"

Some people's pathway to violence takes longer than others'. Seven years after he left high school, the young man walked up to an underage nightclub in Portland and opened fire on the line of teenagers waiting to get in, many of whom were foreign-exchange students. He killed two and wounded seven, then shot himself in the head and died three days later.

Was this a failure of threat assessment or a tribute to its powers of containment? Threat assessment is known to work well in schools, as the person of concern is attached to the very institution that is concerned about him. It works less well in communities, as the person of concern is literally at large and perhaps less kindly disposed to well-meaning teams of therapists and police officers seeking to "intervene" in his life. By definition, every mass shooter "falls through the cracks"—the very cracks that threat assessment is intended to repair.

But that is not seen by threat-assessment advocates as a failure of threat assessment in America; it is seen as a failure of America to implement threat-assessment "best practices" nationwide. After

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Co-writer, HBO: Funny or Die Presents

1 IN A SERIES

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A WEB SERIES INSIDER WHO'S DRIVING CREATIVITY

As one of the prolific funny men behind HBO *Funny or Die Presents* and the Web series "The Shaman," **PAUL STEPHAN** is part of the Internet series boom

that is bringing a new freedom to Hollywood. Would the multitasking writer, producer and father of two find the **CHEVROLET EQUINOX** just as flexible?



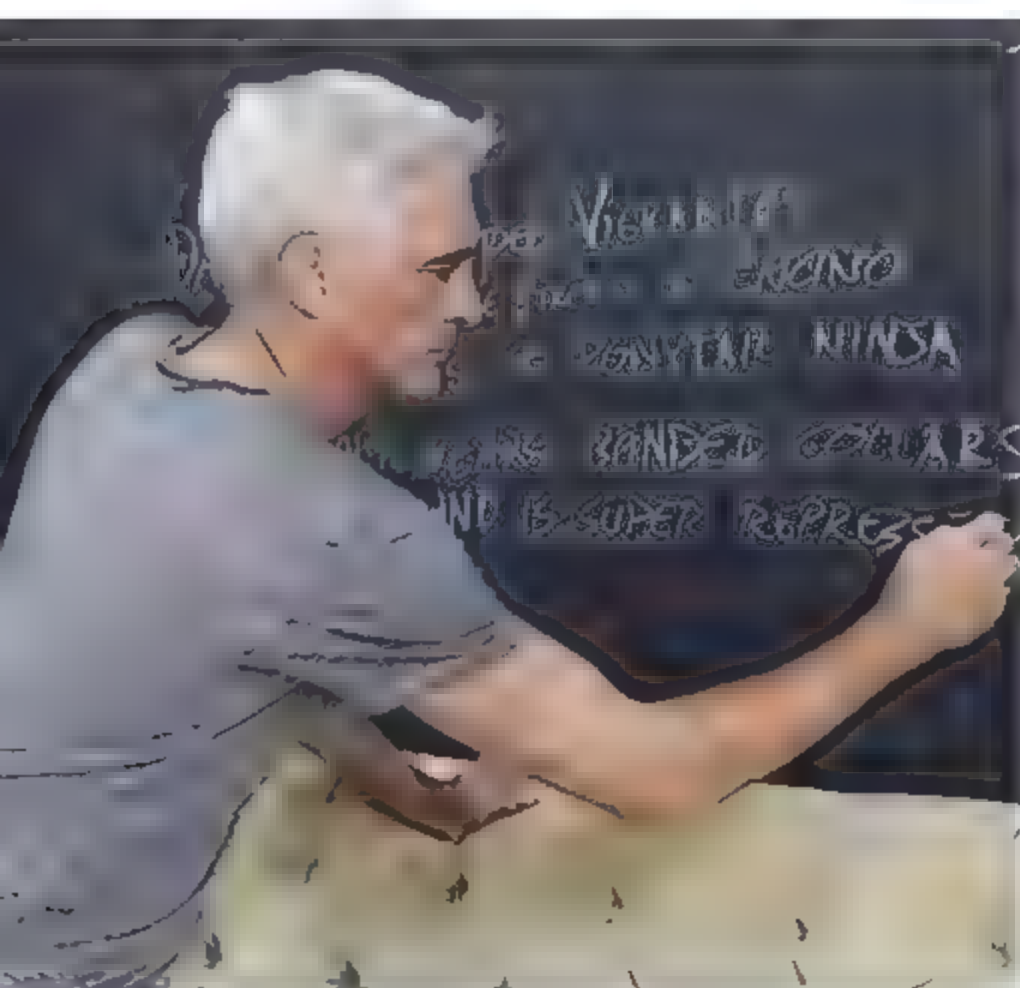
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EVEN AMID PITCHING A NETWORK SITCOM, finishing a screenplay ("Space Bachelor Party: What happens in Space Stays in Space") and launching the retail store Gordie's on 4th, Paul most enjoys time spent with kids Dylan and Scarlett.



—the— **NEWS** FOR ESQUIRE READERS

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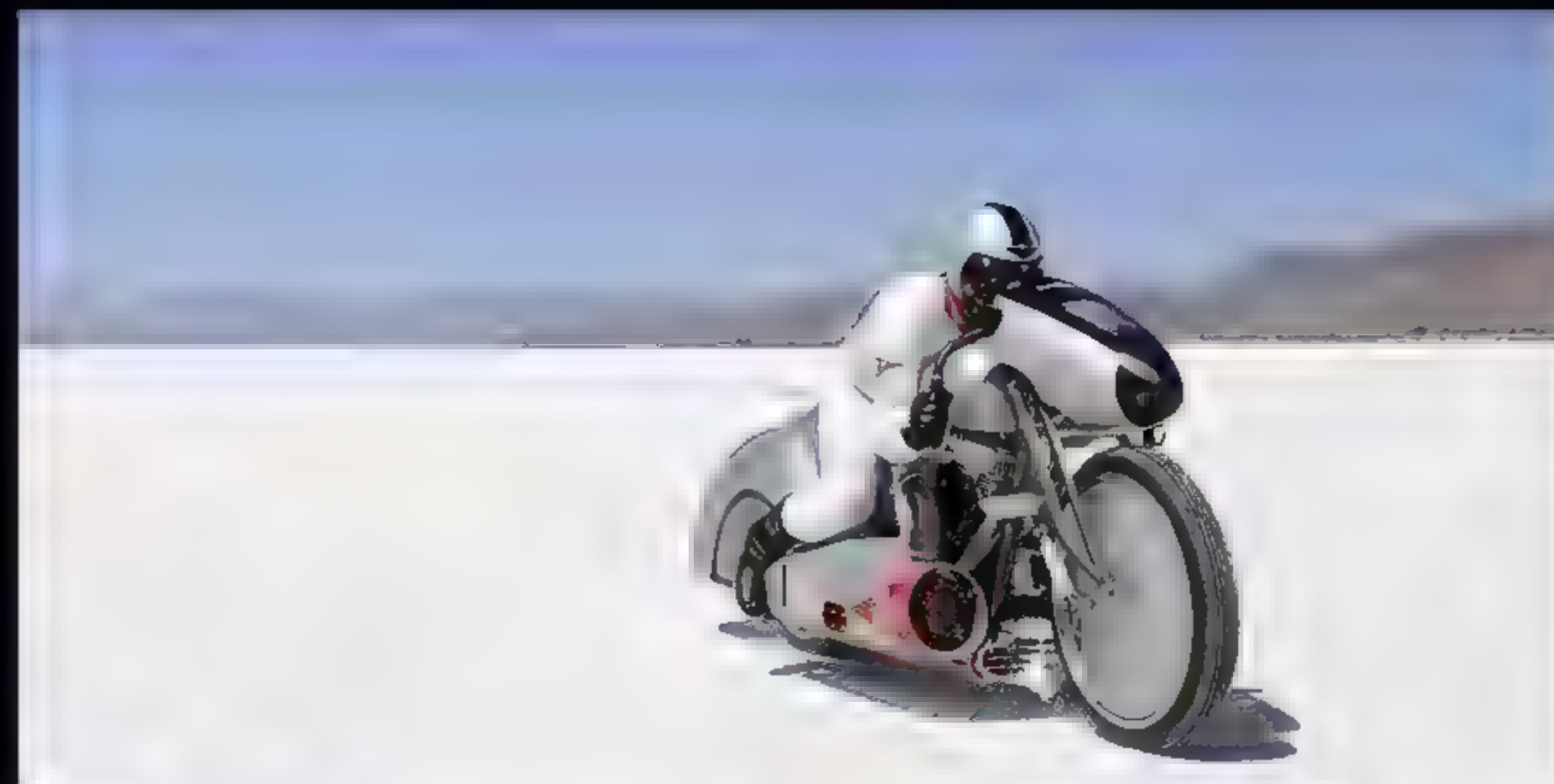


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all, if you look at any of the shooters who have taken pieces of the national soul over the last five years, you will see that it is true: None of them “just snapped.” They all followed a pathway to violence. They didn’t materialize out of the blue as monsters, they became monsters over time, meeting well-established milestones of monstrosity. And most of them didn’t even bother keeping their intentions very secret.

“This is almost the kind of event that’s impossible to prevent and almost impossible to predict,” said former secretary of Homeland Security and current University of California president Janet Napolitano after the appalling shootings near UC Santa Barbara. But she got it completely wrong—so wrong that her statement amounts to a falsehood. The event was impossible to predict but entirely possible to prevent, which is what made it so appalling. Virginia Tech, Gabby Giffords, Aurora, Sandy Hook, Isla Vista. To threat assessors, what all these have in common is the lack of coordinated threat assessment: the lack of even one person—much less a team—asking the proper questions. “I don’t know that any of them [the shooters in the “big” events] were under the care of a threat-assessment team when they attacked,” Andre Simons says.

In the wake of mass shootings that took place in their states, legislators in Virginia, Connecticut, and Illinois enacted statutory requirements for threat assessment teams to be available at all state-funded colleges. This is seen as the beginning of the “saturation” necessary for threat assessment to have its full effect. Still, it gives one pause when one of the fathers of threat assessment, Robert Fein, says that the mother of the Isla Vista shooter, Elliot Rodger, got it right when she voiced concerns about her son—but that if she really wanted to make sure her concerns were taken seriously, there was only one thing for her to say:

“I’m afraid my son is involved in terrorism.”

IT WAS JULY 6, six months to the day after they devised their plan. “We picked the Fourth of July weekend, so none of the parents would be home,” Trunk says. “But I remember a nervousness, a wrongness to that day. It was the haziest day of my life. After all the excitement of the days leading up, now it was all. Okay, this is the day. Today’s the day. I didn’t play any video games; I sat at my computer listening to music and waiting for my codefendants to come over. At around eight o’clock, I changed my clothes. My codefendants changed later. When we were loading, I was so high-strung, but at the same time I was so somber, as if our dog had just died. Not because we thought we were going to die—we all thought we were going to survive it, that shows how detached I was from the situation. But it felt like I was going to a job I hated. I would have loved to have been doing anything else. It was all rote, it was all just going through the motions. It was literally a duty. We loaded the shotgun right before we left.”

He uses the fact that they went out into the streets in the wee hours of the morning to argue that their intent was not murderous. He contends that what prosecutors alleged—that they were intent on targeting three classmates and then killing as many people as possible on a cross-country spree—could never have been part of their plan. That for all their planning they didn’t really know what they wanted to do. That their desires were inchoate.



ERIK SALVADOR AYALA,
PORTLAND NIGHT-
CLUB, 2009
2 DEAD, 7 WOUNDED

“Come on—it was three in the morning and we tried to hijack a car. None of us could drive. That just shows how unrealistic we were. When the carjacking didn’t work”—when the intended victim tore off “we were already in abort. I said, ‘Let’s go back to my house and let’s regroup and rethink this.’ We were on our way back to my house when the cop stopped us.

“I had never seen someone do a real double take before. Like in a cartoon. Well, his mouth dropped open. It was three in the morning, and he had stopped three people dressed in black trench coats and armed with guns and machetes. He jumped behind the door of his car and told us to drop them. It was a stand-off. I saw that he was shaking. I kept thinking that he must have a family. I was like, ‘I don’t want to be the bad guy.’ I never wanted to be the bad guy. I still thought of myself as a decent person. When you’re in the state of mind I was in, the enemy can manifest as anyone and anything. That’s why they say that shooters lack the capacity for empathy. But I was still able to put myself in his shoes. I hadn’t gone past the point of no return. I looked at him and he looked at me. He had a gun pointed right at my head. He said, ‘Down!’ and we stood there staring at him. The whole time we were on the street I had never questioned what we were doing, but now I told the others to drop their weapons. They were flabbergasted. We had commands. We’d developed hand signs and I gave them the sign to stand down. And that was it. I don’t know if I understood the severity of the situation. I was trying to joke around, but they treated me like bin Laden. They asked if I was high on anything. I said, ‘I’m high on life.’ I said that right before I got pushed into a brick wall.”

ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 30, four deputies from the sheriff’s office in Santa Barbara County, California, went to the apartment of a twenty-two-year-old dropout from Santa Barbara City College named Elliot Rodger. They were not responding to a complaint but rather making a “check-the-welfare” call because of a call the office had received from Rodger’s “social counselor”—an acquaintance hired to help Rodger fit in. The counselor had made the call because of a call he had received from Rodger’s mother. His mother had made the call because she had seen a video her son had posted on YouTube and intuited—without being able to articulate—that he was on the pathway to violence.

None of this is news. A month later, Rodger accomplished his “Day of Retribution” against the young men who intimidated him and the young women who ignored him, and the April 30 check-the-welfare call became infamous as a missed opportunity—targeted violence’s equivalent to bin Laden at Tora Bora. They had him, and all they had to do was... well, what?

“So what do you expect them to do?” says former New York police commissioner Ray Kelly. “They go there, he looks normal, he acts normal. People ask why didn’t they search the house. I’m not so certain you search the house. He’d have to give consent. And you couldn’t get a search warrant. It was a wellness check, okay? The kid answers the door, they talk to him, he seems rational, he seems okay. He’s not dying and he’s not going to kill himself. There’s a very high bar set for these kinds of things, and he’s well below it.”

And that’s “the gap.” The fruitless visit to Elliot Rodger’s apartment demonstrates like nothing. [continued on page 160]



Stay out of the court system by helping young men stay out of the court system.

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Studies have shown that children with positive male role models are less likely to commit a crime. Boys are eleven times as likely to go to prison as girls.

This bill establishes mentorship as legal excusal from jury duty and aims to reduce the number of young men committing crimes, cases tried, and jurors needed.

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AN ACT concerning jury duty excusal.

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This act shall be known and may be cited as The Mentor Act.

SECTION 2

Be it known that those who volunteer their time to the counsel of youth through an officially recognized mentorship program ("Mentors") have done a public good by empowering youth. Studies show that mentored youth are less likely to commit crimes.

SECTION 3

As recognition of this public good and because they have reduced the need for criminal jury trials due to their services, Mentors may be excused from jury duty.

SECTION 4

This act shall take effect on the 90th day after enactment.

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To help change the lives of young men in your state:

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3. Mail him/her this page

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89 Ways To Change A Life

Organized by location and interest.
Inspiration to follow.

BY ANDREW CHAIKIVSKY

ADDITIONAL REPORTING BY ELEANOR LAURENCE AND R. J. VOOT

If you are a boy in America today, you are more likely to drop out of school, less likely to go to college, and far more likely to abuse alcohol or go to prison or kill yourself than the girl sitting next to you in class. Study after study has shown that the influence of fathers or substitute fathers (teachers, coaches) can be a major factor in a boy's future success, yet mentoring organizations across the country are struggling to find them. Boys and young men need mentors more than ever before, and there have never been more opportunities to become a mentor, help a boy, and work on your short game (or learn to surf, or get in shape, or have some fun) while you're doing it. Here are the best of them, each one Esquire vetted and approved.

WHAT
THESE
ICONS MEAN

AGES OF MENTEES



KIDS



TWEENS



TEENS



ALL AGES

KIND OF MENTORING



CULTURE



HANGING OUT



SKILLS



ATHLETICS



ACADEMIC

← This page here? It's an advertisement created exclusively for Esquire by the ad agency Barton F. Graf 9000 to re-brand mentoring for the twenty-first century. To learn more about the agency and its campaign, see page 26.

NEW YORK

Stoked

646-710-3600, stoked.org
Surfing, snowboarding, and skateboarding with high school students. And if you don't know how to surf, snowboard, or skateboard, no problem—you can learn alongside your mentee. (Having a kid watch you fall, get back up, and try again is probably a more valuable learning experience for the kid than watching you do everything perfectly.)



The First Tee of Metropolitan New York

718-655-9164

thefirstteemetro.org

Golf and mentoring at the Golf Club at Chelsea Piers, the Harlem Golf Academy, and courses in surrounding tri-state counties. No predawn tee times necessary. Non-scratch golfers permitted.



iMentor

212-461-4330, imentor.org

Online one-on-one mentoring. In-person meetings once a month, but otherwise e-mail.



Free Arts NYC

212-974-9092, freeartsnyc.org

Make art with children aged six to thirteen. Or help a teen

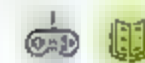
Change a Life

build a visual-arts portfolio.
Or take a kid to museums.



Teak Fellowship

212-288-6678;
teakfellowshp.org
Advising students who are
applying to boarding and day
schools or to colleges.



Two Together

212-558-9925, jccany.org
Reading and math tutoring.
Most sessions begin after
5:00 P.M., and several tutors
can together work as a team.
(Ask a buddy to do it with
you. Think of it as the perfect
way to connect with that one
friend you can never seem to
find the time for.)



YouthBuild

646-230-0579, youthbuild.org
Career advice for high school
dropouts getting their GEDs
and learning construction
job skills.



Burke in Ethan's
Room (2009-
2014, RIP).

GREAT MOMENTS IN UNOFFICIAL MENTORING

ETHAN'S ROOM COLORADO SPRINGS

Back in 2009, Tim Burke opened this skate shop in the basement of his ad agency. The skate park across the street provided plenty of exposure to customers, and owner Burke saw many of them—as young as eight years old—dropped off in the morning with no money for lunch, spending all day hanging around until getting picked up after five. Burke began to look out for them, splinting broken bones, bandaging wounded knees, and offering advice on teachers, bullies, and parents. (On y, he is quick to point out, when asked.) To teach them lessons about responsibility, he offered fifty cents for every two hundred cigarette butts brought in from the littered park

and anyone who could memorize the Declaration of Independence received store credit. The kids began hanging out at the shop, just to hang out—"I was a parent, but I wasn't their parent," Burke says of the relationships—and Ethan's Room became an informal one-man mentoring center.

When a new skate shop opened its doors last year, many of his customers switched allegiances and Ethan's Room closed in February. Burke says he probably should have closed it a couple years ago, but he'd kept it open for the kids. Burke is now a mentor without a home, and he still keeps in touch with a network of dozens of skaters. "I created friendship with a lot of kids that's permanent," he says. "It's not going away."

Minds Matter

212-626-6534;
mndsmatternyc.org
Advising low-income students applying to summer-prep programs or to college. Two mentors (e.g., you and a pal) work with one student. Frequent mentors-only happy hours and field trips.



Kings County Tennis League

kingscountytennisleague@gmail.com, kingscountytennisleague.org
Tennis with kids between five and fifteen. Two Saturdays a month for five months. No experience necessary.



Our True Colors, Inc.
860-232-0050

ourtruecolors.org
One-on-one and group mentoring for LGBT kids.



Boys Hope Girls Hope

718-638-1100;
boyshopegirls.org
Academic and career advice for students going to private school on scholarship. (This is the first time away from home for a lot of these kids, and even if home wasn't a picnic, it still takes getting used to.)



LOS ANGELES

InsideOut Writers
323-660-1866

nsdeoutwriters.org
Creative writing with recently incarcerated youth. Share stories. Share feedback. Learn from each other.



Stoked

213-986-8272, stoked.org
Learn to surf at Zuma Beach, snowboard at Big Bear, and skateboard at Venice Beach and Santa Monica. Neither shredding experience, nor mastery of tasty and/or gnarly waves, required.



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sparkprogram.org
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WHY MENTOR? More than one in three young Americans (aged 18 to 21) say they never had a mentor of any kind between the ages of

E*TRADE ARE YOU TYPE E*?

GREAT ACTS OF MENTORING THE AUTOMOTIVE MENTORING GROUP CHICAGO

In a city with a gang participation figure upwards of a hundred thousand, it usually goes something like this: Alex Levesque, the owner of an auto-body shop on the South Side of Chicago, drives from neighborhood to neighborhood in a restored vintage car and pulls up on street corners to deliver his pitch. Want to learn how to build a car like this? He never idles longer than three minutes. The time Levesque figures he can give himself before his audience starts shooting—and since 2007 he's convinced more than three hundred young men to spend some time in his garage. Through what he calls the Automotive Mentoring Group (AMG), he teaches teenagers how to restore older cars, and he reminds them to pull up their pants, show up on time,



Levesque, whom we'd pegged as more of a White Sox fan

and carry themselves in a way that plays well in the working world. After a few months of unpaid apprenticeship, he'll introduce them to one of his twenty-four hiring partners, who are willing to hire the kids (most of whom are felons) after they go through the AMG program. One mentee once told Levesque, "You're like the father I never had," to which Levesque responded, "You're like the son I never wanted."

meets at the mentor's workplace for two hours a week.



Youth Mentoring Connection

323-731-8080, youthmentoring.org

Filmmaking, surfing camps, drumming workshops, poetry, and workplace mentoring.



Los Angeles Team Mentoring

213-742-6733, atm.org
Science and tech mentoring through hands-on projects.



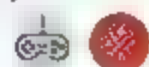
The First Tee of Los Angeles

213-680-8015, thefirstteelosangeles.org
Golf and mentoring at Griffith Park, Los Feliz, and nine other area courses.



YouthBuild

323-708-4156, youthbuild.org
Career advice for high school dropouts getting their GEDs and learning construction-job skills.



Minds Matter

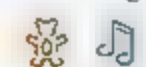
info@mindsmatterla.org, mindsmatterla.org
Advising low-income high school students applying to summer prep programs or

to college. Two mentors work with one student. Frequent mentors: only happy hours and field trips.



Free Arts for Abused Children

310-313-4278, freearts.org
Art projects with kids at the children's courthouse as they wait to be called for their court hearings. (Other option: weekly workshops on painting, drawing, or music at shelters and group homes.)



CHICAGO

MetroSquash

773-241-5150, metrosquash.org
Mentoring on and off the court with students in middle and high school. And if you don't know how to play

squash, no problem—you'll learn alongside your mentee.



UCAN

773-588-0180, ucanchicago.org
Mentoring young victims of violence and neglect: going to the movies, grabbing dinner, etc.



Boys Hope Girls Hope

847-920-2783, boyshopegirls.org
Academic and career advice for students going to private school on scholarship and living away from home.



Spark

312-470-4300, sparkprogram.org
For middle school students at risk of dropping out, a ten-week apprenticeship in their field of interest that meets at the mentor's workplace for two hours a week.



Midtown Educational Foundation

773-292-2662, midtownmetro.org
Sports and one-on-one academic tutoring.



Passages/Project LEAP

312-225-3800, passagesalt.org
Free sports tickets and group trips with other mentoring pairs. For children with an incarcerated parent.



One Million Degrees

312-920-9605, onemilliondegrees.org

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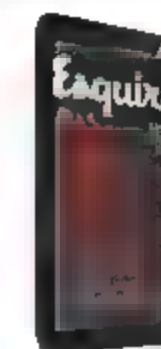
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Band 18 • At-risk young adults with mentors are more likely to enroll in college than those without a mentor • At-risk young adults

Change a Life

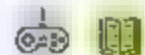
Academic mentoring for community-college students.



Minds Matter

info@mindsmatterchicago.org
mindsmatterchicago.org
Advising low-income high school students applying to

summer-prep programs or to college. Two mentors work with one student. Frequent mentors-only happy hours and field trips.



The First Tee of Greater Chicago

847-729-9833,
thefirstteegreaterchicago.org
Golf and mentoring at Cog Hill, Glenwoodie, Foss Park, and ten other locations.



SAN FRANCISCO

Friends for Youth

650 368 4444,
friendsforyouth.org

Free passes to museums and free tickets to basketball games, football games, et al.



First Exposures

415-374-6657
firstexposures.org
Photography and mentoring on Saturday mornings during the school year (Real cameras taking good pictures. iPhones don't count.)



The First Tee of San Francisco

415-731-4653,
thefirstteesanfrancisco.org
Golf and mentoring at Harding Park, Golden Gate Park, and three other locations.



Spark

415-626-5470
sparkprogram.org
For middle school students at risk of dropping out, a ten week apprenticeship in their field of interest that meets at the mentor's workplace for two hours a week.



Minds Matter

mindsmattersf.org
Advising low-income high school students applying to summer-prep programs or to college. Two mentors work with one student. Frequent mentors-only happy hours and field trips.



Boys Hope Girls Hope

415-657-9302,
boyshopegirlshope.org
Academic and career advice for middle and high school students going to private school on scholarship.



PHILADELPHIA

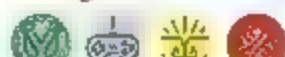
U.S. Dream Academy

215-339-1090
usdreamacademy.org
One-on-one mentoring with boys in third through eighth grades, working on study skills and exploring careers.



Urban Youth

215-923-2532
uyrs.com
Academic and career advice for kids learning about science and engineering by building drones and racing cars.



Boys make up two thirds of the campers at Knights of Heroes.

GREAT MOMENTS IN MILITARY MENTORING

THE KNIGHTS OF HEROES SUMMER CAMP

When Major Troy Gilbert was killed in combat in Iraq in November of 2006, his friend Steve Harrold attended the memorial service and saw more than a life cut brutally short. He saw Gilbert's five children and, within them, the void the father once filled. The next summer, Harrold, a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force, organized the inaugural Knights of Heroes camp, a summer camp in the Rocky Mountains that brings together the kids of fallen soldiers for one week every year to learn survival skills. The Knights of Heroes community has grown steadily

each year, fifty-two boys and twenty-four girls from around the country attended this year, free of charge (and with transportation to and from Colorado provided). They're paired one-on-one with a mentor—oftentimes active-duty, former, or retired military personnel—to learn archery, shooting, hiking, and rock climbing. On the last day of camp, the kids gather around and say one thing their dad would have been most proud of them for. There are tears, and the mentors are there to help them through it. That's what makes Knights of Heroes so unique: Kids are too not to hide their pain but to learn how to survive it.

with a mentor are nearly twice as likely to participate in sports or after-school clubs than those without. • At-risk young adults with a

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Minds Matter

info@mindsmatterphilly.org
mindsmatterphilly.org
Advising low-income high school students applying to summer-prep programs or to college. Two mentors work with one student. Frequent mentors-only happy hours and field trips.



Youth Mentoring Partnership

484-595-9204 youthmp.org
High-intensity strength training for kids in grades six through twelve. Adults are matched with two students for weekly group workouts.



Students Run Philly Style

267-773-4358
studentsrunphilly.org
Running in groups with kids who are in training for a 5K to full marathon. Twenty-minute milers (and runners with all levels of fitness) welcome.



Spark

267-519-4591
sparkprogram.org
For middle school students at risk of dropping out, a ten week apprenticeship in their field of interest that meets at the mentor's workplace for two hours a week.



The First Tee of Greater Philadelphia

215-840-8540
thefirstteeofgreaterphila.org
Golf and mentoring at FDR Golf Club, Walnut Lane, the Bensalem Country Club, and five other area courses.



DENVER

SOS Outreach

970-926-9292, ext. 106,
sosoutreach.org
Group mentoring through snowboarding, skiing, rock climbing, hiking, and mountain biking.



Big Brothers Big Sisters of Colorado

303-433-6002,
bbbscolorado.org
With the special Sports Buddies program, mentors and mentees play flag football, kickball, and other sports activities once a month on Saturdays. Also free tickets to football and baseball games.



The First Tee of Denver

720-865-3420,
thefirstteeofdenver.org
Golf and mentoring at thirteen area golf courses. Also "Read & Swing," an after-

LIVE SOME- WHERE ELSE? SIX ORGANIZATIONS WITH CHAPTERS EVERYWHERE.

Big Brothers Big Sisters of America: The oldest, most established mentoring organization in the country, with 334 affiliates in all 50 states. More than 16,000 boys are currently waiting for a mentor. bbbs.org

4-H: In addition to serving six million kids in every county and parish in the U.S., three programs dedicated to youth mentoring—including the science and math-centered Tech Wizards—can be found at 96 sites nationally. 4-h.org

100 Black Men of America: Founded in 1963, an alliance of 108 chapters pairing African-American professionals and children. 100blackmen.org

United Way: Guiding volunteers to tutoring and mentoring opportunities through more than 1,200 affiliates nationwide. unitedway.org

YMCA: More than 1,700 programs like Reach and Rise connect kids and teens with adult role models at the Y's 2,700 locations. ymca.net

MENTOR: The National Mentoring Partnership: A clearinghouse for training, support and information on top-shelf programs, with affiliates in 23 states and counting. mentoring.org

school program with a strong literacy component



Minds Matter

720-446-6431
mindsmatterdenver.org
Advising low-income high school students applying to summer-prep programs and to college. Two mentors work with one student. Frequent mentors-only happy hours and field trips.



Aurora Youth Options

303-617-2660,
aurorayouthoptions.org
Exploring monthly themes—interests and skills, budgeting, potential careers—with kids one-on-one at least twice a month.



Denver Urban Scholars

303-355-1700
denverurbanscholars.org
For students in middle and

high school who are at risk of dropping out, academic mentoring toward graduation and college.



Boys Hope Girls Hope

720-524-2061
boyshopegirls.org
Academic and career advice for middle and high school students going to private school on scholarship and living away from home.



WASHINGTON, D.C.

Washington Nationals Youth Baseball Academy

202-827-8960, washingtongnationals.mlb/was/youthbaseballacademy
After-school and summer programs that use baseball to improve literacy and teach math and science. (Long division ▶)

mentors are more than twice as likely to be leaders in sports, etc., than those without. •Source: "The Mentoring Effect," a survey of young



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The First Tee of Greater Washington, D.C.

202-479-2588, thefirstteedc.org
Golf and mentoring at five area courses.



Space of His Own

703-746-4501, spaceofhisown.org
Woodworking and carpentry. One meeting a week, with a catered dinner.



Best Kids, Inc.

202-397-3272, bestkids.org
Learn to play a musical instrument (and other stuff you've been meaning to do) with children in foster care.



Mentors, Inc.

202-783-2310, mentorsinc.org
For children in eighth to eleventh grade. Also a dedicated mentoring program for LGBT kids.



U.S. Dream Academy

202-645-3470, usdreamacademy.org
One-on-one mentoring with boys in third through eighth grades, working on study skills and exploring careers.



Teens Run DC

301-537-0009, teensruncdc.org
On Saturdays, mentoring and running with kids aged twelve to eighteen in training for a 5K to full marathon. No long-distance experience necessary.



Capital Partners for Education

202-682-6020, cpfe.org
One-on-one mentoring, online and in person, with high school students looking to apply to college.



BOSTON

Sole Train

617-536-0944, trinityinspires.org/soletrain
Running in small groups with middle and high school students in training for Boston's Run to Remember five-mile race or half marathon. No marathon experience required.



Newton Mentoring Alliance

617-559-2060, newtonmentors.org
Fitness-based mentoring. Free access to the local YMCA for workouts; free tickets to local sports events, rock climbing, kayaking, and



Campbell, seated, with an employee mentor (standing).

GREAT IDEA IN MENTORING: PAY THE BASTARDS*

*THE MENTORS. NOT THE KIDS.

The problem with most role models, Duncan Campbell realized, is consistency. He realized it growing up with two alcoholic parents, neither of them steady or reliable, and he realized it after working for a juvenile-court system that couldn't always pair troubled kids up with mentors who'd be around the following month, much less the following year. The solution, Campbell realized, was simple: Pay the mentors to stick around. He started Friends of the Children, the country's first-ever paid mentoring organization. In 1993, after founding, running, and selling a successful investment firm, and today using money from grants, donors, and fundraising, he pays 148 professional mentors across the country a salary to work with 976 children. Unlike teachers or social workers, though, mentors make at least a three-year commitment, and almost all of them stick around longer than three years. From kindergarten through high school, mentors spend at least four hours a week with each student, almost all of whom go on to graduate high school.

hiking field trips.



Hyde Square Task Force

617-524-8303, hydesquare.org
One-on-one pairings via the Paths to College and Careers Program—campus visits, help with interviews and applications.



YouthBuild

617-895-2854, youthbuild.org

Career advice for high school dropouts who are trying to get their GED and learn job skills.



Boston Partners in Education

617-451-6145, bostonpartners.org
Academic mentoring for children from kindergarten to twelfth grade in sixty-four public schools.



[continued on page 162]

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adults (aged 18 to 21), commissioned by MENTOR: The National Mentoring Partnership. For more, go to mentoring.org/mentoringeffect.

How To Build A Man

We want our boys to grow up to be good men.
But what, exactly, is that?*

*To answer that question, we drew from our interviews of prominent men (starting on page 112) and consulted our staff, some historical figures, and a few great books, enumerated, with context, in the footnotes below.

We want them to be pioneering.¹
We want them to be tough, but not so tough that it crowds out everything else. We want them to get outside more. We want them to do things we can't do. And tell us things we don't know. We want them to know that it might look easy, but it ain't.²
We want them to make it look easy.
We want them to be in the moment, though everything in our culture conspires against it. To look us in the eye and give a firm handshake. To know they have only one chance to make a first impression. We want them, when they are not looking at the screen, to behave as though the screen never existed. We

want them to be above boredom, to entertain rather than wait to be entertained. We want them to present themselves in a way recognized as manly two hundred years ago and to teach their kids so that it's recognized two hundred years from now.³
We want them to be humble, but never to say "I'm humbled" when they win something.⁴
We want them to delay gratification but not deny it.⁵
We want them to sell themselves so that they're not always getting sold.⁶
We want them to know that honor is real, and that men who are honorable are worth infinitely more than those who are not.

and that being a grown man means knowing you are responsible even when you're not.⁷
We want them to be able to hear, and to bear, the worst that could be said of them.⁸
To grasp very early on just how much people will do for someone they like and how little they'll do for someone they don't.⁹
We want them to be wary of the gut, because the gut is often full of shit.¹⁰
We want them to make time in their day for solitude.¹¹
When in doubt, we want them to get the round.

We want them to continue proudly in the storied traditions of pointless competition, noisemaking, ballbusting, roughhousing, arguing, obsessive collecting, prank hatching, and taking inordinate pride in excelling at things like parallel parking and lighting grills.
We want them to bring food and beer, ideally too much, and maybe stick around now and again and help clean up after.
We want them to at least try to be good toast-givers. To know at least once the grandeur of a ruined tuxedo. To have five jokes memorized at any given time:
Four good ones.
One unforgivably bad one.¹²
Maybe a dirty one, too, just in case.
We want them to create. To be builders at their core. To be men who read books, who know the difference between an ax and a Pu-aski, who can drive a stick, who are proponents of craft without any of the bespoke preciousness of it.
We want them to learn that in the long run, cheap always costs more than quality. We want them to see "reliable" as the king of all compliments.
To do the work.
And go easy on the complaining.
"If you can't get outta something, get into something. If you can't fix it, fuck it."
That's Kris Kristofferson.¹³
We want them to listen to Kris Kristofferson.

We want them to be mindful—to be driven by their hearts but not recklessly so. To be men who, when presented with a number of choices, do the one best thing. Men who recognize the grace of luck. Men who express gratitude. Men who are loyal and who trust and who hold a grudge forever when someone proves unworthy of their trust. Men who know that one day they will have their faith broken but who have been precision-engineered to continue to believe.
We want them to know that there's no such thing as not being afraid.¹⁴ That even the richest, most successful, most secure among us live in perpetually anxious states of barely hanging on.¹⁵ We want them to know that they're not alone, and that, ultimately, fear can be a good thing.
We want them to know that contrary to what people say, chivalry and feminism are reconcilable. It's called holding the

door for everyone, giving a hand to whomever needs it, lightening the load.¹⁶
We want them to understand the weight that a simple word of kindness or encouragement can carry in another person's life.¹⁷
To appreciate the value of talking to strangers.¹⁸
To ask for advice, even if they don't think they need it.
To say "I don't know" when they don't know.¹⁹
To take to heart the words of Nas's pops: "A fool at forty is a fool forever, so have your act together at forty."
(But really, to shoot for twenty-seven.)

We want them to know when to be an asshole. But to steadfastly refuse to be the guy who blocks the door in the subway car, or who refuses to merge on the highway, or who picks on waitresses, or who sends enraged e-mails, or who talks shit anonymously online.
We want them to understand that people hate most in others what they hate most in themselves. To see that evil lurks where disappointment lodges.²⁰
And we want them to consider this every time they get really pissed off about something.
We want them to keep their balance.²¹
Listen: Life ain't fair or unfair.
It just is.²²
Don't take it personally.

We want them to know that in the end, there's nothing that will make you behave like a man more than being someone's father.²³ That it tears away the man you were and builds you into the man you'll be.²⁴ That whatever else is happening around you, when your family needs you, you run to them.
We want them to know their kids' friends' names.²⁵
And make their kids' friends laugh. And occasionally put their kids' friends up when they get kicked out of the house.
Because mistakes aren't just okay. Mistakes are great.²⁶
We want them to be smart and generous with their intellect.
We want them to be the guys who take the new hire to lunch and say, "What do you want to know?"²⁷
In other words, to make themselves available.²⁸
We want them to know that love doesn't conquer all, but it conquers a lot.²⁹

The point is, in the end, we want them to be good.
Useful and good.
To be a little better than they were.
A little worse than they'll be.
To watch.
To listen.
To try.
To fix up.
To learn.
And to pass it all along.³⁰

1. Robert Redford's mother. "Who Made You the Man You Are Today?" page 133. "She had a pioneering sensibility," he said. "She'd come west from Texas to Los Angeles when she was eleven with her mom. And she had driven all the way. She was eleven and she did all the driving in an old Model A." 2. Snoop Dogg. "What I've Learned," July 2008. 3. Esquire writer at large Tom Junod. 4. Editor at large A.J. Jacobs. 5. Jacobs. 6. Junod. 7. Contributing editor Stephen Marche. 8. Saul Bellow. *Ravelstein*. 9. Kenny Rogers. page 134. 10. Jacobs. 11. Maryland governor Martin O'Malley. page 120, adding, "The sort of solitude that I'm sure the framers of our Constitution had in their lives and that modern people find so elusive." 12. Jimmy Kimmel. page 120. "When there's an event and at the end [people] leave their folding chairs behind, my parents will stay and clean it up. That's important to me. I've had situations in my life where we ruled people out because they don't help after dinner." 13. J. Robert Oppenheimer had a good one. "To the confusion of our enemies." 14. What's brown and sticky? A stick. 15. Writer at large Chris Jones. 16. "What I've Learned," May 1999.

17. Jones. 18. Robert De Niro. "What I've Learned," January 2003. 19. Ben Fountain. *Billy Lynn's Long Halftime Walk*. 20. Jacobs. 21. Assistant editor (Esquire Digital) Eric Vilas Boas. 22. Pastor Joe Osteen. page 128. 23. Nas. page 132. 24. Chris Pratt. page 116. 25. George Foreman. "What I've Learned," January 2004. 26. George Stephenopoulos. page 20. His father warned him about that after Clinton won. 27. Writer at large Mike Sager. 28. Aaron Sorkin. page 120. 29. Dierks Bentley. page 130. 30. Willa Gold. page 131. 31. Editor-at-large Jesse Kissinger. 32. Scott Pelevy. page 130. 33. Bill Hader. page 120. Amy Poehler did this for him when he was new to SNL. 34. General David Petraeus. page 129, who used to be his company commanders. "I there's ever anything that's eating at you so much that it's really bothering you and you can't seem to get redress from your chain of command, you e-mail me directly." 35. Jim Harrison. *Off to the Side*. 36. Congressman John Lewis. page 131. "When you are blessed, or when you have a degree of what I call grace, you have to be willing to share and let your little light shine. I think that's what life is all about."

Esquire / Mentors 2014

Who Made You The Man You Are Today?

We asked fifty extraordinary men to tell us about the parents, coaches, teachers, troop leaders, religious leaders, and all-purpose lifesavers who helped them get to where they are today. Here are a few of their answers.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MILLER MOBLEY
INTERVIEWS BY JANA MOBLEY

QUESTLOVE

Drummer, deejay,
teacher, night owl

The person that made me the man that I am today is, of course, my father. He was a singer and he came from that James Brown school of fining. With James, if you either made a mistake or hit the wrong note, that meant five dollars, and my dad was that kind of band leader. I started drumming for him when I was thirteen at Radio City Music Hall, which was one of my first gigs, and if you look at me now, people often ask, Like, who in their right mind has sixteen jobs and that kind of work ethic? And a lot of that is from my dad.

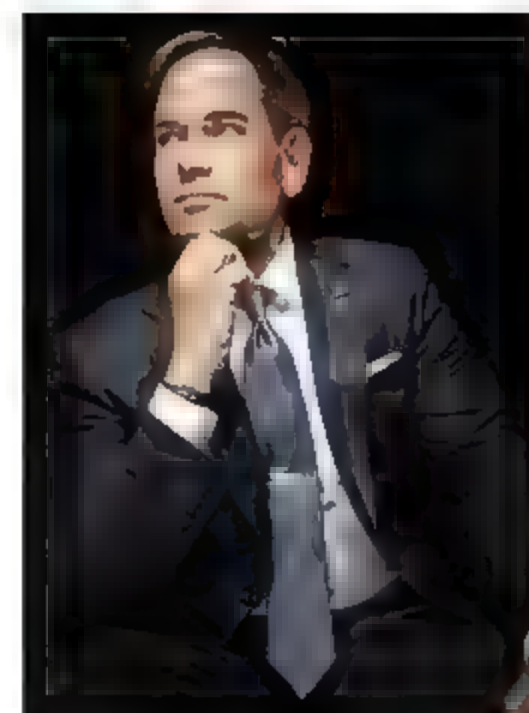




Kevin Durant

...the younger...
...the way he needed...
...that wouldn't...
...whether it was mak-
...go extra laps around the court, or...
...heptenly more time...
...he had...

There were plenty of times when I wanted to quit because I was working too hard, but he knew I could handle it, and he was confident for me when I couldn't be confident for myself.



MARCO RUBIO

Senator from Florida, first-generation Cuban American

My grandfather, who desperately wanted me to be able to achieve the dreams that were impossible for him. And then my father—he was a guy who got up and went to work even when he didn't feel like working and came home every night to his family. He set an example of what it meant to be a man and a father.



TYLER PERRY

Writer, director, producer, actor
(*Gone Girl*, out this month)

My next-door neighbor very early on, Mr. Johnson, was the kindest, most gentle man I've ever met, and he was the first person to actually see me.

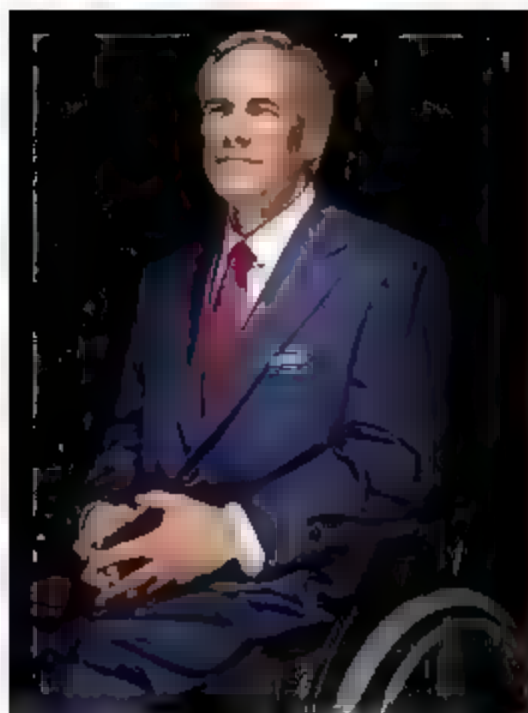
Not even in my house did I exist, but when he looked at me, he let me know that I was alive and I had a voice.



CHRIS PRATT

ACTOR, BRAND-NEW MOVIE STAR

I always wanted to be a performer, but discipline was something I needed help with, and I got that through wrestling and football. **Through sports, I learned how to work my ass off and how to take advice** and say "I don't know" when I don't know and to ask questions and be confident. It all came from sports and from my coaches. Gary Cease, he was a wrestling coach, and he told me that I was creative and that was a cool thing. He could've called me weird, but he didn't. My dad coached me, and when he wasn't a coach, he was there leaning on a fence at the practices. I learned more from sports about how to handle myself in Hollywood than I ever did doing plays.



GREG ABBOTT

Attorney general of Texas,
nominee for governor

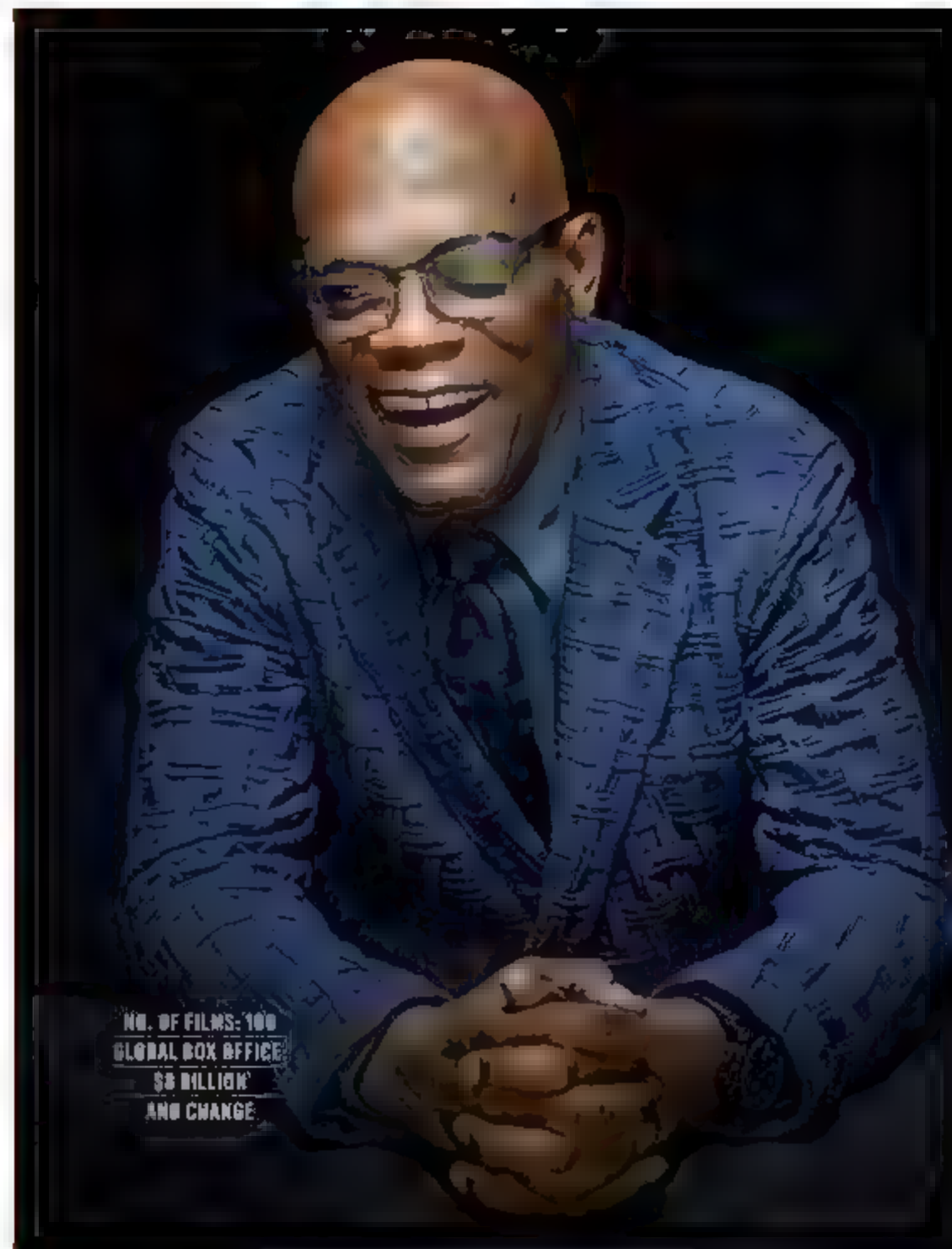
My Boy Scout leader, Leader Rollins
Through Boy Scouts, you learn core values about God and country. And you learn core skills. Tying different kinds of knots, camping, going on a fifty-mile hike—these things test you physically, test you spiritually, and prepare you to be a leader.



SETH MACFARLANE

Writer, director, actor Oscar host (ret.)

When I was doing *A Million Ways to Die in the West* I had not written and directed and acted all in the same project before, so I called Albert Brooks out of nowhere and said, "Is there anything you can tell me so that I don't royally fuck this up?" And he was unbelievably helpful with his advice. On days when I felt like I had no business doing what I was doing, he would remind me that, look, it doesn't matter how many movies you do. At the beginning of this process, everyone has that same fear.



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SAMUEL L. JACKSON

HARDEST-WORKING MAN IN SHOW BUSINESS

I've been shaped by a lot of women. Honestly. When you come down to it. Between my grandmother, my aunt, my mom, whole bunch of schoolteachers that I had. Then I met my wife, who I've been with for forty-some years. And now my daughter has some part in that. Some hard lessons. Some gentle lessons. I learned to hear what people were saying and not talk while they were talking so I wouldn't miss any of that message. **The whole thing was: Keep your mouth shut and listen.** So I learned to listen.

When I got to Hollywood, I was at my



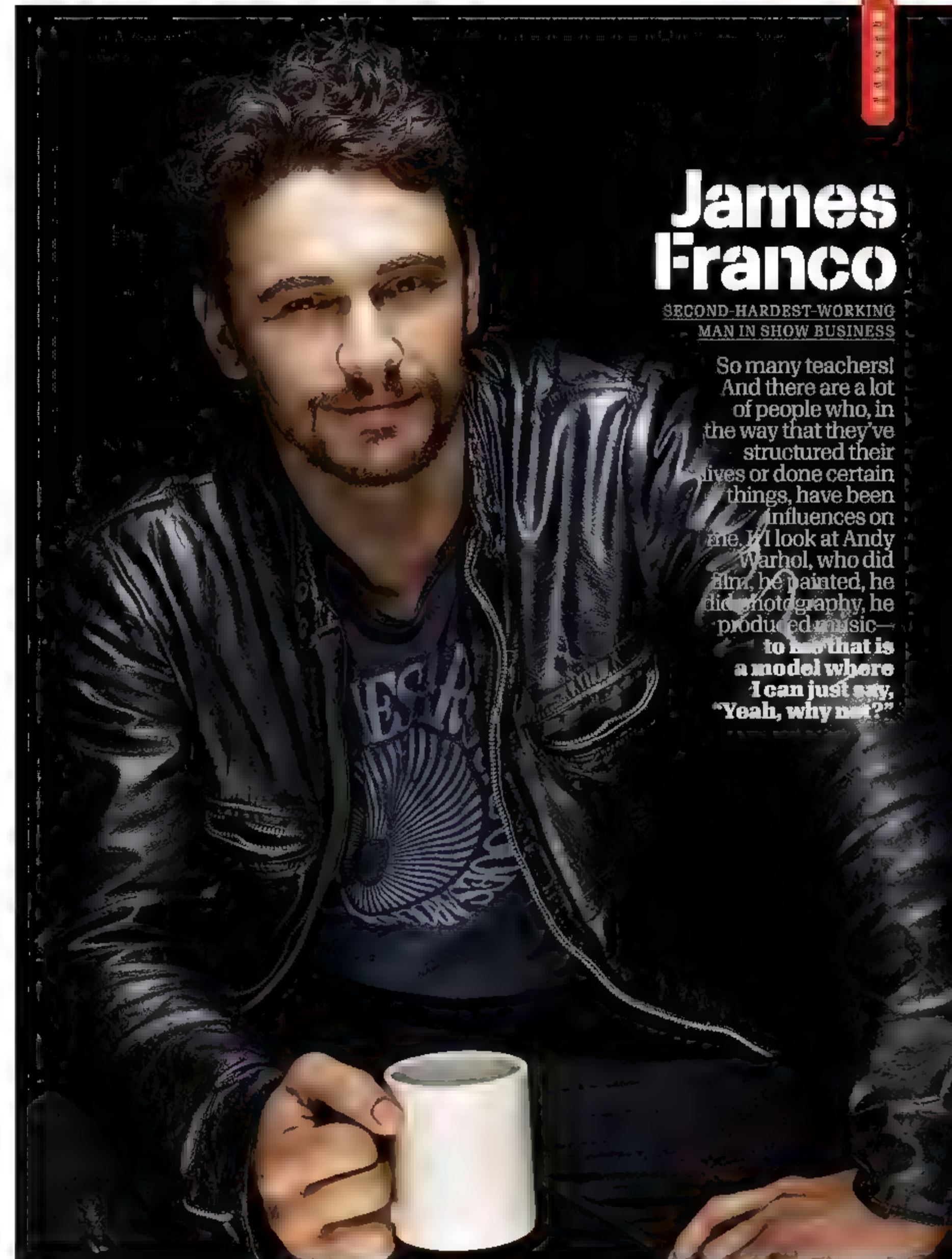
Jackson with Poitier in 2002. To hear Jackson's impersonation of his mentor, go to msterling.com.

agent's house at a party and I was walking by a sofa and I heard somebody go, "Sam, come here." I stopped. And it was Sidney Poitier. And I was like, I didn't even know he knew my name. He pulled me over, I sat down, and I talked to him for a while. He told me, "Call me tomorrow, we're going to play golf." I called and we went and played golf. And talked about Hollywood, the business. And now when I see him, it's the same thing. It's like, God, I'm actually friends with Sidney Poitier.

James Franco

SECOND-HARDEST-WORKING
MAN IN SHOW BUSINESS

So many teachers! And there are a lot of people who, in the way that they've structured their lives or done certain things, have been influences on me. I look at Andy Warhol, who did film, he painted, he did photography, he produced music—to me that is a model where I can just say, "Yeah, why not?"



—JUDD APATOW (STANDING),
TO HIS OLD BOSS (SEATED)



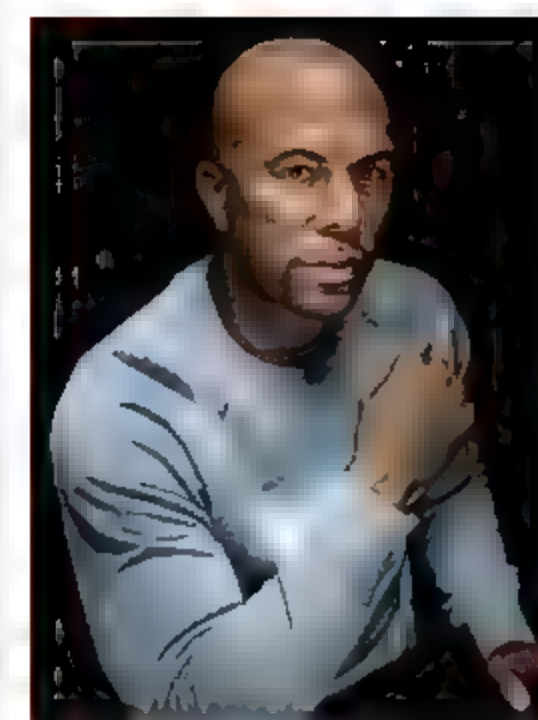
COMEDIANS, WRITERS, PRODUCERS
OLD FRIENDS AND COLLEAGUES

APATOW: And asked you what your plans were for your career and you basically laid out everything that you eventually did "I'd like to do a show probably a sitcom I'd like to play myself and this was in 1983."

APATOW. You always said I'm sure it was inspired by Roy—that Sanders was about people who love each other but show business gets in the way and I've thought about that for everything we done. And when you hired me, you didn't say "You're going to be so helpful to me." You said, "You're going to learn so much." I always thought I'm here to learn always had more fun there because thought *Hopefully I can get some jokes in but I just got to watch Garry re-outline that script*

1. The L.A.-based acting coach who worked with Shandling as well as Brad Pitt, Forest Whitaker, Jennifer Connelly, and many more.
2. Three years later Shandling would debut it as *Garry Shandling's Show*, a sitcom cowritten by and starring Shandling as a version of himself. It ran on Showtime for four seasons.
3. Dunham: The show is *Giris on HBO*, and Andrew is an exec.

APATOW: After Larry Sanders, did *Freaky and Geeks* with Paul Feig, and I'd be talking to Seth Rogen or Jason Segel and say "These scripts are not going to show up that are perfect for you. You need to figure out who you are and write movies for yourself." And then they did it. Jason Segel does *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, Seth has *Superbad*. John Dahey has an amazing screenwriting career⁴ that to me is one of the greatest aftereffects of everything.



COMMON

Rapper, actor

Reverend Jeremiah Wright When I was eight years old, I started going to Trinity United Church of Christ and the whole model for the church was unapologetically black, unashamedly Christian, and I got to learn a lot about myself as a black man, growing up. His sermons would come out through my songs.



MATTHEW WEINER

Creator soul
conscience of **Mad Men**

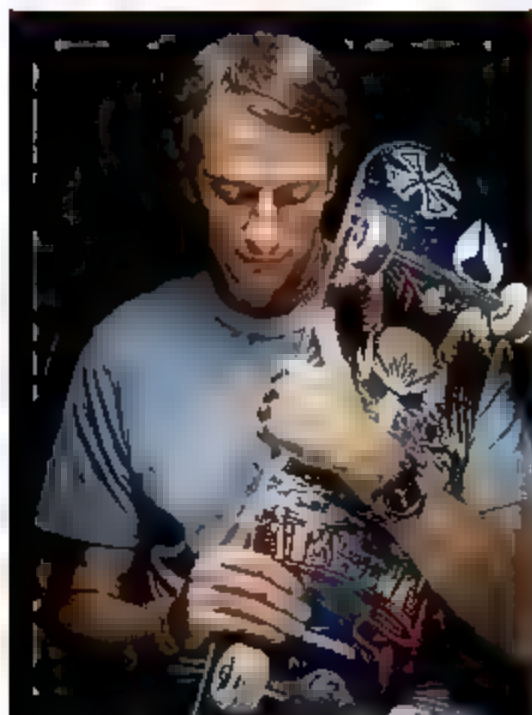
I can't talk about mentoring without talking about David Chase, who plucked me from obscurity and gave me a job [writing on *The Sopranos*] and **was very hard on me and very demanding and unsentimental about it.** I was going off to start the pilot for *Mad Men*, and as I was leaving, he said, "People are going to come in and read it, and you're going to want to change it, but don't change it. It's good, and when the right person reads it, it will work."



JIMMY KIMMEL

Host of *Jimmy Kimmel Live*

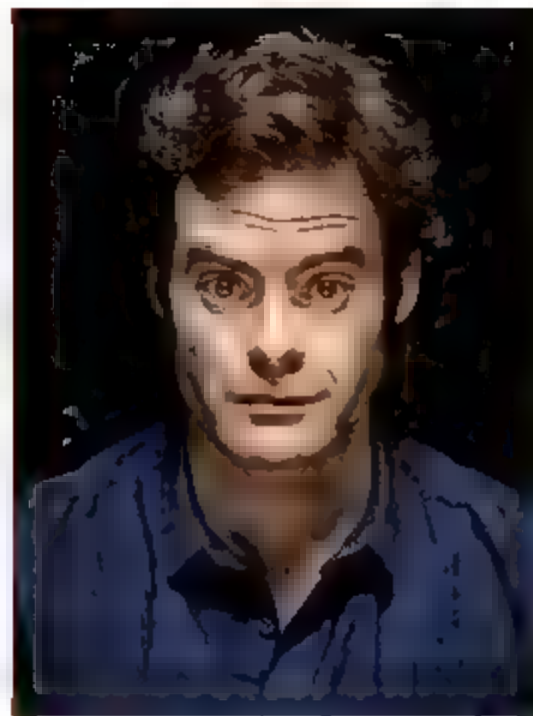
Garry Wall. He was the vice-president of a radio company called Edens Broadcasting. He was my boss, and a great lesson he gave me, he said, "I don't care what you do. As long as you can give me a good reason why you did it afterwards." **And that emboldened and freed me to try things.** Because I always have a good explanation. It's usually "I thought it was funny."



TONY HAWK

Skateboarding pioneer

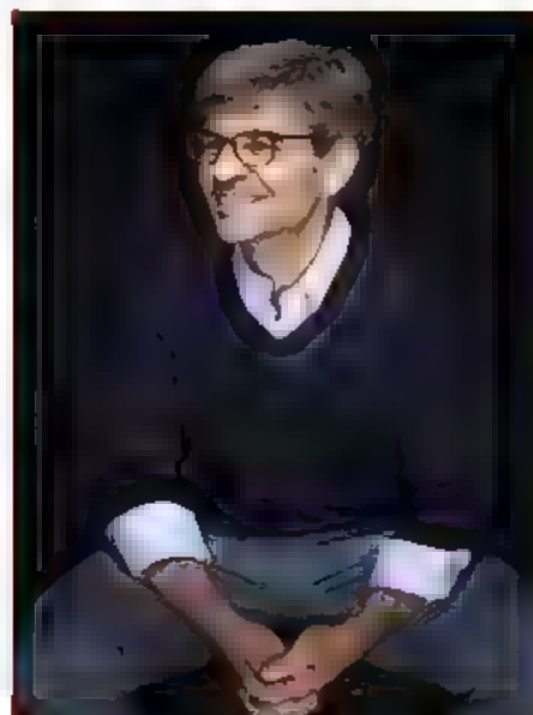
Stacy Peralta who had a pro career as a skateboarder, was starting his own team and asked me to be one of his riders. At the time, I was sort of chastised in the skate world for my style, but he thought it was something new and different. He pushed me to try new things. He shut down the haters.



BILL HADER

Actor (*The Skeleton Twins*) *SNL* alum

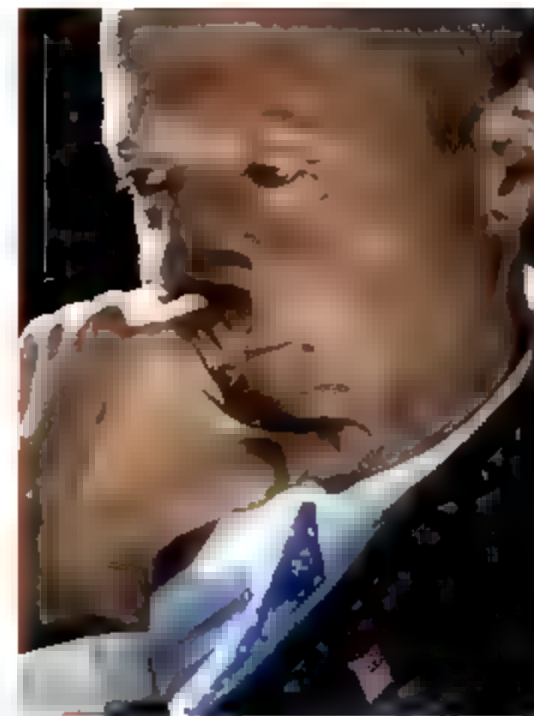
When I was six years old, I made a joke, and my grandfather was like, "Billy made this joke and it was hilarious. Why don't you tell them that joke you said the other—" He and my dad were really good at giving me confidence and saying, "That was good. That was really good."



GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS

Newsman, former aide to Bill Clinton

My parents. Mrs. Nachman, second grade. And Bill Clinton. Worked for him for many years, and I think **there were very few days that went by that I didn't feel smarter simply by watching him weave together everything that he had picked up in a lifetime, and turning it into something new.**



MARTIN O'MALLEY

Governor of Maryland

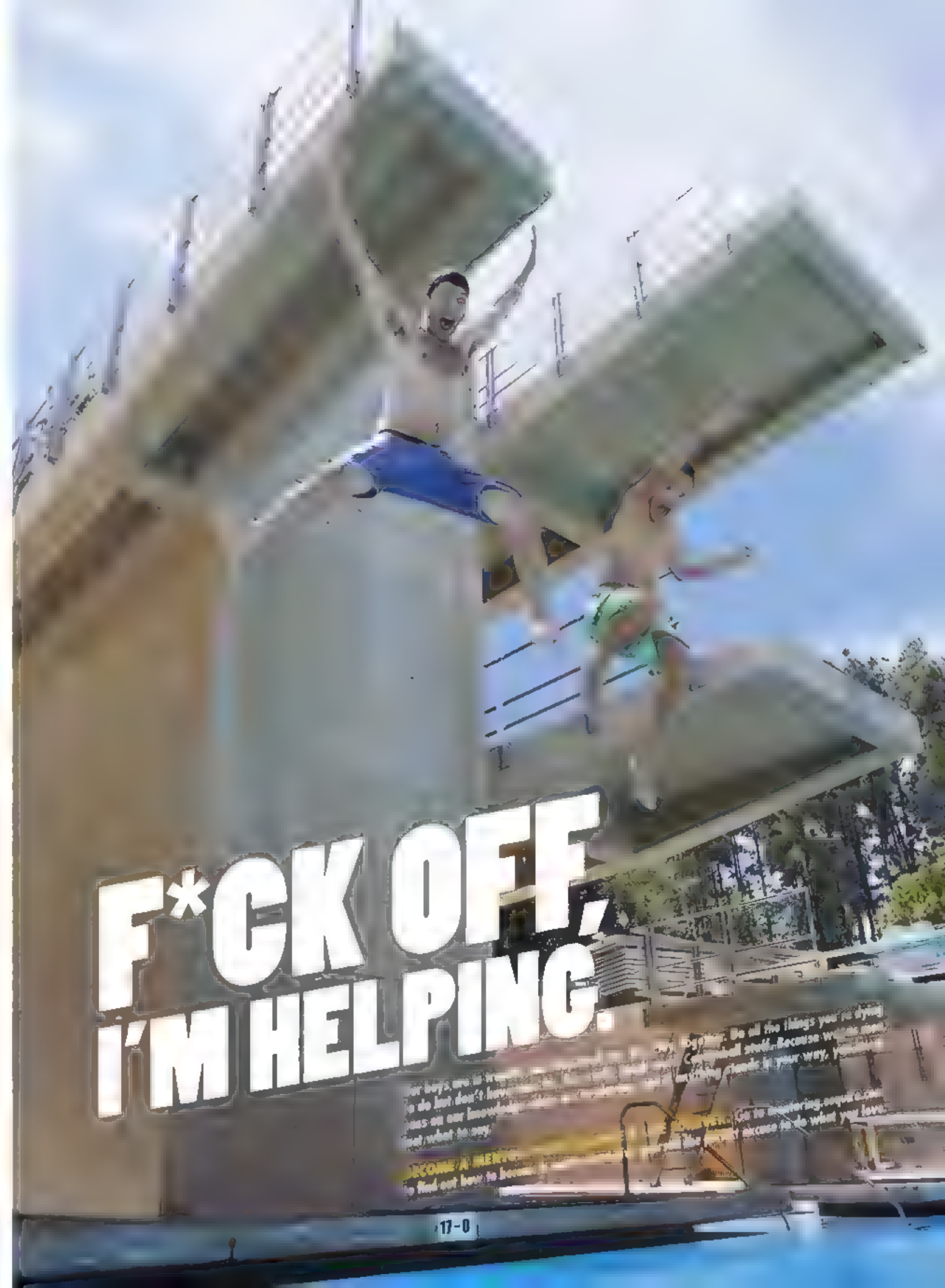
My father taught me that the only thing that lasts in this world is being good to other people. And when I was in high school, I got to observe a Jesuit priest by the name of Father Horace McKenna, who ran a mission out of the basement of Saint Aloysius Church. He gave his entire life to serving the poor, and he truly did see the face of God in every individual that he served.



AARON SORKIN

Film and TV writer

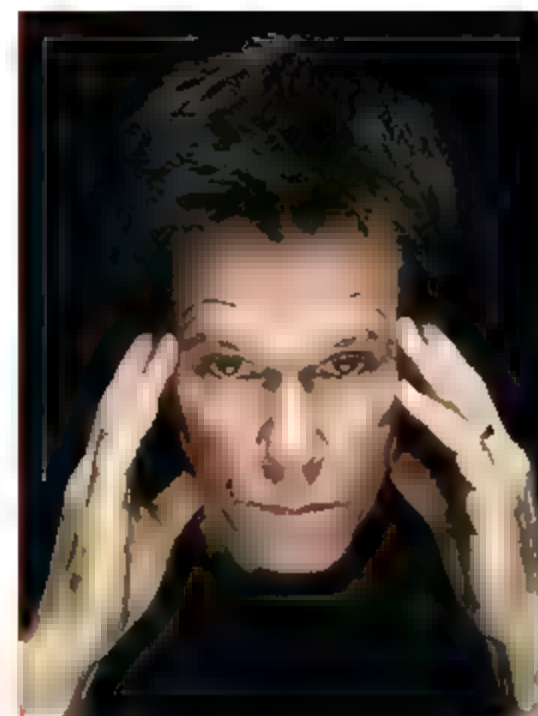
William Goldman, who wrote *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* and *All the President's Men* and many, many other great movies and novels. Early on, just when I had gotten out of college, he read something of mine and took me under his wing. He's always the first one to see pages [of new works], and **he's always honest.**



Aziz Ansari

COMEDIAN, ACTOR

I try to find people who are going to push me and not just let me be like, "Yeah, this is good enough." Because it's easy to do that. It's hard to be like, "Let's see if we can beat this." When I first started moving from smaller venues to theaters, I would e-mail Louis C.K. with questions and he was a ways so cool about writing back and telling me he thought it was cool that I cared about wanting to do a good job.



KEVIN BACON

Center of the universe

My brother, Michael, who helped me decide that I wanted to become a performer. And when I started taking acting classes, it became clear that there were only two options. One was to be a waiter and one was to be a superstar. And one of the first jobs that I ever got was a play with a guy named J.T. Walsh. At that point no one had really heard of him, but he kept going from show to show to show. He would say, "Well, I was down at the Arena Stage, and then I'm going to do something at the Guthrie." And it completely changed my mind about what it was to be an actor. The skill and the talent and the hard work need to be respected and nurtured. So all of a sudden I kind of shifted my idea of what it was like to be an actor, and what kind of actor I wanted to be.

STEVE CARELL

ACTOR, DIRECTOR, OSCAR CONTENDER FOR AN ASTONISHING PERFORMANCE IN *FOXCATCHER*

My second-grade teacher was named Mr. Blackman, and he pretty much sent me on my way as an actor. I remember we were doing the Indians and the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. I was a Native American in a canoe, and I was rowing. It was all mime. And I remember rowing and then switching the oar and rowing on the other side. And Mr. Blackman—the first time this ever happened to me—pointed it out and said, "You see what Steve did? He rowed on both sides of the canoe so he wouldn't go in a circle." Having that recognition so early, something clicked in my brain.



F*CK OFF,
I'M HELPING.

Our boys need your help to become great men. That idea can seem paralyzing—like you have to be Aristotle or George Washington or something. But you don't need to be a philosopher or scholar, boy scout or saint. Man, learn by doing. Go. Eat burgers bigger than your head. Together. And if anyone judges you, you know what to say. Go to mentoring.esquire.com. BECOME A MENTOR. PLAY CHANGING LIFE. Find out how to become a mentor, and give yourself the perfect excuse to do what you love.

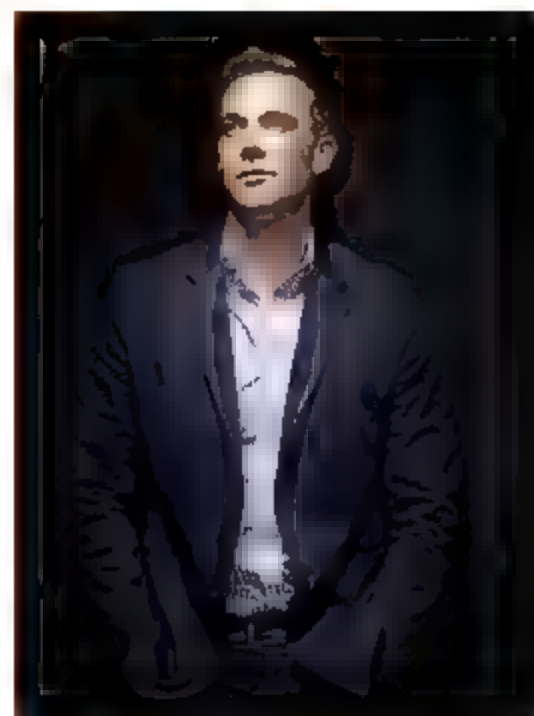




DAVID BLAINE

MAGICIAN

There used to be a hangout spot, a deli, in New York. And in the back room, all of the top magicians would come and meet, and every young magician would go and try to learn something. I met a magician there named Bill Kalush, and he showed me an incredible card move, and as he was about to leave, I stopped him and said, "Please show me how to do this." He was like, "Kid, don't waste your time—you'll never get this." But before he left, he showed me how to do it, and for the next six months—every day—I practiced it. Kalush, who's one of my best friends now, taught me **that even when it feels like you're not going to succeed and everything is crumbling apart: keep going.**



JON FAVREAU

Cofounder of Fenway Strategies, former director of speechwriting for President Obama, not a movie director

It was after the 2012 convention, and the president had just done the convention speech. We had all been very proud of the convention speech and the president thought it went well, but the press coverage was miserable. So we were on the plane after the convention, and I'm reading some of the coverage, and I'm complaining about it with the president, because I had worked so hard on this speech, right? And finally he looks at me and he's like, "Hey, man, how do you think I feel?"

I wake up every day and half the country doesn't like me. But what you've got to realize is **you can only make the decisions that you think are best, and you have to let the chips fall where they may.** And if you think that you're doing your best, and you're making the best decisions that you possibly can with all the best information, you can't worry about what everyone thinks about you. You just have to keep going forward." And watching him take all those criticisms, obviously on a much larger scale, you realize it can be easy to go through life worried about what other people think about you. And I think about what he said. You should take criticism and take it seriously, but then you've got to kind of make the decisions that you want to make. And you gotta go forward. That's the best you can do.



F*CK OFF! I'M HELPING.

The world may see you taking the Champion 400 for a spirited test drive. But you want to judge you. Ignore them. You are helping make a better man. Men, keep trying. doing. Dirty hands reveal our life's lessons. Lessons our boys need. So go out and do the things you're dying to do. Together. And both of you will become better men.

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JASON REITMAN

WRITER, DIRECTOR, SCION

I grew up knowing that I wanted to make movies, but I was aware of what people thought of the children of famous directors, so I thought, Why would I want to go into a job where people presumed I was a spoiled brat? And so I went to college and went premed, thinking I'd become a doctor and when my father came to visit he asked, "What are you doing [going premed]?" And I told him I

was scared. And he said, "First of all, being scared isn't a reason to do anything." And then he told me a story. When he was seventeen, he had gone to Montreal and seen these submarine sandwich shops that were very successful. And he came back to Toronto and said to my grandfather, "Dad, you've got to give me the money to open up one of these shops." And my grandfather said to him, "Look,

I'm sure these sandwiches are good. And I'll give you the money you could open up one of these shops and do very well. But I don't think there's enough magic in it for you." It was off of that advice that my father became a filmmaker. So he said to me, "Look, there's no more noble profession in the world than being a doctor. But I don't think there's enough magic in it for you."

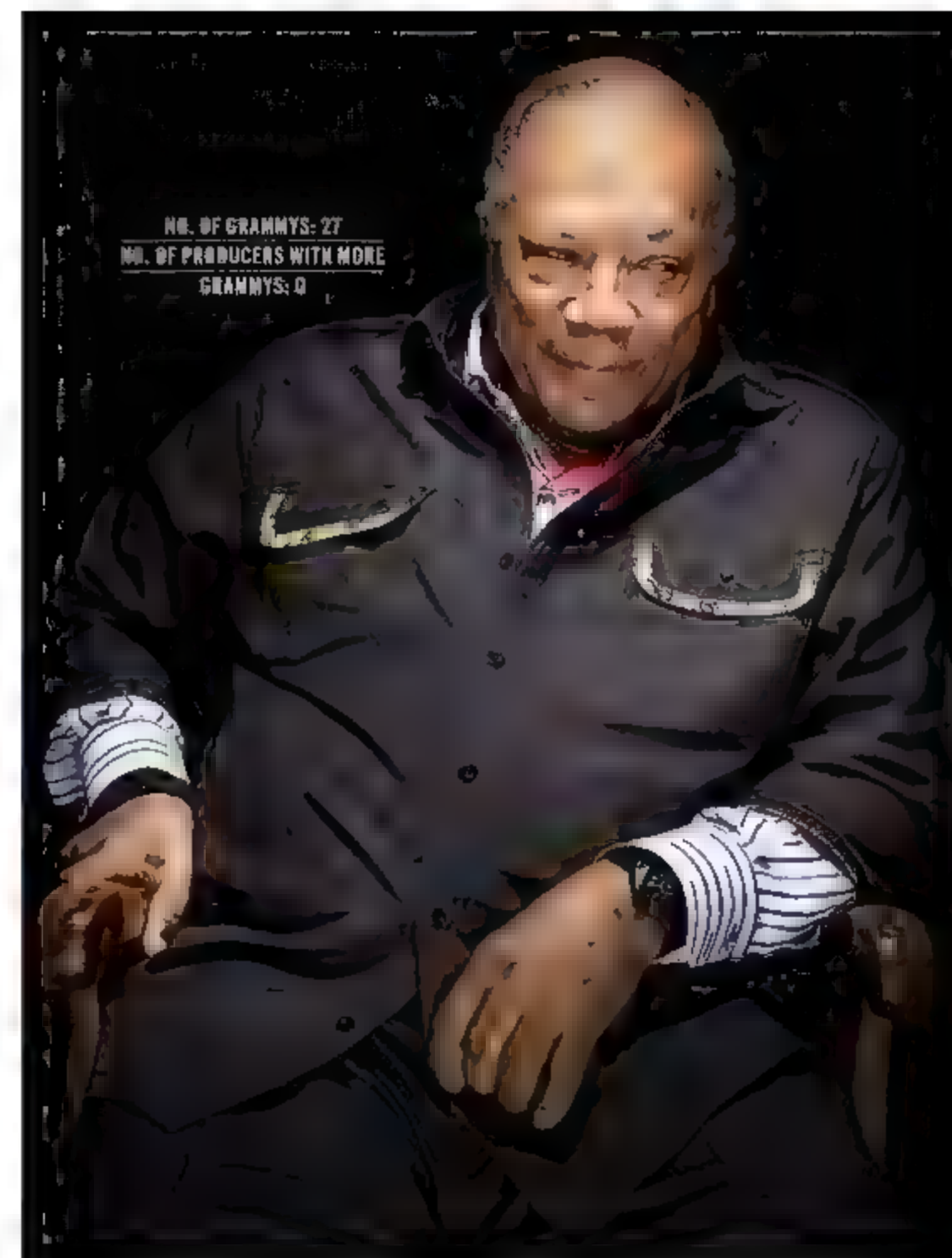


JEFF IMMELT

CEO, General Electric

My older brother. There were two of us. He's four years older, and my personality is the classic younger-brother personality. I tease people a lot. I try to get under their skin a little bit. And when I stop teasing you, that means I don't like you. And that's kind of what a little brother does.

I had been CEO of General Electric for three days before 9/11, and afterward it was chaos. Every night, twenty of us would get together at about 8:00, because all these airlines owed us money and we would have to decide what to do with their debt. Dennis Dammerman, who was the CFO of the company for almost fifteen years and who had actually interviewed me on campus when I first joined GE, would explain each deal to me in detail and then we had to call airlines around the world and let them know if they could fly the planes we owned the next day. So I say to Dennis, "Dennis, let me watch you do the first one. So I'll know what to do." So Dennis called the CEO of an airline, a global airline, and he says, "Hello, my name is Dennis Dammerman. You have eight GE Capital aircraft. You're not going to be able to fly them tomorrow." And you could hear the guy screaming on the other line. And Dennis would say, "Because I just said that's the way it's going to be." And I was supposed to do the next call. And he was going to watch me. And I said, "Dennis, can you do another one please?" [Laughs.] I'm not quite ready to do it just that way." So I sat there with Dennis and watched him be incredibly fair while protecting the company. **Dennis was a rock that I could turn to in the toughest times.**



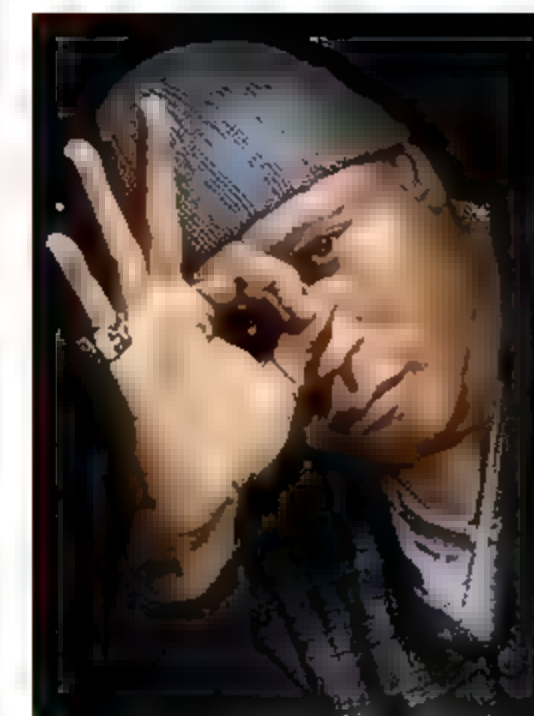
QUINCY JONES

HITMAKER, BANDLEADER

It starts out with Clark Terry, Ray Charles, Bumps Blackwell, Benny Carter, Count Basie—Basie kind of adopted me when I was thirteen, and he said, "Young blood, in the black music business today the two things you have to deal with are hills and valleys." And obviously the hills,

that's a metaphor for success. And valleys, he said, "That's how you find out who you are. Because that's when you get your butt kicked, and you're paying dues. That's how you learn. **The more mistakes you make, the more you learn. That's how you get to the mountaintop.**"

Ray came from Florida when he was seventeen, and he had a rough time. He had sight until he was six and he was a very independent guy, and we spent our entire lives together—professional. And at the time that we came up, every day we used to say to ourselves, with each other, *Not one drop*—this was in the forties—*not one drop of my self-worth depends on your acceptance of me.*



LL COOL J

Rapper, TV star

Quincy Jones. For two years, I practically lived with him. At that time, his daughter and I were dating, and we used to sit in the kitchen for hours and just talk. He taught me how to have class, ya know? And not being like the brother in Beverly Hills that orders a bowl of cornflakes.



BILL MAHER

Comedian

When I started in stand-up comedy right out of college, there were lots of comics who were a little older than me. Richard Belzer, Jerry Seinfeld, Larry David, Richard Lewis. I had nothing, and nothing that was suggesting I might be a success. The only thing I had was the occasional crumb from one of these older comics who would say, "You're funny. You should keep doing this." I lived on that.



PENN JILLETTE

Magician

There was a man named John Norton who ran the ding dong truck—the ludicrously named and slightly phallic-named ice cream truck—and when I was sixteen, I was unicycling up and down the street and juggling, and he gave me a free ice cream for that. And we got to talking. And from sixteen to eighteen, most summers I helped him out in his truck. He would give me reading assignments, and that education in the ding-dong truck was the equivalent of my high school education. My parents were perfect parents. But John was the first adult who treated me as an adult.

The late seventies, I met a man named Johnny Thompson, and no one knows more magic than Johnny. And he does everything with us. He has the authority to say, “That sucks, you could do better.”

My mother knew she was going to die, and we were chatting right before she died. She had one deathbed wish: “Don’t miss any shows.” I said, “Mom, I can’t do a show, you’re going to die. I got a show scheduled tomorrow.” “You know, Penn, I’ve asked you one thing on my deathbed: I raised you to work hard. You’re going to negate all of that on the day that I die?” “Well, Mom, I guess I’ll show up for the show.” So I did a show the day my mom died. I did a show the day my dad died. I did a show the day my sister died. Houdini, another momma’s boy, his mom died. And he spent a year wearing only black and all his stationery was black. Deep, deep mourning. But he kept working. And if I had one piece of advice for my children, it would be: On the day I die, go to work.



JOEL OSTEEN

Man of God

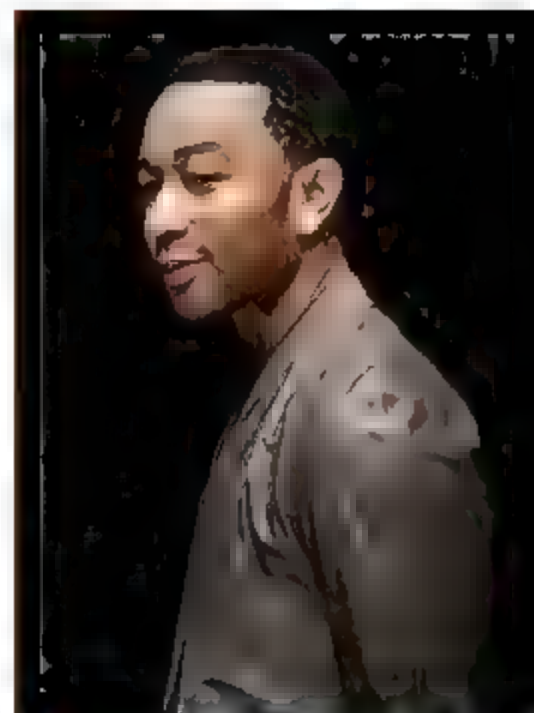
My father was a minister, and he was always for the underdog, in lifting people up, not pushing them down. I spent seventeen years working with him, and he didn’t just talk the talk up on the pulpit, he walked the walk.



ELI PARISER

Former executive director
MoveOn.org cofounder
Upworthy.com

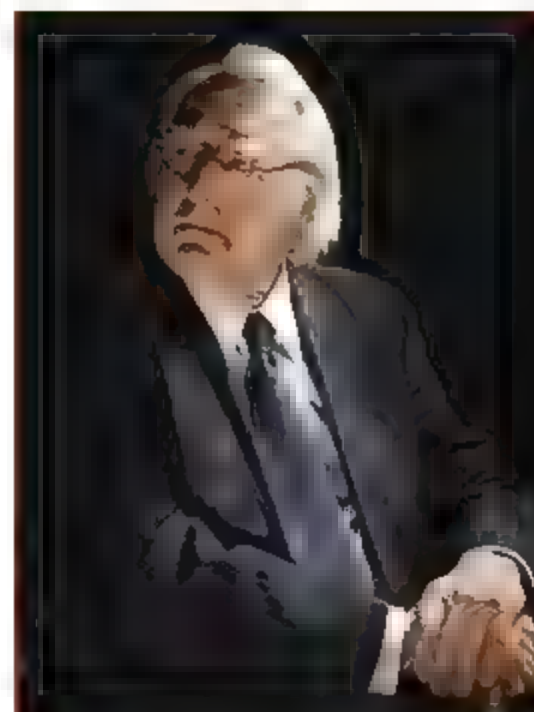
My grandfather once told me to have faith that good things will come. He’s ninety-five. He’s a food scientist, and he’s still working on things that he’s excited about. He still thinks they have the potential to change the world. I grew up following his model.



JOHN LEGEND

Singer

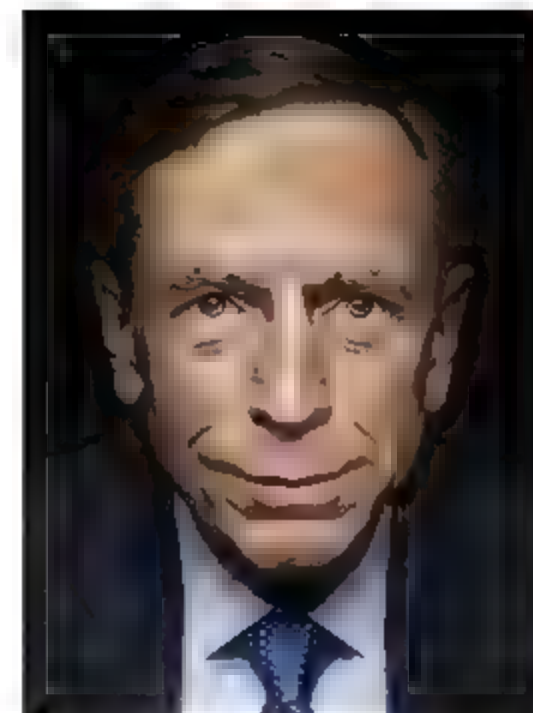
Kanye signed me to his production company back in 2003, and he’s executive-produced all of my albums since. One of my favorite advice nuggets from him is “Don’t give people a choice.” If you have a favorite thing and a second-favorite thing, don’t give people the option of picking your second-favorite thing.



RICHARD MEIER

Architect

When I was young and my parents would have friends over, they would ask me, “What do you want to do when you grow up?” And I said, “I want to be an architect.” My parents said, “Where did you get that from?” Because no one in our family was an architect. But they were encouraging. After I graduated from Cornell University, where I studied architecture, and worked for a few years, they asked me to design a house for them. It was my first commission.



DAVID PETRAEUS

General of the United States Army
(ret.) former director of the CIA,
chairman of the KKR Global Institute

I had coaches over the years who taught me how to deal with pain. When your lungs are burning, your muscles are crying out: push through it.

As a young captain, I was an aide to General Jack Galvin, a two-star general, and he asked me if perhaps I should raise my sights beyond the maximum effective range of an M16. I was tempted to say, “Why would I want to do that?” But I listened, and he said, “Perhaps you want to go the path less traveled.”

General Carl Vuono. I was his aide when he was the chief of staff of the army. And his singular focus on constantly repeating big ideas was something that really stuck with me. Big ideas are what matter.

General Hugh Shelton. I was his executive officer when he was the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The worse the crisis—we were chasing war criminals, we had the Kosovo air campaign, strikes against Osama bin Laden in various places—the calmer he got.

On the way to Iraq before the surge, I was reading a book about Grant by Bruce Catton, and you recall how difficult the times were for Grant. When Sherman stomps out of the dark after the first day of Shiloh in which the [Union] forces had almost been pushed back, Grant is sitting under a tree, it’s raining, you can hear the wails of the casualties all around. Sherman comes up and says, “Well, Grant, we had the Devil’s own day today, didn’t we?” And Grant says, “Yup. Lick ‘em tomorrow, though.” That lick-‘em-tomorrow attitude, I think, is hugely important.



Robert Griffin III

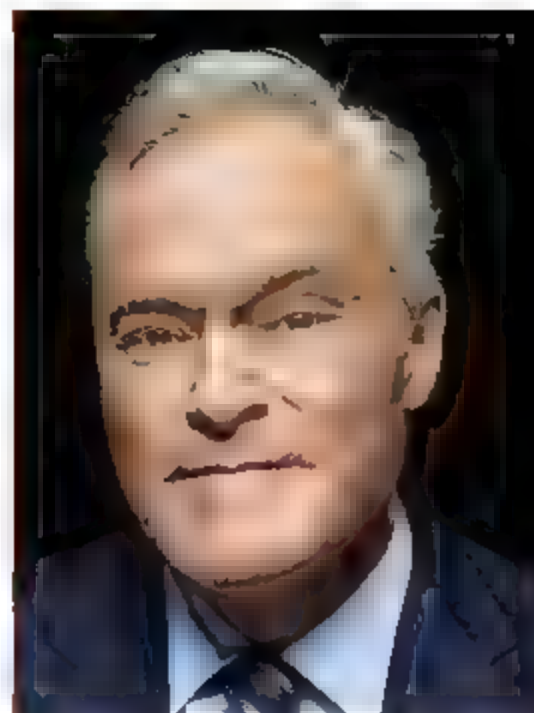
QUARTERBACK FOR THE WASHINGTON REDSKINS

Robert Jr., my dad, sacrificed a lot for our family. He didn’t have shoes when he was growing up, so he couldn’t play basketball, and he made sure I had as many shoes as I needed. And he was a big Bruce Lee fan, and Bruce Lee said, “Be like water,” and that’s what I pride myself on being able to do—being able to adapt. Because water can shape itself into anything, and that’s how you want to flow. Sometimes in life you have to be like water. You have to take each situation as it comes and adapt.

Dierks Bentley

COUNTRY-
MUSIC STAR

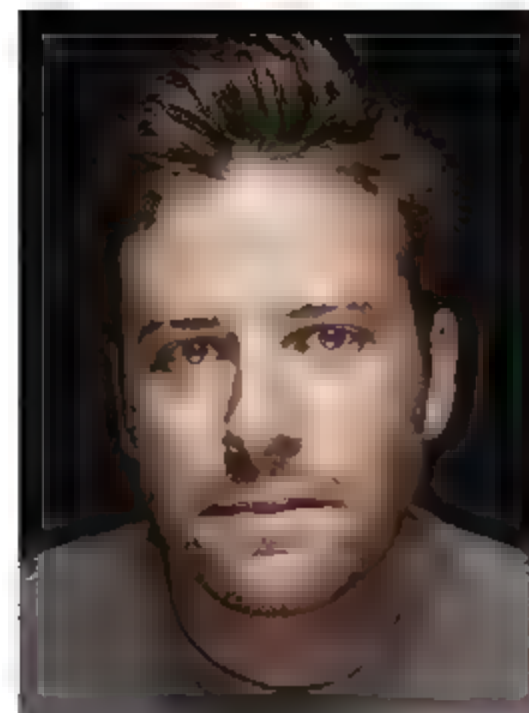
I could credit everyone from my dog, Jake, to Jesus, but really, it's my kids. I thought I was a man until I had kids, and then I realized that my real life had just begun. It tears away the person you were before, builds you up to become the person you have to become, makes you learn a lot of skills—lots of man skills. That all comes with a kid. Especially the love of them.



SCOTT PELLEY

Newsman

Journalism came into my life with a high school teacher, Marjorie Wilson, in Lubbock, Texas. She had fire in the belly for journalism, and I'm not sure that anybody who left her classroom did not go into a career in journalism, because you just felt it was the most important thing in the world. Mrs. Wilson told us that the quality of our country is directly linked to the quality of the journalism: that there is no democracy without journalism. And she described it to us out in Lubbock, Texas, as a way to see the world. The first time I walked into a newsroom, it was the most exciting place I had ever been. All the news of the world came into my newsroom, and I got to tell people about it, which is essentially what I still do today. And I've never lost my love of that. And that started with Marjorie Wilson.



ARMIE HAMMER

Actor

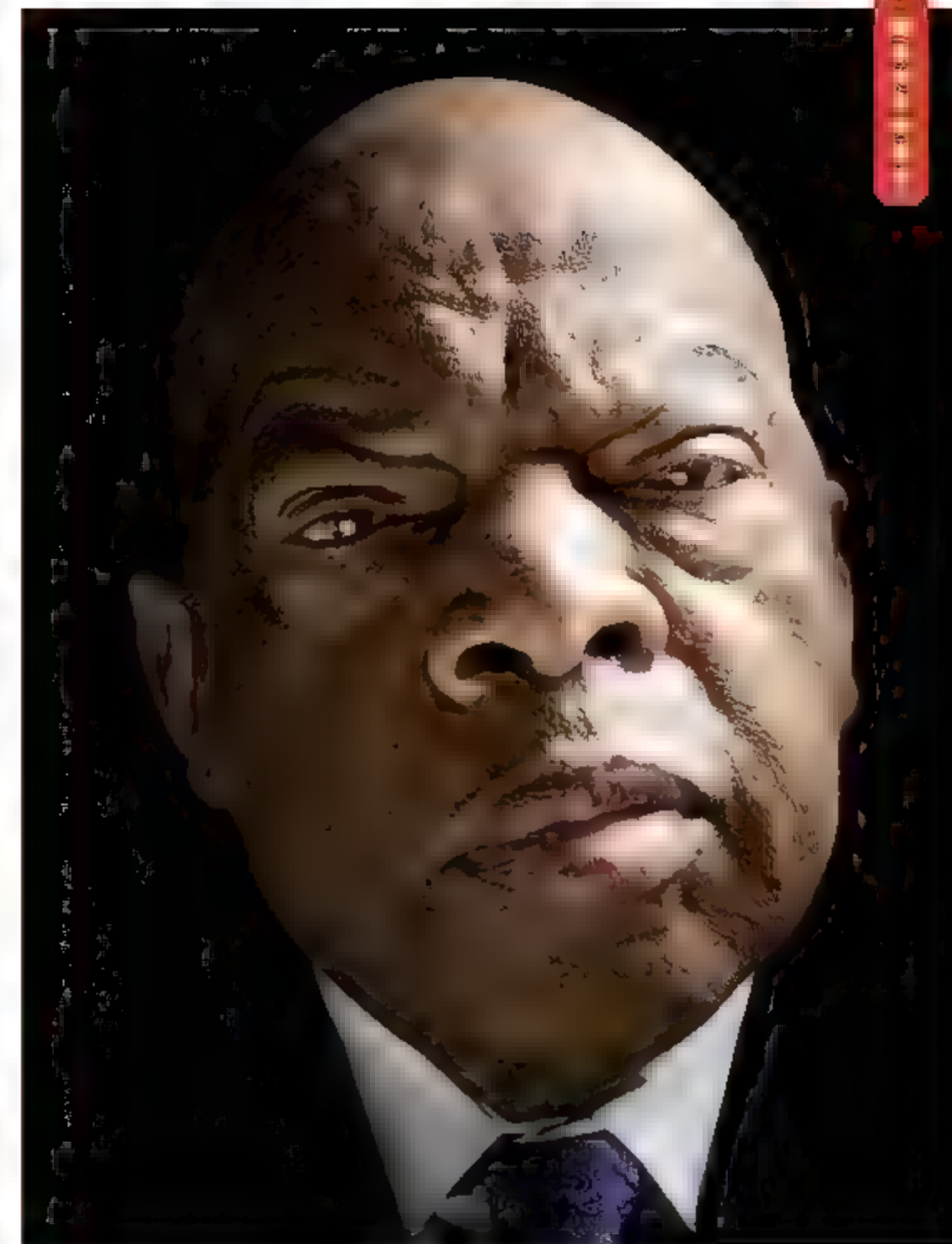
When I was about 6 even, I told my parents, "I want to act," and they were like, "No!" And it was the greatest thing they ever did for me, because what gets child actors isn't the fame. It's spending their developmental years associating who they are with their jobs. And then when they lose their job, it's not like an adult who can say, "Sht!" Now I need another job. They lose who they thought they were. There's things in this business children shouldn't deal with, you know?



WILLIE GEIST

Newsman

The early days of my career, my dad, who's also in TV, would write me notes. And one time, he wrote, "No one strenuously objects to beige," meaning if you play it safe, you play it beige—you'll probably be fine. But when you have a personality, it's better to be you, your full you, and draw emotions out of people. Don't compromise who you are.



JOHN LEWIS

U.S. REPRESENTATIVE FOR THE GEORGIA FIFTH,
CIVIL-RIGHTS ACTIVIST, HERO

When I was growing up in rural Alabama, I wanted to attend Troy State College. Submitted my application, my high school transcript—never heard a word from the college. They didn't admit black students. So I'd written Martin Luther King a letter, told him I needed his help. He wrote me back and sent me a round-trip Greyhound bus ticket to come to Montgomery to meet with him. So in March of 1958, my father drove me to the Greyhound bus station, I boarded the bus, and a young lawyer by the name of Fred Gray met me at the bus station and drove me to the First Baptist Church and ushered me into the pastor's study. I saw Dr. King—and Rev. Ralph Abernathy is standing right behind the desk—and he said, "Are you the boy from Troy? Are you John Lewis?" and I said, "Dr. King, I'm John Robert Lewis. I want to attend Troy State College. It's close to my home. My family's very poor. I want to get an education. I need your help. I need your support." He told me, much later, he saw something in me—he saw that I wanted and needed help. He became my hero, my inspiration, my leader, and my teacher.

Lewis, second from right, seated next to his mentor in 1964.

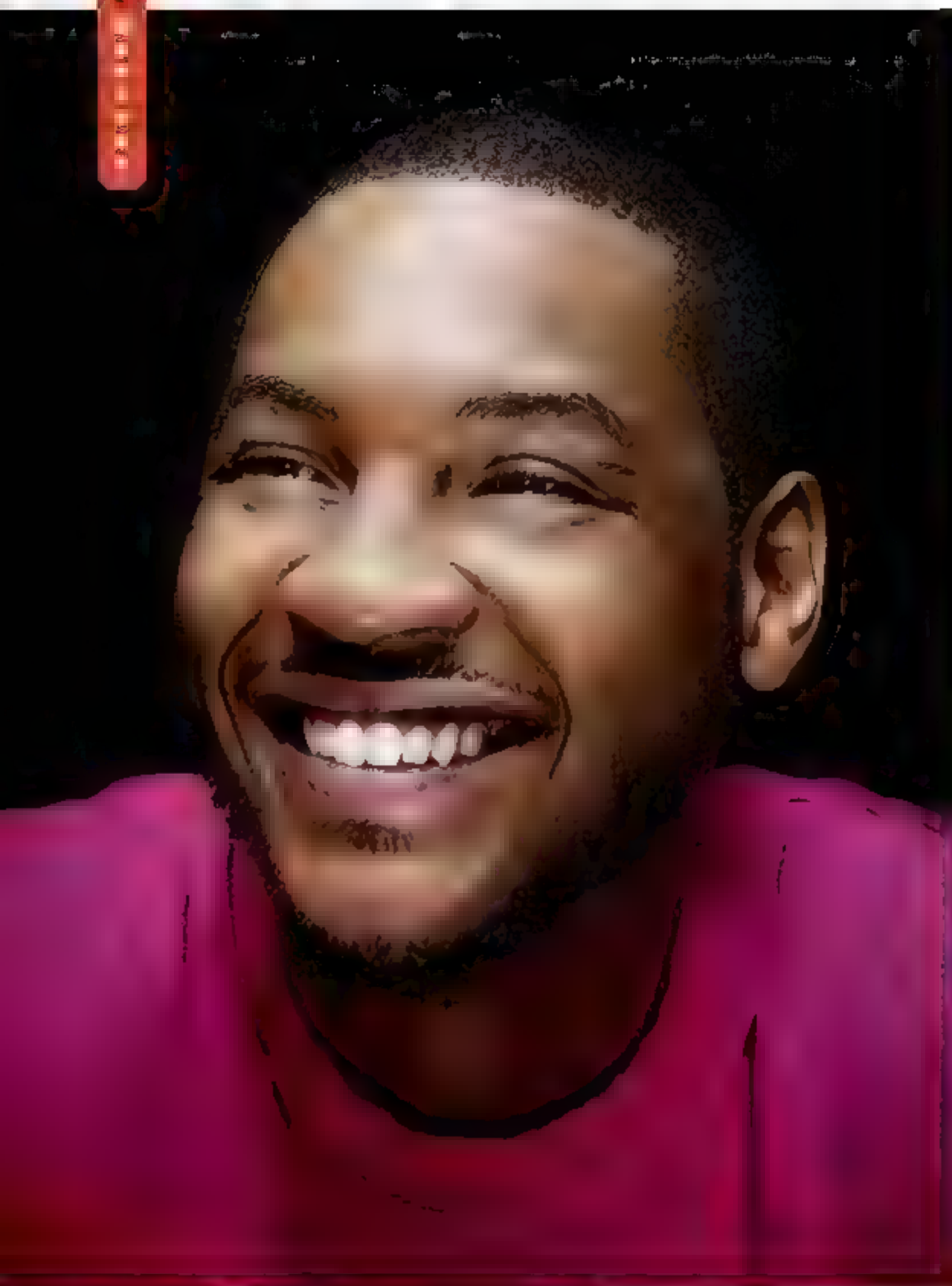


CHUCK NORRIS

SIX-TIME WORLD MIDDLEWEIGHT KARATE CHAMPION, ACTOR

George H.W. Bush. When he got elected, he invited me to the White House one day for lunch. He said, "Do you have any aspirations outside of your acting career?" And I said, "Well, years ago I thought about implementing a martial-arts program at public schools, mainly the at-risk schools, so we can get kids going down the right trail rather than the wrong trail." And he says, "Well, maybe I can help you out there." Through his influence, we got a school in Houston, and from that school, we went to two, to 300 kids, to 450. Now we have 8,000 kids in our program and we've graduated 70,000 kids.





CARMELO ANTHONY

SMALL FORWARD FOR THE NEW YORK KNICKS

His name is Bay. Well, his name is Robert Frazier, but if I called him his real name, he would flip out. And when I was about fourteen, **he saw me straying in the wrong direction and said I had a chance to be somebody.** At first I wasn't trying to hear him. I was a teenager, and the only thing you think about is getting to the next level. If you was in middle school, you were thinking about high school; if you was in high school, you were thinking about graduating. In my community, college was far-fetched, so it was hard to think past twelfth grade. So that's what I was looking forward to until Bay said to me, "We're not gonna let you give this opportunity up." Like: *Now is the time to take basketball seriously.*



NAS

Rapper

My mom, my pop, my grandparents, my kids. And many people in rap music, I watched their careers and said, "If it wasn't for this, they'd still be around." The movie *Scarface*, the guy goes from nothing to millionaire. And once he made it, he didn't have anything to do. It made me think: "There's got to be more to it than making a dollar."



MATTHEW BRODERICK

Actor

Jason Robards knew my father. The first job I had, the first movie I had, my father was ill. And I wasn't telling anybody that. But since Jason had known, he zeroed in on me and made it his mission to get me through that period. He really made me survive. I needed someone. **He took care of me, and he made me feel like I belonged.**



Robert Redford

ACTOR, DIRECTOR, INDEPENDENT-FILM ENTHUSIAST

I had kind of an erratic, rough childhood. There was a lot of impulsive behavior that I think made a lot of people nervous, but my mom always believed that I would be okay. **She believed in me.** No matter what I did, I've always been a chance taker. I think not taking a risk is a risk. And most people were critical of that. She wasn't.

NO. OF FILMS (ACTING): 38
NO. OF FILMS (DIRECTING): 9
NO. OF ACADEMY AWARDS: 2



KENNY ROGERS

COUNTRY MUSIC'S OWN

My dad was an alcoholic, but he was a fun alcoholic. He laughed at everything, and it was only after I grew up I realized why he drank so much. It was at a period when men couldn't find work, and he felt like he was letting his family down, and that's how he compensated for it. But he taught me there's humor in everything.

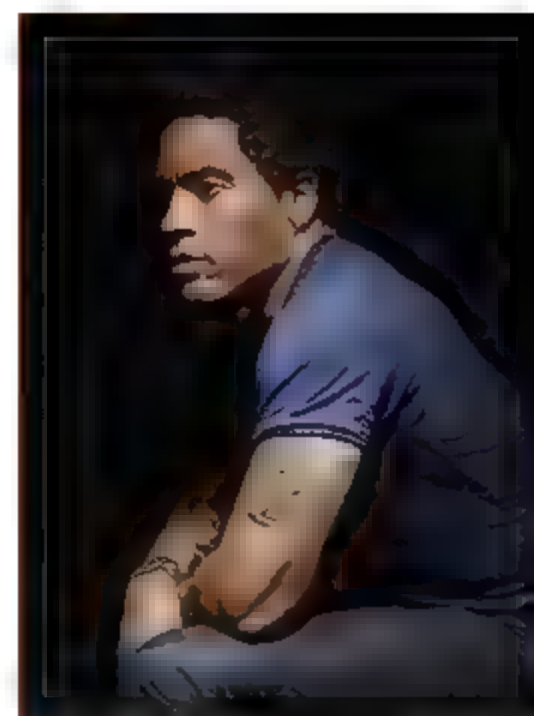
My mom used to take us to church four times a week,

and I said, "Do we have to go four times a week?" And she said, "Son, you can never be anything more as an adult than what's put into you as a child."

My real mentor was a guy named Kirby Stone. He had a kind of tight, jazz group, and he really believed in me. I read somewhere that most people are successful because someone they trust believes in

them, and they don't want to let them down. Kirby really believed in me. And he told me one day, he said, "Remember this: It's not all wet towels and naked women." He said, "It's a business. And if you don't treat it like a business, it'll eat you up." I think that's what mentors are: to me, friends who care, and friends who will tell you right from wrong.

NOW ON ESQUIRE.COM WATCH: Exclusive interviews with all fifty men, SHARE Your stories, and your mentors, with the world. (We might even feature them in Esquire.) **LEARN:** How you (yes, you!) can change a kid's life.



LENNY KRAVITZ

Rock star

My grandfather made me do a lot of hard work as a kid. Getting up at five in the morning to chop wood, string it up—you know, all kinds of things that I didn't understand as an eleven-year-old. **But it was all to teach me about discipline, follow-through, the things that would give me a really good foundation.** He encouraged me to use my mind, and he encouraged me to teach him.



BRIAN WILSON

Beach Boy emeritus

Rosemary Clooney taught me to sing love songs. The Four Freshmen taught me to sing falsetto. Chuck Berry taught me how to write rock 'n' roll songs. And Phil Spector taught me how to produce rock 'n' roll songs. They taught me how to make records.



EZRA KLEIN

Editor in chief, Vox.com

I think you feel like an asshole if you answer that question and you don't first mention your mother and your father. I was not an easy kid. I did terribly in school. I had a lot of trouble socially. Later on I got my act together, and the reason that was possible was because I had a tremendous reservoir of support and love. Such that **even though I was kind of a screwup, I didn't feel like a screwup.**

When I was young, there was one rule: You could have as many books as you wanted to have. And my father would take me to Barnes & Noble four nights a week for an hour. I would read *Star Wars* and *Dungeons & Dragons* and *Star Trek* branded crap, and my relationship as an adult with my father is built upon those endless nights in the bookstore. As a reporter, I am very, very, very bad at absorbing information from people talking to me. But I can learn a lot from reading. And my dad gets a lot of credit for that.

My brother, Gideon, is thirteen years older than I am, and when I was fifteen, he would drive down to Orange County and meet my parents, and there'd like be this Ezra handoff. He was involved in L.A. politics, and when he was working for Bill Bradley, who was running for president, Paul Wellstone, the late senator from Minnesota, came out to L.A. to campaign for Bradley. Gideon was tasked with driving Wellstone around, and he invited me to come. To this day, I find that to be the most inexplicably generous act. For an ambitious young guy, this is a huge opportunity, so he invites his socially awkward fifteen-year-old brother? My interest in politics is almost 100 percent because of him. ■

Esquire / Mentors 2014

THE WISDOM OF BOYS

WHAT A FEW MONTHS' MENTORING BY A FEW SMART KIDS CAN TEACH A MAN ABOUT BEING A MAN

THREE OF MY MENTORS WON'T look me in the eye when they speak. Four haven't worked a day in their lives. Another sleeps until noon and works only four hours a week. ¶ They can sometimes seem a little delusional, these mentors. One of them plans to carry a katana back and forth to his first job. That's the current extent of his expectations concerning work. Another hopes to live the rest of his life on money he will find "in a box somewhere." The chances, he says, are fifty-fifty. "Treasures can be real," he told me. "Really real." ¶ At least one of my mentors owns a snake. ¶ They are demanding. ►

BY TOM CHIARELLA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RYAN LOWRY

One mentor never eats potatoes. He won't even try them. Most of them despise walking. They eschew it. Bikes. Bikes are big. Two of them actually prefer climbing to walking. They agree that climbing from tree to tree is a far better way to cross town. One mentor says he can remember what it was like before he could walk, when he was crawling on his living-room floor. He liked that state of being better. "Crawling is way better than walking. You get low. You're camouflaged. It's actually a pretty fun way to get around," he says.

My mentors are mostly broke. They don't pay for anything. They could order six thousand milk shakes on six thousand summer evenings and they'd never pay for a one. Ever. Grabbing the check simply does not seem to occur to them. In fact, five of my mentors don't carry cash. They often wear pants that have no pockets.

The one thing they truly have in common? To a mentor. To a man. To a boy. Each of them lives with their mom.

IT ALWAYS HELPS TO GET A LITTLE guidance, to observe grace in action, to receive the occasional nudge toward what is right. I've always tried appointing mentors—my elders, men and women who came before me, success stories, innovators—from work, life, family. I never told them. I just watched from a distance, occasionally asking them—mercilessly and openly—to assess things for me. *What do you think? What should I do? What's your take?*

There always seemed to be someone. A teacher, a more experienced colleague, someone who'd been down the same roads as me. A person who'd become what I wanted to be, something to aspire to. Lately, not so much. Sooner or later, the world expects that the die is cast, that you have arrived, that there's only so much influence to go around—that you are finally you, for God's sake. People start to ask you to mentor. They put you in programs at work to watch over a younger colleague or some at-risk kid. Just like that, you are a mentor—everybody's big brother, whether you're good at it or not.

And me? Not good. And I've tried. Mentor. Life coach. Advisor. I've been bad at it in every phase of life, education, career. Too inattentive, forgetful, self-obsessed. And when I finally gave up trying to be a mentor, I was pretty certain there wasn't one single piece of advice that hadn't been given, that wasn't posted on the Internet or given life at the meetings of addicts, start-up businesses, and therapy groups. One group parrots the other, giving time-tested answers.

(Last night I stood in line at the county fair and heard someone giving advice. Older guy to younger guy. I knew them—the older guy was the mentor of the younger one. This was the advice: *"You know what I always say. Listen to your heart. Don't back down. Finish what you started."* There it is. This is my complaint. I hate it when shopworn aphorisms, empty code words, or dopey hooks from dopey pop songs substitute for good advice—when the chance to help, to mentor, is treated as a chance to remind the world that you alone among them were right all along.)

Still, I've always believed in the power of influence—the importance of advice—and I wanted to believe in it again. I wanted a new kind of mentor—someone who might see the job of offering guidance as a chance to really teach something. Someone who'd never done it before. Someone deeply concerned about being an adult. Someone who'd listened to advice and guidance for a



lifetime and who might be ready to dish out a little of his own. So I asked a boy

MY FIRST MENTOR: OLIVER, twelve. The first time, we met at Starbucks. Oliver's dad dropped him off, nudged him to shake my hand, and then left to drink coffee and dink around on his laptop. So it was just Oliver and me then. The world looked so big when wrapped around the sight of my mentor. We made small talk: movies, food, Sherlock Holmes, little sisters, global warming. Like that.

Eventually, I asked him about the job. Mentor. Life coach. Did he understand what was required? He nodded, shrugged, looked far to his left, and started in. "Oh, yes," he said. "A mentor is a little hard to define. You are asking for advice on life, and I'm supposed to tell you what I know. And I'm not an expert. And people will want to know why you'd want to be like a twelve-year-old—that's another thing. It's for a magazine. I do know my father explained last night—that you don't know if this will work. And there will be pictures. Otherwise, it's really, I don't know. Maybe that's not it."

But that was it exactly.

He slouched, his gaze was heavy lidded, and he tended to look everywhere, except at me, when he talked. I made a note to speak to him about eye contact when this whole thing was over. It seemed like a tip I'd be able to give him someday. Then I reminded myself that I'd made him the boss. So he sometimes had trouble with eye contact. I wouldn't say he seemed unconcerned or disconnected. He appeared to hear music in a distant room somewhere. He was thinking, "I don't think I'm anything like an adult," he said. He drank his milk.

"You're closer than you think," I said. "It's a fact of time."

"That sounds like a novel," he said. "A *Fact of Time*." He looked out at things again over his glasses, turned toward me and then away. Fidgety mentor. Something was occurring to him, creating a moment of delight. It made him look as if he were counting his money. "And, like, it's a book about time travel, which means, and this is just me maybe, because I'm the only person in my school who cares about the medieval period. . . . So I would definitely go back to the medieval period. In the book. But I'm not a character in this book, so. Maybe. But we studied it in class last year, and I was really happy, because I was like: *Finally!* But then we only spent three days on the entire medieval period. And we just went over things I already knew. Really disappointing."

What can I tell you? Smart kid. Confident, capable, oddly wordy. Sometimes he got tangled, but he was always deep. And before his dad came to get him, I suggested he give me several things he wanted me to do before we met again the following week. He

spoke them, and I wrote them down.

Climb for ten minutes every day at the playground.

Me: *Climb?*

Oliver: *Yeah. It gives you a way to think about getting there.*

Don't bite off more than you can chew.

Me: *Isn't that just something people say?*

Oliver: *I finally understood it when my dad took me caving on my*

birthday. I begged him for years to take me to a cave. This year we went, and very soon after we got in there, I was sitting in icy cold water, in the dark, waiting for my dad to catch up. I thought I'm in trouble. I wanted to go home. And I couldn't say that to him. That's when I knew what it meant to bite off more than you can chew.

Me: *What'd you do?*

Oliver: *My mom always says, "Sometimes you just have to make a decision to be hap-*

"Climb for ten minutes every day at the playground."

OLIVER, 12

py." She says you have to replace misery. I would say I was miserable in the cave. So I decided to change it and be happy. You could do that this week, I mean.

Make a decision to be happy.

Pick one night and sleep outside.

Me: *I hate campgrounds, with all those people.*

Oliver: *It can be anywhere. Your backyard is okay.*

Take walks.

Me: *I got that covered. I walk everywhere. It bores me.*

Oliver: *Okay. Take walks in interesting forests then.*

Take walks in interesting forests.

After we finished, I shook his hand, said goodbye to his dad, and drove to the city park. I climbed out of my car, pulled myself up onto a playground castle called the Emerald Palace. Twelve, fourteen feet up. It was a puzzle, this climbing. A lot to think about where to place your feet, how to keep your balance while perched eight feet above a forty-two-pound girl, drawing a banana store in the dirt, finding a grip when everything grippable was designed for hands no wider than a cocktail napkin. It took the entire ten minutes that Oliver had allotted me. At the top, I pretended that I was sure about my reasons for my conspicuous climbing. The other kids took two looks and forgot about me.

PRIOR TO THAT MEETING, I'D hedged against the possibility that the first mentor might be a bust by engaging the mentoring services of another twelve-year-old. Sal, a lithe, athletic kid with a neat little homemade haircut and a delicately keening voice. Sal knew me as the guy who gave out huge candy bars at Halloween, and when I asked him to be my mentor, Sal suggested I also ask his brother. He was being fair, judicious. Watching out for his brother, "Vin is ten. We have differ-

ent opinions on everything." We sat in his living room, a Yahtzee board open on the table, his little sister wandering room to room. I knew Sal wanted to do it. I think Vince couldn't have cared less. I like him, though, so I made him my third life coach.

Sal and I played Yahtzee that first day, and I rung his bell. Afterward, Vince sat across from him in the living room, legs sprawled across an armchair, just like his brother. "So do you want to know things about me?" Sal asked, absently lining the dice in the game's plastic tray so that only even numbers showed.

"Sure, what can you tell me?"

"Well, I have a temper," he said, as if he were talking about a pet dog. "Sometimes. I have a lot of friends and things sometimes get mixed up."

"Do you fight?"

"No, no."

Vince interrupted. "Yes, you do," he said.

"Vin," Sal said.

"You fight with me?"

"I do not," Sal continued. He turned to me to explain. "I don't fight with punches. It's mostly grudges. I do keep grudges."

"Yes, Sal."

"Vin! Don't interrupt." And they were into it then—cutting each other off, half laughing, half whining. It was obviously an issue between them. Sal always had a plan for what we would talk about. Vince always had a way to react to Sal. It was what my dad used to call "business between the monkeys." I held up my hands. Vince took his leave, and Sal continued.

"Let it go," he said.

"I'm not mad," I said. "I have brothers."

"No, that's what I'm working on with my mom. Let go of the anger. Let go of the grudges. Like that. I don't really mind. I have to change."

"Is there a grudge with your brother?"

"He's just a pain. I never get to say anything without him interrupting."

"So do you ever fight?"

With his brother out of earshot, Sal raised a shoulder, drew out his words. "Yes, of course. We're brothers. But he's very rough on our little sister, which, you know, he's a brother, so . . ." He drifted off at this and smiled.

"So?"

"So you can't always explain brothers. Not like you can explain friends." He told me stories—friends in school, friends on sports teams. He explained friends for days.

AFTER THAT MEETING WITH SAL and Vince and another one with Oliver, things felt expansive. I followed their advice to the letter. *Read How to Train Your Dragon* (Not bad.) *Drag something around that's much heavier than you are.* *Watch the Justice League animated series.* *Sleep outside.* I tried not to question. These tasks became separate elements in what I came to think of as the discipline of boyhood. I began to see that I could do one meeting a day, undertake the tasks given me, and then take on more mentors. Younger, older. Right out of first grade, right out of college, plucked from the grips of high school. I developed a pretty good swath of boyness, culled from the

offspring of colleagues going back twenty years. (And yes, we live in an age when it seems a little shocking for a man to spend so much time alone with boys, so I kept their parents in shouting distance and ran them through everything before I did it.) To the original three, I added eight-year-old Cam, a first-degree green belt and loyal Queen fan. Logan, sixteen, a junior in high school who was spending the summer playing lead guitar in a band and working four hours a week in the local music store, tuning every guitar twice weekly, and Mark, twenty-two, a former student of mine who'd written—very nicely, too—about his own perilous childhood in a little Indiana town ten miles from where I live.

Every morning, I reviewed whom I was seeing that day, and then I did curls with a five-pound dumbbell until my arm wouldn't work anymore. Because a young boy—one of my mentors who got

"Organize. Start with your wallet. Build from there."

MARK, 22

the thing from his mom and gave it to me—told me to. Yes, five pounds. He claimed the weight added up—that it was like lifting a thousand pounds if you did, like, a thousand reps, which was why he was doing it and why I should, too. A thousand pounds, he said quite clearly, is a lot.

MARK, THE OLDEST, JUST graduated college this year. He was at the far end of boyhood. We always met for lunch in a bar, and once, as I was paying, he said, "I'll tell you what I could do for you. I could straighten up your wallet."

"I suppose."

"If you start with your wallet, Tom, you can organize outward from there."

The guy wears his world-weariness like a spring coat, yet somehow still gives himself permission to use a phrase like "awesome sauce" in

text exchanges. He's like an old Jewish uncle (he worries about me, he says) who's watched too much Dr. Phil—he used the term "safe space" twice as my mentor. I don't express my anger enough, he told me once. "I'm actively looking to let that go," I said. "Sal put me on that."

"Tell Sal that expressing your anger is the only way to let it go."

Unlike any other mentor, Mark kept notes. He brought a list on a half sheet of legal paper, very specific suggestions cast broadly across the spectrum of my life: tension with my girlfriend, troubles with exercise, financial trouble. And tips for keeping a neater desk.

He was right about the wallet. Every morning for a month, I emptied it, reordering it before going out. At lunches, I passed along the advice of the other mentors. *Stay outside. Take one day and just read. Hold your breath three times in a row every night before you go to sleep. Put a picture of your favorite author next to your bed.*

"Play more."

VINCE, 10

"Give up your grudges."

SAL, 12



LOGAN AND I OFTEN DID ERRANDS. Paying bills. Picking up cans of paint. Dropping off mail. I liked talking to him while each of us was occupied. Early on, he told me: "I have it really easy right now. There's no tension in my life. To be frank, high school is easy for me."

Easy?

He squinted. "Well, yeah. Maybe I'm not serious enough. I'm not sure you should even be listening to me."

Mutual experience was the thing that connected us more and more. I wanted to play guitar. He was very good at it. He wanted a full career, a busy life. I had one. Sometimes I could tell he was thinking about mentoring.

**"Try.
Fail. Who
cares?"**

LOGAN

Once he looked up and said, "Here's some good advice. You should write a song every day. That's something a really good guitarist once told me. You should get a notebook and write a song a day for thirty days."

It sounded nothing like him. He was lounging through what might be his last summer as a boy. "Write a song," I said. "Thirty days. Really? Is that good advice?"

He was about to say yes. I could see it. He was about to stand by it. But then Logan dropped the neck of his guitar, took a beat, and snorted. "No, not really. It's shitty advice. It's probably the worst advice ever." We laughed.

Thirty was a noisy exercise. "I knew it sounded wrong soon as I said it."

He played awhile longer. "Just because something's impossible or even really hard doesn't mean you're going to learn from it."

TIME AND AGAIN, I DEFAULTED TO the mentors. We veered toward games, puzzles, pointless arguments about video games. When their parents (my friends) picked us up or came to get us when we were too hot to talk, I sat in the backseat with the mentor. We did their stuff, and I took their lessons. Sal taught me the basics of Minecraft, ran me through magic. Vin climbed the Emerald Palace, again and again—three steps each time—slipping himself over the top rail without looking back. I just let him climb, rather than fight like his brother to get in edgewise. Eight-year-old Cam quizzed me about books I should have read, testing my commitment by insisting that I sing "Bohemian Rhapsody" and flat-out headbang it when he gave the signal. Then he asked me to do the chicken dance. If I could do that, he said, I could do anything.

They were not easily occupied, but they moved slow and I liked it. It was summer, there was no school. I did what they did—went the places they went, ate what they ate. I did take a long walk at

was a fair proposition, a perfectly fine state of being. They were boys, each of them told me. How could they know everything I needed to know?

ONE AFTERNOON, I SAT WITH CAM in a joint we frequent called Dairy Queen. He was drinking his drink—malt, extra malt. We'd talked about Queen. He'd told me Freddie Mercury died of AIDS. I'd told him I saw Queen in Toronto in 1981. He liked different songs from the ones I did, I got him a napkin. He tried to think of a lyric.

Then I asked him something that was really bothering me. Why don't my sons call me more? "I hate being lonely," I said. "I raised two sons, and now they're just gone."

Cam thought awhile, then squinted. My mentors always took a little time to think. Literally. You could watch it. With Cam, I knew this look. The answer, maybe, wasn't all that hard. "You should call them," he said. "Make them want to call you."

"Sometimes smart people don't know what to do."

CAM

a park called Turkey Run, forty minutes longer than I expected. I took another, during which I came upon the skeleton of a bird. And another walk. Then another. I did sleep in my backyard, on a blanket, woke at 5:30 A.M., discovered that I had rabbits, and walked downtown to get coffee. My back hurt less than I expected. I hadn't needed anything to sleep outside, which was either Oliver's point or something I needed to tell him.

I'll admit I was sometimes skeptical, even cynical, about some of their suggestions for my free time. I thought about skipping a few at first, because, really, I'd been a boy once and I'd done a lot of it already. But it was good, solid, elemental advice, informed by their experiences, their own backyards. If the advice was "run," then you were supposed to run, because that's what Cam did and it felt pretty good. So before long, I did it, all of it, without question, and if it didn't solve my problems, it reminded me of a life before any of those problems existed. That's what a mentor does sometimes, no? Reminds you of how you got where you got so that you can figure out how to get where you're going? And if it means walks in interesting forests or returning my wallet every morning to a state of grace, so be it.

It wasn't always a series of Zen koans. Sometimes they missed. They didn't see anything wrong with quitting. They loved the Internet blindly. They didn't see what the problem with taxes was. They underestimated what it cost to live. But they never offered me anything other than their honesty. And although they often started their answers by saying "I don't know," they never said it as a means of throwing up their hands. They said "I don't know" as a starting point, as a means of making it clear that they didn't have everything down pat. For them, not knowing didn't preclude the possibility that we would figure it out together.

And there was always the sense that not knowing the answer

I couldn't argue with that. But I still managed to whine. Cam ignored me.

He whittled it down to his own experience. "You should make it fun for them," he said. "So they'll want to call you." He looked at the world behind me, beyond us. He stammered a little. Cam looked left, then right, then hit the malt. No eye contact. "If they know you're sad, they'll only be calling because you're sad. No one wants a sad call."

Minutes later, I sensed that I was running out of chances to ask about what was really bothering me. So I asked him the hardest question. "Okay, you wanna know what it is?" I said. "You want me to ask?"

He ballooned out his cheek, pinched it, then shrugged. "Sure, I guess."

So I asked him. A question about my life, about what I'd thought I'd be doing and what I'd ended up doing. I'm not going to ask it here. Why would I? Are you my mentor? Have we climbed together?

Again Cam asserted that he didn't know. He thought it over, turned his head. Sometimes his best answers came in the middle of the fullest head turn you could ever imagine, his chin at a right angle from me. I waited. He said it again, "I don't know. You're a smart person." He wasn't complimenting me or telling me that it should be obvious. It was a part of his calculations. And he fidgeted some more. "I don't know." I waited him out. At some point, his mom came in and quietly sat down with us. He didn't stop figuring. He took a deep breath and spoke in her direction.

"Sometimes smart people don't know what to do," he finally said to no one in particular, to the air above her head. She smiled, I agreed, and Cam asked if they were going home now.

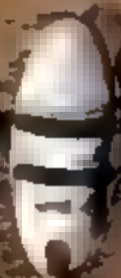
THE KNOW-HOW,
THE PEOPLE &
THE TOOLS

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THE FORMER SECRETARY OF DEFENSE AND CHAIRMAN OF THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON INTELLIGENCE CALLS A BOY SCOUT LEADERSHIP PROGRAM HE ATTENDED NEARLY SIXTY YEARS AGO "THE ONLY FORMAL MANAGEMENT COURSE I'VE EVER HAD"



MILLIONS OF THEM, IN TENS OF THOUSANDS OF TROOPS, THOUGH NOT NEARLY AS MANY AS THERE ONCE WERE. **ROBERT GATES** IS HOPING TO CHANGE THAT.

BY MIKE SAGER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSÉ MANDOJANA

It wasn't until he was engaged in the melancholy task of moving his mother from her condo to assisted living that Robert Gates, a former CIA director and secretary of defense, discovered the truth hidden from him his entire life: His father was a Boy Scout.

The family lived in Wichita, Kansas. Mel Gates sold wholesale auto parts. Robert was the younger of two sons by eight years. He remembers his dad being gruff in public but very affectionate at home. "He frightened my friends a little bit until they got to know him," Gates remembers, gesturing toward a table, to the black-and-white photo he'd unearthed in his mom's stuff—his dad in full scout regalia, Kansas City, 1918, when Mel was twelve years old and the Boy Scouts of America was only eight. "We really had a good time when I was growing up. But I never had a clue he'd been a scout."

Mel was neither a handy man nor an outdoorsman. "Dad was a golf nut," Gates says. "He would work, I think, every day he was alive, but on Saturday he would work only half a day and then go to the golf course." Mel's son, who in May became the thirty-fifth national president of the Boy Scouts, is sitting at his desk in the library of his house in rural Washington state, facing toward a lake, a landscape of tall evergreens. His ruddy face is lit as much by memories as by the light reflected off the water; his thin lips are pressed into a fond smirk. Occasionally, through the glass doors that open onto the deck, an American eagle can be seen flying past, its familiar strong profile and huge outstretched wings outlined against a perfect blue sky.

Inside, Gates is surrounded by tall bookcases, important books, the usual array of mementos befitting a man who started his career as a hayseed scholarship student at the College of William & Mary, was recruited by the CIA, received his Ph.D. in Russian and Soviet history during the cold war, and eventually rose to become the agency's director. There are ceremonial swords from West Point and the Air Force Academy. Photos with dignitaries. A bronze eagle or two. And a pair of leather chairs, in slightly different styles, that he occupied at Cabinet meetings during his

tenure as defense secretary—his actual seats at the table. (It is a custom for the staffs of outgoing Cabinet secretaries to purchase the chairs for their bosses.)

At the moment, Gates, a robust seventy and the father of two grown children, is wearing a dress shirt and blue jeans and occupying a traditional office chair, blond wood with wheels. (He thinks the Cabinet chairs could have used wheels also. "I suggested to both presidents they have rollers. You've got women sitting around the table, you've



IN HIS LIBRARY, GATES KEEPS A PHOTO OF HIS FATHER AS A BOY SCOUT IN KANSAS CITY IN 1918 BESIDE MEMENTOS FROM HIS OWN LONG CAREER AND A CASE, RIGHT, THE KERCHIEF HE RECEIVED AT THE BOY SCOUT JAMBOREE IN VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA IN 1957



got older people sitting around the table. These chairs are heavy—to pull them forward was huge. You had to be in decent shape."

He holds the dubious distinction of having served succeeding presidents from different parties as defense secretary, called upon to prosecute two wars that were destined ultimately to fail. Somehow, as he continued his grim and loyal service to his commanders in chief, Gates's humanity surfaced. During his years under George W. Bush and Barack Obama, he will be remembered for helping to eliminate the military's Don't Ask, Don't Tell policy, which had banned gays from serving openly in the military. Due to his especially aggressive efforts, thousands of lives and limbs have been saved since Humvees were replaced in Iraq and Afghanistan with Mine-Resistant Ambush-Protected vehicles, or MRAPs, designed especially to protect against improvised explosive devices. In his second autobiography, *Duty: Memoirs of a Secretary at War*, Gates portrays himself as going home most nights to a stiff

drink. He often wept as he wrote letters of condolence to the families of dead soldiers and Marines, he says.

As Gates recalls, his father "had more character and integrity than everybody I've ever met. Every now and then at church, he'd lean over to me and point out some elder or wealthy businessman and he'd say, 'That guy's a liar and a cheat.' Or he'd point to someone else and say, 'That guy runs around on his wife.' I mean he had no patience for hypocrisy, for lack of character, but he was totally accepting of people."

Over the years, Mel Gates passed along at least two pieces of guidance his son has never forgotten: "There are more horse's asses than there are horses." And "You have to make your judgments about people one at a time." It was also his father who insisted upon scouting ("My dad was always disappointed that neither my brother nor I took up golf—frankly, neither one of us was very athletic.") Mel was a typical father for his era, when a man was not supposed to be so sharing and caring with his kids. The elder Gates never spoke of his experiences as a Boy Scout, and never came to troop activities. When the time came, both Gates boys went to the big jamboree at Valley Forge, and both became Eagle Scouts, Robert at fifteen.

When he was thirteen, Gates went to the Boy Scouts' National Junior Leader Training Program at Philmont Scout Ranch in New Mexico.

"It was the only formal management course I've ever had in my life," he says. "Can you imagine a better experience for learning leadership? Being thirteen years old and figuring out how to get a bunch of kids your own age to do what you want them to do and what they may not necessarily want to do, and do it willingly."

He looks out the big windows, shaking his head, still a little bit awed by the experience more than a half century later. "In my whole life, I've never forgotten those lessons."

GATES TAKES THE HELM OF THE SCOUTS AT A FRAUGHT TIME, when the organization is struggling to find its place in a postmodern, politically correct, multicultural society. The scouts were founded in 1910, at a time when the country was becoming increasingly urbanized, when the familiarity of small-town life was giving way to the anonymity (and godlessness and heterogeneity) of the industrialized city. The BSA was organized by congressional charter as a Title 36 "patriotic and national organization"—as is the American Legion, Little League Baseball, and the National Academy of Sciences. Its mission statement upon inception was to teach "patriotism, courage, self-reliance, and kindred values."

Unfortunately, as times have changed, the question of whose kindred values to teach has become a little dicey.

Over the past ten years, according to BSA spokesman Deron Smith, the scouts have seen membership decline 2 to 4 percent per year, to a total of about 2.5 million kids in 2013 (compared with nearly 5 million in the 1970s). In 2013, when the BSA's governing body voted 61 percent to 39 percent in favor of a resolution allowing openly gay males to become scouts, there was a 6 percent decline in membership. (Openly gay scout leaders remain banned.)

Historically, the BSA has been closely aligned with local churches, which routinely sponsor scout troops. Some of the BSA's exceptional numerical decline over the past year has been attributed to the incorporation of Trail Life USA, billed as a Christian alternative to scouting that was founded after the ruling on gays by the BSA national leadership. The CEO of Trail Life has been quoted as saying the organization already has 370 troops in forty-five states, with another 300 troops in the process of chartering.

Having come to the scouts' table about a year after the decision on gay membership was reached, Gates said he would have moved to allow openly gay adults in the organization. "At the same time," he told reporters at the national leadership's annual meeting in Nashville, "I fully accept the decision that was democratically arrived at by fifteen hundred volunteers."

At home in his office chair, Gates continues, "One of the reasons I took the job is that I think the country needs scouting now more than ever. More and more kids come from broken homes, half of all marriages end in divorce, an amazing number of boys grow up without a positive male role model in their lives. As we've become more urban, they have no experience in the outdoors. The key is—and it's the same challenge I faced at Texas A&M [where he was president for four years before returning to government to run the Defense Department in 2006] and with the military: How do you keep the traditions and those things that have created enormously successful institutions over many, many decades, and at the same time modernize them to deal with a twenty-first-century world?"



ROMUALDO VASQUEZ PENA III—known to all as Romy—was

born fifty years ago in Tijuana, Mexico. His parents brought him to South Central Los Angeles when he was an infant, a little before the time of the Watts riots. Romy was the first in a brood of seven; today, his mom has forty-eight grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren, all living in the United States.

He is sitting at a picnic table, wearing his scout uniform, the many colorful patches hand-sewn over his left breast pocket denote his mentorship of every possible age group of scouts and cubs. On his left sleeve, a pair of patches identifies him as the Scoutmaster of Troop 780, which meets at South Park Elementary School in the heart of South Central Los Angeles, just off the Manchester Avenue exit of the 110 Freeway.

"We're in the middle where you got all the projects, all the hardcore gangs. We're right there," Romy says.

A former teacher's assistant and school-district employee, Romy works as a home-health-care provider while he's applying to master's degree programs in clinical psychology. This is his twenty-eighth year as a scoutmaster.

His father, Romualdo Vasquez II, was a stolid man of Mayan and Aztec descent, compact and strong and unwavering, as much of a master as he was a mentor. Concerned that most Hispanic kids were left unsupervised during the days while both parents worked, Romualdo chose to take night shifts. As the eldest, Romy was given a lot of responsibility—expected to care for his younger siblings. He wasn't allowed to hangout with friends. Spanish was spoken at home,

English in school, graduation was considered a must. His parents even decided what kind of clothes he could wear.

When Romy was thirteen, the Boy Scouts made a presentation at his predominantly African-American school. He liked the uniforms, the idea of learning things. Compared with his surroundings in blighted South Central L.A., the camping seemed pretty cool.

But his brothers and his cousins were all like, "Dude, why you wanna be where all the gringos are? They all bores."

Romy wasn't so sure. Being in the minority in middle school was not so great, either. He went to his dad and discussed it. "I told him, 'It's funny I want to join but I don't.'"

Surprisingly, the stern Romualdo was in favor. "He figured, You know what? If it's white people, something good is going to come out of it. You're going to learn something."

The picnic table where Romy is sitting, set on a slightly declining flat spot in a campsite beneath a grove of giant trees, is nowhere



WE'RE GHETTO," SAYS SCOUTMASTER ROMY (LEFT) OF TROOP 780 IN SOUTH CENTRAL L.A. "BUT WE'RE A LOT OF FUN." RIGHT: THE TROOP IN THE SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAINS. RECENTLY, THOSE ARE HIS THREE EAGLE SCOUTS BEHIND THE TENT POLE IN THE CENTER.

near South Central, but about two hours to the northeast. Surrounded by khaki tents, he is five thousand feet above sea level in the San Bernardino Mountains, near Lake Arrowhead, at the Forest Lawn Scout Reservation. The temperature is around 90, there is lots of dust in the air from the drought. Flies and other small bugs hover around everyone's heads, despite a liberal dousing with Off! Deep Woods. It is getting to be lunchtime. Other scouts filter by on the main path, headed from activities back to their own campsites, kids of every shape, size, and color.

Since becoming the troop's scoutmaster in 1994—when he was drafted by the local counsel to start a troop in the 'hood—Romy has mentored hundreds of boys and young men, including fourteen Eagle Scouts, the highest honor a scout can attain. (Two more will be pinned this year.) Of his original five troop members, four went on to become eagles. Seemingly his only regret in life is that he succumbed to peer pressure at the age of fifteen and dropped out of scouting, never to make Eagle Scout himself.

Although a scouting official sits within earshot, Romy is not the least self-censoring. "Our troop is not like the regular troops," he says. "We're ghetto, but we're a lot of fun. We follow the same scriptures, you know, we follow the same laws, we have to do scout motto, scout law, scout slogan. We have to do merit badges. But, you know, dealing with this group, you have to adjust the program and not just go by the law. The important thing, you know, is introducing them to the real world outside of South Central."

"Sometimes, you have the hardest time getting the Hispanic par-

ents to understand what scouting is. I try to tell them. Somehow your son can have a future—and scouting is going to open things up. Maybe he's going to a university, maybe he could be the next president of the United States. He could be a court justice. The opportunity is there, it just has to be taken, and you have to give it a chance, just like you take your kid to soccer."

Across from Romy at the table are three of his Eagle Scouts, all now assistant scoutmasters. Joaquin Morales lives near Forty-seventh Street, Blood territory. He made Eagle this past winter, has just graduated high school. He's hoping to join the fire department. John Patrick Gutierrez, Eagle Scout class of 2007, from Fifty-first between Hooper and Central, is an operations manager at FedEx, something for which he thanks the skills he learned scouting. Joshua Vasquez, 2008, hails from Koreatown. He excels in first aid, he's hoping to get into a medical field like his mom, a registered nurse.

All three of the young men, who grew up within a half-hour of the

"ONE OF THE REASONS I TOOK THE JOB IS THAT I THINK THE COUNTRY NEEDS SCOUTING MORE THAN EVER," GATES SAYS. "WE DON'T TEACH CIVIC VALUES IN SCHOOLS ANYMORE, SO WHERE ELSE ARE KIDS GOING TO LEARN IT?"

Pacific Ocean, agreed that learning to swim—one of the basic merit badges—was by far the most challenging part of their scouting experience. And they agree that scouting has set them apart, made them feel confident to move on in life and seek a successful path.

"When I was in middle school and high school, my friends thought scouting was weird, and they were like, 'What's wrong with you? Why are you doing this?'" says Gutierrez, twenty-five. "Of course, they were in gangs and I wasn't." It wasn't until he got to college that he met other guys who'd been scouts, though not many eagles like him. It actually made him realize how special it was.

"All of our silver merit badges—they actually teach us how to go the right direction, if I may say," Gutierrez continues. The eldest of the three, he is treated deferentially by the others; they let him do most of the talking. "Family life teaches you about healthy families, personal management teaches you about your finances. And citizenship—country, world, community—all teach you different aspects of your world that you might not have gotten growing up."

"To be honest," says Morales, the youngest, "I just wanted to feel that glory. I saw how the Eagle Scouts were respected. I was like, 'I gotta do that, you know? In my family, my parents didn't go to college. If I can accomplish this and also that, that's bringing my family up.'"

Romy estimates that ten of his Eagle Scouts have followed his lead and gone to college. He knows all their birthdays, he keeps in touch with them regularly.

"My Eagle Scouts, I consider them my sons," he says. "Every single one of them. When they get their Eagle, I just wanna cry so bad, but I hold it inside because I'm so happy. Knowing that I give these young men a tool that they will use for the rest of their lives—no one can take that Eagle away from him."



BACK IN RURAL WASHINGTON, BY THE LAKE, GATES

is talking about the time he went on a father-son camping trip with his own boy while he was still the director of the CIA. Per protocol, the CIA set up a security perimeter around the campsite—black vans with satellite dishes and armed agents.

"The Sunday-morning activity was skeet shooting," Gates laughs. "You had the CIA director out there with a bunch of twelve- and thirteen-year-olds firing shotguns. You could imagine how nervous my team was."

Gates will serve for two years as the scouts' national president, the organization's top volunteer, working as part of a triumvirate leadership, with paid and unpaid members, to shape policy and make decisions. While chairing meetings of the National Executive Board and making appearances and raising money on the

BSA's behalf, Gates will help oversee big-picture planning and operations as the Boy Scouts seek to modernize. New merit badges including one in programming and another in robotics—have already been added to make scouting more relevant; apps and other technology are being used for activities like astronomy; a new high-adventure base, the fourth, opened last summer in the New River Gorge area of West Virginia. Aggressive efforts are being made at local levels to publicize the millions of hours of good works the Boy Scouts donate routinely to their communities.

"We have an interesting challenge in the world today, especially in America, with such demographic change," says Gary Butler, deputy chief scout executive and COO, who is based at the BSA's national headquarters in Irving, Texas. "And it's not just demographic change—I heard the other day that sales of white bread are down 10 percent—it's also about the change in people's lives and interests."

Butler says scouting is at a crossroads: "How do we keep our experiences relevant yet protect the very essence of what makes us so special? Research says that most kids just want to do fun, and they want to do fun in the outdoors. And that hasn't changed in a hundred years. What's changed is the number of choices parents have for their kids today. Our challenge is how we differentiate."

Gates knows he has work to do, both to hold the BSA together during a turbulent period and to keep what he considers its unique virtues visible and available to boys, whether from the Kansas plains or South Central L.A.

"In scouting, there's a secular emphasis on values and virtue that is not found anywhere else," he says. "We don't teach civic values in schools anymore, so where else are kids going to learn it?" ■

BROKEN SUITS AND GHOST TIES

WHAT WE TALK
ABOUT WHEN
WE TALK ABOUT
DRESSING UP
THIS FALL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JENNY GAGE AND
TOM BETTERTON

STYLE TERM NO. 1

THE GHOST TIE

The absence of the expected necktie can be just as powerful as the presence of one, since *they* know that *you* know that it's supposed to be there and you're going without one anyway. It's subversion at its most stylish, especially when executed with a crisp white shirt with a structured, stand-up collar.



Wool coat (\$4,495), double-breasted wool jacket (\$3,795), cotton shirt (\$695), wool trousers (\$1,200), and silk scarf (\$425) by Ermenegildo Zegna Couture.





Cashmere-and-cupro coat (\$1,295), two-button wool-and-viscose jacket (\$795), cotton shirt (\$350), and wool-and-viscose trousers (\$450) by Calvin Klein Collection; silk tie (\$165) by Burberry London; leather shoes (\$780) by Church's.



STYLE TERM NO. 2

THE BULLET-PROOF JACKET

Unlike the typical eight to nine inches of shirt and tie frontage, a double-breasted jacket with an exceptionally high button stance reveals your shirt collar, your tie knot, and not much else, and the effect is streamlined and sculptural, military meets *The Matrix*, and all but bulletproof.

Double-breasted wool jacket (\$2,175), cotton shirt (\$475), and wool trousers (\$825) by Giorgio Armani; silk tie (\$150) by Etro.

STYLE TERM NO. 3

THE NECK-SAVER

Here at Esquire Style HQ, we have a running debate about whether to call this man's sweater a rollneck (per the Brits) or a turtleneck ('cause we're 'Mericans). But why don't we just call it what it really is—a neck-saver that swaps in easily for a collared shirt and makes everyone look five pounds lighter?

Two-button wool jacket (\$1,750) and wool trousers (\$590) by Gucci; cashmere-and-silk turtleneck sweater (\$1,270) by Brunello Cucinelli; leather shoes (\$950) by DiBianco.



Two-button wool-and-mohair jacket (\$2,430), cotton shirt (\$280), and wool-and-mohair trousers (\$890) by Salvatore Ferragamo; silk tie (\$75) by J. Crew; leather monk-strap (\$690) by Fratelli Rossetti



Wool coat (\$2,695) and wool trousers (part of suit, \$1,995) by Ralph Lauren Black Label, cotton shirt (\$395) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label, leather shoes (\$780) by Church's.

STYLE TERM NO. 4

THE BROKEN SUIT

The jacket and trousers don't match—not exactly—and the subtle contrast in texture and color provides all the formality of a suit without the (occasionally) tiresome sameness.

Double-breasted silk jacket (\$1,975), cotton shirt (\$475), and silk trousers (\$4,425) by Dolce & Gabbana, wool tie (\$265) by Brunello Cucinelli.



Two-button wool suit (\$2,950), cotton shirt (\$615), and silk tie (\$190) by Prada, leather shoes (\$680) by Fratelli Rossetti, leather belt (\$250) by Ermenegildo Zegna.



FOR STORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 164. GROOMING BY ENRICO MARIOTTI FOR SEE MANAGEMENT LOCAL PRODUCTION BY KARLIE MORASH PHOTOGRAPHED AT TWO HILLS HOUSE, MACKAY-LYONS SWEET-APPLE ARCHITECTS LIMITED. THANKS TO THE NOVA SCOTIA TOURISM AGENCY

STYLE



STYLE TERM NO. 5

THE BIG-BALLED COAT

Figuratively, folks, figuratively. With wide peak lapels that could swallow an ocean and a hem that bottoms out at or below the knee, it's warm enough for come what may, and its drapes, folds, and curves keep things interesting.

Camel-hair coat (\$3,700), two-button wool jacket (\$3,580), cotton shirt (\$660), wool trousers (\$1,050), and silk tie (\$215) by Louis Vuitton, leather shoes (\$695) by Santoni.

Mass Shooters

[continued from page 97] else the fecklessness of law enforcement in the face of someone planning a mass shooting, even when law enforcement stares a mass shooter in the face. What else could the Santa Barbara deputies have done? Well, they could have asked the right questions. They could have watched the videos that elicited Rodger's mother's concern and asked questions about them. They could have asked to go inside. And they could have asked the question that indicates more than anything else a person's evolution into a person of concern.

Have you recently acquired a weapon?

Rodger had recently bought three, which a check of the gun registry would have revealed. It didn't matter that they were legal or that he had the right to them. The great advantage of threat assessment is that it renders those considerations irrelevant. It understands that guns are intrinsic to violence. If you are interested in finding out whether a person represents a threat, you ask—you find out—if he has a gun. If you are interested in finding out whether a person is on the pathway to violence, you find out if he has been acquiring guns and why. The Santa Barbara deputies didn't. According to the sheriff's office spokeswoman, Kelly Hoover, "the issue of weapons did not come up." Which would seem to mean that the deputies had never been trained in threat assessment.

Except that they were.

"We don't have a threat-assessment team," Hoover says. "However, all California law-enforcement officers receive training in threat assessment. Every call our deputies go on is considered a threat assessment."

Mass shootings get national attention. But they remain local crimes, and threat assessment remains a localized response to them—despite its origins in the Secret Service and its embrace by the FBI. There is an absence of national standards, which is one of the reasons Ray Kelly has raised the possibility of making a mass shooting a federal crime. And Robert Fein says that "maybe cases of concern ought to go to the Joint Terrorism Task Force, which is set up with a good investigative apparatus."

And here we get to the crux of the matter: If Elliot Rodger had been a Pakistani immigrant, would the Santa Barbara deputies have taken him at his word about the content of his videos? Would they have left his apartment without asking basic questions? It's not simply that, as Fein says, "terrorism is one of those superscary words—people unlike us doing bad things. The people who do mass shootings could be our neighbors." It's that, for better or for worse, the prospect of terror creates certain investigatory obligations that the vague possibility of a mass shooting simply does not.

Counterterrorism and threat assess-

ment—CT and TA—have grown up side by side over the last frightful fifteen years as part of the same great paradigmatic shift from crime prevention toward crime anticipation. They exist in strange equipoise, one disturbingly powerful, the other disturbingly powerless. Indeed, they offer an implicit critique of one another. There are some counterterrorism cases—particularly those involving shady confidential informants—that clearly might have been better and more humanely handled with a threat assessment ending in an intervention. And there are mass shootings that might have been prevented with even a modicum of counterterrorism's investigative urgency.

It is fitting, then, that Andre Simons's Behavioral Analysis Unit 2 is right down the hall from Behavioral Analysis Unit 1—counterterrorism. They work closely together, for Simons has become known for stressing cooperation between units and agencies, and the Justice Department has set up something called the Active Shooter Initiative to ensure just that. The difference is that BAU1 works with Homeland Security and the Joint Terrorism Task Force, and BAU2 works with local law enforcement and is underfunded and underresourced. "Andre's unit is a jewel and should be expanded to a national center," Robert Fein says. "But what does he have four agents?"

Actually, he has ten—five from the FBI, one from the ATF, one from the U.S. Capitol Police, and three from the NCIS. They are the public officials who come closest to representing a national response to mass shootings, and they may very well be very good at the job. But their job is threat assessment, a subject that doesn't even have a Wikipedia page. And it is still sobering to hear Simons answer the question of who they are and what they do in this way:

"We are consultants."

Trunk wishes he could have spoken to Elliot Rodger before Elliot Rodger went out and shot innocent people. "I can see exactly where he was coming from—the reasoning behind it. If you've ever been on the side of the fence where you are an outcast, it hurts. Why me? Why do they get to have all the fun? He wasn't evil. No one's evil. He was definitely wrong. Me, personally, I could have helped him. Because I know what he was thinking, personally."

"He wanted so much to be accepted, he was willing to kill other people. That means I know he had nights when he cried himself to sleep and prayed to God whether he believed in God or not."

"I read my journals before the night we went out. It was all 'If only.' 'If only I could go out with this girl, join this team, go out to this place.'"

"I wanted attention. If someone would have come up to me and said 'You don't have to do this, you don't have to have this

strange strength, we accept you.' I would have broken down and given up."

In many ways, he could be a poster child for threat assessment. He followed a pathway to violence—or to averted violence—that was almost exactly in accord with the one originally charted by the Secret Service years ago. He felt ambivalent about what he was doing, but wanted to do it anyway. He wanted to be stopped, but was stopped only at the very brink of killing somebody or being killed himself. A threat-assessment team could easily have intervened in his life before he had to begin his life as Trunk Full of Guns.

But none did. No one did. No one came near him—no teacher, no school psychologist, no cop, no juvenile judge, and no parent. The threat that he presented remained unassessed and so did his life.

He knows that there is someone out there right now, someone on the pathway to violence, someone with a plan and a gun—the next one. It is someone very much like him. But who is he? And how can he be stopped?

"The best chance for him to be stopped is for him to be connected to an institution that has a threat-assessment protocol already in place," says Michele Keeney of the National Threat Assessment Center.

"What these people need," says Andre Simons, "are alternatives to violence. They are often unable or unwilling to articulate to themselves that there are alternatives to violence. They have shut that door. Our job is to open other doors for them so that they don't go through the last door they think they have left."

"The people who do these things are not fully functioning adults—we're all man children," says the manchild who once led two other manchildren down the street dressed in black and armed with machetes and military-grade weapons. "All of the authority in the world won't help that kid. What they'll do is just ostracize him even more. What he wants is for someone to accept him for who he is."

It is another place where the former threat and the threat-assessment professional find themselves in agreement: where the former threat begins to sound like a threat-assessment professional. At this very moment in America, someone, probably but not necessarily a man, is arming himself and planning to kill, as many people as possible in a public spectacle. That is a matter of certainty. Can he be stopped? Yes—but that is almost a matter of faith. He can be stopped if he can be identified. He can be stopped if he can be assessed. He can be stopped if he can be managed. He can be stopped if both Andre Simons and a young man nicknamed Trunk Full of Guns get what they want—if someone sees him, someone notices him, someone wonders who he is and what he's doing, even if he's anonymous, even if he's just walking to a bus stop in the rain. ■



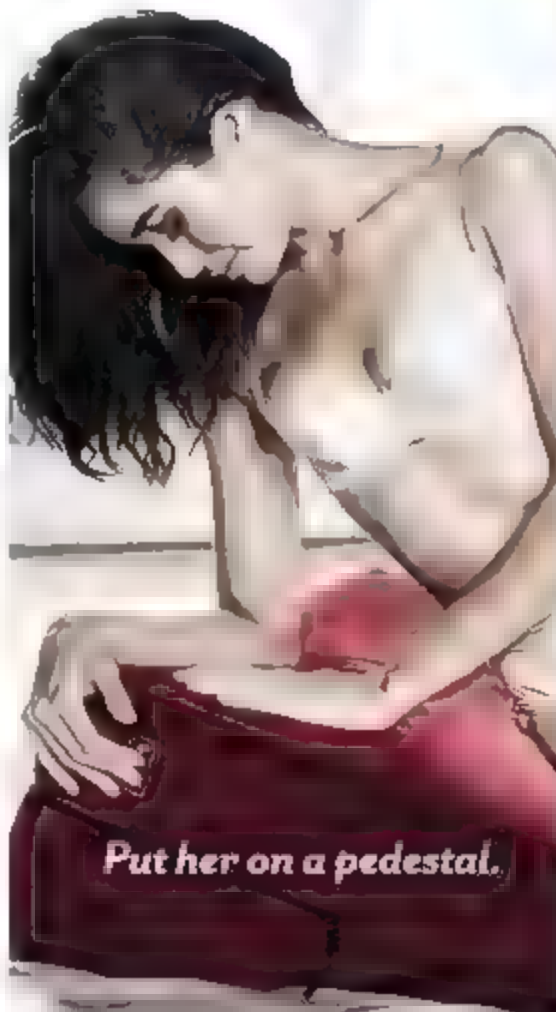
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Change a Life

[continued from page 108]

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mindsmatterboston.org
Advising low-income high school students
applying to summer-prep programs or to
college. Two mentors work with one stu-
dent. Frequent mentors-only happy hours
and field trips.



ATLANTA

The First Tee of Atlanta

404-756-1868; thefirstteeatlanta.org
Golf, mentoring at the John A. White course.



Marietta YELLS

yellsinc.org
Financial management, culinary arts, and
more.



YouthBuild

404-546-3001; youthbuild.org
Career advice for high school dropouts get-
ting their GEDs and learning construction-
job skills.



YES!Atlanta

678-467-4743; yesatlanta.org
Mostly unstructured hanging out, once a
week, with a teen who has been referred to
the program by juvenile court.



MIAMI

The First Tee of Greater Miami

305-633-4583; firstteemiami.org
Golf and mentoring on weekend afternoons
at Melrose Country Club.



5000 Role Models of Excellence

305-995-2451; 5000rolemodels.dade-
schools.net
Group mentoring for boys at more than one
hundred schools.



Take Stock in Children

888-322-4673; takestockinchildren.org
School-based mentoring at more than 140
sites for seventh through twelfth graders



WHAT'S THE GOAL HERE?
Have fun. Be good company.
Maybe put yourself in situations
where learning happens around
you almost incidentally—a mu-
seum with dinosaur bones in it; a
flag-football game at a historical
site. They'll see a picture of a di-
nosaurus in a year and remember
you, and then they'll remember
that learning can be not awful,
and they'll remember that people
can be good on purpose.

who have secured a college scholarship.



Big Brothers Big Sisters of Greater Miami

305-644-0066; wementor.org
In the School to Work program, students
visit companies one day a month for aca-
demic and career advice.



Year Up

305-237-7203; yearup.org
Career advice for young adults.



HOUSTON

ArtBridge

713-527-9850; artbridgehouston.org
Art projects with homeless children.



Workshop Houston

713-807-7911;
workshophouston.org
Academic tutoring combined with instruc-
tion on welding and metal fabrication, music
production, and graphic design and fashion.



Big Brothers Big Sisters/Lone Star

972-573-2330; bbbstx.org
Online mentoring for high school students
looking to apply to or prep for college.



Houston Real Men Read

713-556-6000; houstonisd.org/
Page/93019
Group reading to second, fifth, and sev-
enth graders. One hour a month, five times
throughout the school year.



U.S. Dream Academy

713-490-6432; usdreamacademy.org
One-on-one mentoring for boys in third
through eighth grades, working on study
skills and setting goals.



The First Tee of Greater Houston

281-454-7009;
thefirstteegreaterhouston.org
Golf and mentoring at F.M. Law Park and
three area courses.



PHOENIX

The First Tee of Phoenix

602-305-7655; thefirsttee phoenix.org
Golf and mentoring at Aguilera, Cave Creek,
and ten area courses.



Boys Hope Girls Hope

602-200-8426; boyshopegirlshope.org
Academic and career advice for middle and
high school students going to private school
on scholarship and living away from home.



New Pathways for Youth

602-258-1012; npfy.org
Academic support for teens with a focus on
setting and achieving goals.



Your Experience Counts

602-973-2212; yourexperience-
counts.org
For volunteers, typically fifty years old and
up, classroom help with reading, math, and
science for kids in third to sixth grades.



Free Arts for Abused Children

602-258-8100; freeartsaz.org
Project-based sessions on graphic arts, gui-
tar instruction, and cooking with homeless
kids, refugees, and children who have been
removed from their homes.



A note about vetting: We looked at
hundreds of organizations and we
focused on three criteria to arrive at
the ones listed here—reasonable ad-
herence to the Elements of Effec-
tive Practice for Mentoring guide,
developed by MENTOR, the national
mentoring organization (available at
mentoring.org); expert referrals; and
potential interest to men.

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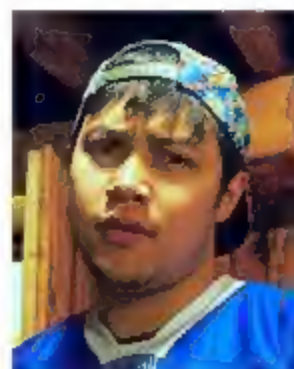


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BAD MENTORING

A LIFETIME OF QUESTIONABLE GUIDANCE

BY JOE KEOHANE



You can fit through that.
—Mark, older brother, 1982



Most dogs are afraid of people.
—Phil, best friend, 1984



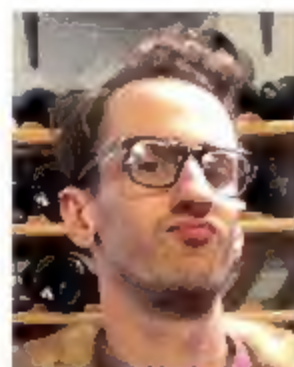
Dance like nobody's watching.
—Mark, older brother, 1991



You can't go wrong with jewelry.
—Mort, father, 1998



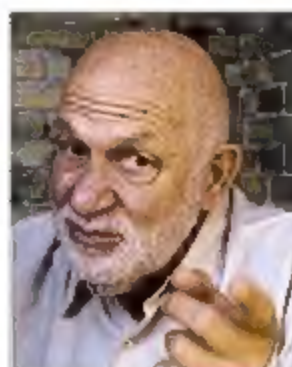
Picture your audience naked.
—Ken, boss, 2003



No one ever regretted quitting a job.
—Martin, bartender, 2006



Two words: real estate. One more: Nevada.
—P. T., broker, 2006



Everybody loves a clown.
—Bud, uncle, 2007



Just be yourself.
—Mort, father, 2008



There is no better investment than film school.
—Mr. Buckles, teacher, 2009



Chicks love it when you shave down there.
—Turk, roommate, 2009



Grab the bull by the horns.
—Mark, older brother, 2011



Grab the bull by the balls.
—Bud, uncle, 2011



If you ask them if they're cops, they have to tell you.
—Jeff, cousin, 2012



Just relax.
—"Dawg," Iowa state prison, 2013



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